MR. DAVITT FOR UNION

He Addresses the Nationalists at Castle Wellan.

Making a Vigorous Plea for United Action by Orangemen and Catholics.

England Acts with the Other Powers Against Turkey.

LONDON, September 22.—The National League meeting at Castle-Wellan, county Down, yester-day, was quiet and orderly, a circumstance which is amply explained by the fact that the road was med for a mile with the red coats and bright bayonets of British regular troops The speakers were William O'Brien, M. P. Michael Davitt. The latter treated his auditors to a genuine surprise. He declared that he was second in command of a political army which was invading the province of Ulster with a fixed purpose and with a confident expectation of victory. The nationalists had now one great and absorbing desire as far as the North of Ireland was concerned. That was for political unity between the Orangemen and Catholics. Mr. Davitt begged his hearers to lay aside their religious differences of opinion for the sake of the patriotic duty which is incumbent on Orangemen and Catholics alike. "Let religion give way for once to patriotism," he said, "and then, and then only, shall we get home rule for Ireland." The audience, which was composed almost wholly of Catholics, was taken entirely by surprise at these outspoken advances toward the friendship of the Orangemen. A tew men in the crowd raised a cheer for Davitt and union, but most of them stood in mute astonishment, as though discrediting the evidence of their senses. Two inferences are drawn in London from the episode at Castle Wellan. The first is that Messrs. Davitt and Parnell have covered their differences, and that the former is once more their differences, and that the former is once more the trusted lieutenant and mouthpleee of his chief. The second conclusion is that the Parnellites have determined upon a new line of tactics in seeking a coalition with the Orangemen, in order by their aid to defeat the Conservatives at the next general election. It is not believed that the Orangemen will ever consent to such a coalition, although it must be admitted that they have lately been exceedingly restive under castle government, in consequence of its alleged partiality in suppressing their meetings while permitting those of the Nationalists.

UNITED AGAINST TURKEY.

The British Government Joins with the Other Powers in Their Action.

VIENNA, September 22 .- The great powers are now all united again in a policy of resisting Turkey's efforts to emancipate herself from international control. The British government, which has hitherto been holding aloof from the quarantine dispute, piqued at the attitude of the powers at the recent conference, has just instructed its charge d'affaires to follow the same line of action precisely as the other embassies in that matter. The Porte, which desires to conthat matter. The Porte, which desires to con-ceal its apprehension with respect to the disturbances in Albania, is taking advantage of the absence of quarantine precautions in Monte-negro to establish strong cordons along the fron-tier, ostensibly to control the communications, and thus giving the appearance of an administrative measure to what is in reality a strategical move-ment. Furthermore, its political object is the transfer of the ceded districts of Montenegro with-out fighting between the Albanians and Montene-grins.

OBSTRUCTING THE WOO LUNG. Chinese Authorities Persist in Closing the River Against the French.

LONDON, September 22.-A despatch from Shanghai, received this afternoon, states that notwithstanding the protests of the various foreign cousuls and the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, the entrance to the Woosung river at the outer bar, but have promised to leave a passage-way open for neutral vessels. Junks filled with stones are being sunk and torpedoes planted, and active preparations are being made to prevent the French from sending a fleet up the Woosing river, preparatory to an attack on Shanghai, an operation which, but for the precautionary steps now taken by the Chinese, would have presented little difficulty. A panic prevails at Shanghai. The Russian consuls will, it is asserted, protect French interests in China. outer bar, but have promised to a passage-way open for neutral v

Fighting About Khartoum

CAIRO, September 20.—A messenger from General Gordon has arrived at Dongola with the information that General Gordon has had two severe battles with the rebels who were besetting Khartoum, in both of which the rebels sus tained disastrous defeats. In the last battle. when it became apparent that the rebels were giving way, General Gordon sallied out, and so reported was his attack that the rebeis were compelled to raise the slege of Khartoum and retreat to the interior of the country. The messenger says the rebels lost heavily in both engagements, while Gordon's loss was very small, owing to the precision of the latter's artillery and infantry fire, and the fact that but few hand-to-hand encounters took place.

The Siege of Kartoum Raised. CATRO, September 21 .- M. Herbin, French consulat Khartoum, has sent word to M. Barrere, French diplomatic agent at Cairo, that the seige have retired to within a few days' distance, but General Wolseley's delay in proceeding to the

front is now learned to be due to the fact that the supplies intended for the army of occupation have already been exhausted. The general remains in Cairo to personally superintendent the measures taken to supply the deficiency.

The Report of Cordon's Victories Confirmed.

London, September 20.—Sir Evelyn Baring has telegraphed from Cairo confirming the reports of General Gordon's recent victories in the Soudan, whereby the rebels were compelled to raise the siege of Khartoum.

Disturbance at Newry.

NEWRY, September 22.-Great excitement pre vailed here last evening upon the return of a Nationalist procession from Castle Wellan, during which a disturbance occurred. The streets were crowded, and much cheering and hooting indulged in. Stones were thrown and windows smashed The police at Castle Wellan charged on the mob and made several arrests, The mob thereupon attacked and wrecked the police barracks, several persons being injured during the attack. Two black flags were floated from the market house. The disorders continued till a late hour.

Remarkable Exemption from Cholera PARIS, September 20.—At a meeting of the Science Congress at Blots yesterday, the chief engineer of Marseilles revealed the fact that a case of cholera occurred in Marseilles as early as June 10. The chief engineer of Toulon stated that the disease in that city had made most havoc among butchers and bakers. In no instance had

street scavengers been stricken with the malady. Spread of the Plague.

NAPLES. September 19 .-- The epidemic is the incurable hospital is dead. The workmen of Spezia are now allowed to leave the city to work. A Toulon despatch says: There has been a renewal of the epidemic. There have been three deaths at Oran, three at Strenez, two at Nuies, one at Lelande and three at Lazarette.

Father Courci Recants.

ROME, September 20.-Father Courci has written a letter to the Unita Cattolica, expressing his submission to the Vatican, and condemning all passages in his three latest works which can be construed as inveighing against the faith, morals or right set the church. He further expresses the hope that he may be restored to the Pope's favor.

Prospects of Contined Peace in Europe. LONDON, September 19.-The whole German and Russian press consider the recent meeting of the emperors as one that will result in the security of peace to Europe. The Standard's Vienna de spatch says: Count Kalnoky, in describing the royal risit to Skierniwice to a friend, dwelt upon the

contrast between the number of police and soldiers everywhere until they arrived at Skierniwice, where there was no visible measures taken for the safety of the royalities during the whole time the three emperors were there. He attributed this to the love of the people for the czar, and to the czarina's winning manner. He said Prince Bismarck especially was good humored. Everybody left Poland with excellent impressions.

A Parade Forbidden at Newry. DUBLIN, September 20.—The people of Newry are greatly excited. William O'Brien and Michael Davitt halted at that place this afternoon on their way to Castle Wellan, where they are to speak at the National League meeting tomorrow. It was proposed to give them a grand reception, and a street procession to escort them through the town was to be one of the chief features. At the last moment the authorities, fearing trouble issued orders prohibiting the procession. The order caused general indignation, but no attempt was made to violate it. Trouble is expected at Castle Wellan tomorrow, and large numbers or extra police have been sent there tonight.

German Corvettes. BERLIN, September 20 .- Two corvettes will eave Kiel early in October to protect the German colonies on the west coast of Africa. It is stated that these corvettes are being fitted out at the request of Dr. Nachtigal, the German consulthe request of Dr. Nachtigal, the German consulgeneral in West Africa, for service in the vicinity of Bimbia and Cameron's rivers, as trouble is feared with the inhabitants of the country bordering on the Cameron's river, who, it is said, with few exceptions are opposed to German occupation, as are also the English traders, who contend that Germany had no right to annex the country, as the river has all along been under British control, a court of equity established on the river and incorporated by the British government having for years adjudicated in matters of dispute.

Le Paris Denounces England's Egyptian Policy.

PARIS, September 20 .- Le Paris declares that it is at a loss for words to fitly describe the heinious crime committed by the ministry of finance in Egypt in diverting the revenues from payment of the caisse debt. It is a financial inequity equal to

an act of brigandry.

Gladstone has shown that England still deserves the appellation "Perfidious Albion."

Sexton Seeks a New Constituency. DUBLIN, September 20 .- Thomas Sexton announces his retirement from Parliament as the representative from Sligo, and will enter the con-

Royalist Activity in France. PARIS, September 20.-The prefects of fifteen different departments have formally notified M. Waldeck Rosseau, the minister of the interior, of the formation of royalist committees.

National Meeting Proclaimed.

DUBLIN, September 20 .- Earl Spencer, lordlieutenant of Ireland, has proclaimed the Nationalist demonstration announced to be held at Bauldow, County Kerry.

France's Demand of the Khedive. PARIS, September 21.-France has demanded of the Khediye that the decree diverting revenues from the payment of the Caisse debt be withdrawn and the financial status quo be resumed.

SIX BODIES IN THE CELLAR.

Victims of a Prussian Hotel Keeper Sup posed to Have Fled to America. LONDON, September 19 .- The Prussian police believe that America is harboring at this moment a wholesale murderer, whose many crimes have just been brought to light. His name is Sievert, and he was until recently the proprietor of a public house known as the Cruche Rotel, at Rurzig, in Pomerania. He is a shoemaker by trade, and is a tall, muscular man, with florid complexion and yellow hair. A few weeks ago Sievert sold out his hotel and left Pomerania. The new landlord took possession rerania. The new landlord took possession recently, and on searching the premises was horrified at finding six corpses, in various stages of decomposition, concealed in a cellar. The bodies were all of men, and all had evidently been murdered at different times. They have been identified as the remains of travelling merchants who had been temporary lodgers in Sievert's tavern, and who had mysteriously disappeared. They lived at various remote parts of the Kingdom, and there has been hitherto no ciew to the fate of any of them. It is evident that they were murdered

SIX ORPHAN BOHEMIANS. Their Insane Mother Jumps from a Ham-

burg Steamer and is Drowned. NEW YORK, September 22 .- When the Hamburg steamer Hammonia landed her steerage passengers at Castle Garden, yesterday, six little children, the oldest a girl of 12, and the youngest a baby of less than 2 years, stood huddled together in the crowded rotunda crying bitterly. The little ones were orphans, and had been made so by the insane act of their mother, who threw herself into the sea from the deck of the steamer while it was approaching this port on Wednesday last. The woman was Mrs. Ludwilla Karl. She was a widow—her husband having recently died—and a native of Kamenel, Bohemia. She was coming to this country with her children to join her husband's brother, who lives in Chicago, and who had advanced many to may the passage these advanced money to pay the passage, the widow being in destitute circumstances. It is supposed that the poor woman's troubles affected her mind, and that, in a moment of insanity, she left her berth on the steamer on Wednesday night and jumped overboard. There was no witness of the act, but some of her cioting was found on the deek. The brother in Chine was found on the deek. was no witness of the act, but some of her crom-ing was found on the deck. The brother in Chi-cago was telegraphed to by Superintendent Jack-son. If be will receive and care for the little orphans they will be sent to him. Otherwise the commissioners of emigration will be obliged to send them back to Europe as pauper emigrants.

THEY CLUNG TO THE WRECK. Sufferings and Rescue of the Schooner John J. Taylor's Crew.

NEW YORK, September 22.—The steamer Cienfuegos, from Nassau, arrived yesterday, bringing Thomas Mumford, master, and the first mate and three of the crew of the schooner John J. Taylor of Philadelphia. The Taylor was disabled by a hurricane off the Florida coast on September 11, and while drifting was run into by a schooner sailing under bare poles and apparently having no one aboard. The schooner struck the Taylor heavily and twice rebounded against her, smashing the side in all along and then slid past and dismasts and anenors, she was prevented from tarning over, and the men managed to remain upon her, except Second Mate Philip Graham, who was washed off by a large wave. After three days drifting they were taken off by the Cienfuegos,

A German Astronomer Finds a Comet in

Pegasus.
Rochester, N. Y., September 21,-Dr. Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory, today received a telegram from Wolf, a German astronomor, an-nouncing the discovery of another comet verified last night at Strasburg. Its position was right ascension, 21 hours 15 minutes 22 seconds, declination north 22 hours 22 minutes Swift made a thorough search this evening, but as the sky was hazy he failed to find it.

A Pair of Antediluvian Infants. NEW YORK, September 20 .- Two rare animals, claimed to be of antediluvian origin, were landed at Hoboken today from the Bremen steamship Werra, and are expected to develop into mammoths, if they ever attain the size of their ancestors. The larger one is about four teet in height and both are covered with black and ash-colored bristles. They were taken to the Hoboken residence of Mr. Reiche, their importer, and stabled with other living curiosities. They were captured India, and bear a strong res

No Attempt to Buildoze Beecher.

NEW YORK, September 19.—The statement that a conference of leading Plymouth Church inembers had been held, and that Mr. Beecher had been remonstrated with for his course in politics, is found to have been maccurate. A majority of the members, as is well-known, are kepublicans, and would naturally regret Mr. Beecher's enoice, but Assistant Pastor Halliday said today: "There is no trouble in the church, and is not likely to be. Each member, from Mr. Beecher down, is independent, and can work and vote as he chooses, without being called to account by any other member." bers had been held, and that Mr. Beecher had

HAS SHE A LOVER?

Sadie Robinson's Strange Robbery of Her Parents.

Stealing a Bag Containing \$60,000 Worth of Railroad Bonds and Diamonds.

The Bag Left With a Drug Clerk on Church Street.

FRAMINGHAM, September 22.-This town is the scene of one of the most remarkable and mexplicable robberies on record. The robbery is of \$60,-000 in bank bills, negotiable bonds and diamonds by a school girl between 12 and 13 years of age. She is the daughter of Charles E. Robinson, who resides on Irving street, and is called by her friends "Sadie." But little is known of the family, as they recently moved into town. It is alleged that at about 5 o'clock Friday morning Miss Sadie arose and obtained possession of a small leather bag in which the valuables were kept, taking it with her when she went to Boston to school on the 8 o'clock train. Mrs. Robinson was negotiating for the purchase of some real estate with an insurance agent named Giles, and missing the bag that afternoon informed Mr. Giles of her loss. Mr. Giles went to Boston on the 2 o'clock train, and informed the Boston police of the loss. Inspectors Richardson and Gildden at once came here, and remained at Mr. Robinson's house that night. Miss Sadie returned from school Friday evening, as usual, and was questioned by the inspectors. They finally forced from her the confession that she had taken the bag to Boston and given it to a woman who had formerly worked for them, whose first name was Ann. This she did, she said, because Ann had threatened to injure her in some way if she did not steal something for her. She had given everything to Ann, and Ann had told her that she could at any time hear from her by addressing a note to a certain store in Boston. On the strength of this fabrication, which was at first believed, the inspectors returned to Boston to work up the case. After they left Constable Cotton of this town learned from a gentleman on the train that Miss Sadie had quite an amount of money with her when she came from Boston Friday evening. He had seen her shaking crumbs from her lunch-bag out of the window while she held in one hand a large roll of bills. Detective Bean of Natick, who had been at work on the case had left for home. Constable Cotton sent for him, and together they visited Miss Sadie. She finally confessed that she had some of the money hidden. They visited Miss Sadie, she showed them \$745 in bills. That was all she would ind everything for him. The detective drove her to Boston, yesterday morning, and she conducted him to a store where she had left the bag. The bag was locked, but upon being opened was found to contain the balance of the missing property. The bag had been left at the store simply to be called for. The diamonds are said by Detective Bean to be of the most magnificent description. The culprit has dark eyes and hair, and weighs about 190 pounds. It is believed that there is no truth in the report that she proposed to el an insurance agent named Giles, and missing the bag that afternoon informed Mr. duct can be obtained

WHAT MR. EDGAR LOUIS SAYS. Miss Robinson's Instructions for the Keep-

ing of the Black Bag. The name of Mr. Edgar Louis having been mentioned somewhat prominently in connection with the case, a GLOBE reporter called upon that gentleman this afternoon. Mr. Louis is employed as a clerk in Burwell's drug store, No. 72 Church street, and is a good-looking young man, appar-

ently about 25 years of age.
"Yes," he said; "if that's the name of the young lady who left the bag with me, I know Sadie Robinson; but I didn't know her name before. When she left it—on Friday or Saturday, I can't say which it was—she just handed it to me, and asked me to keep it for a day or two. 'Don't open it, or look into it,' she said, as she handed it to me over the counter, laughingly, and I said, 'of course I wouldn't.' ingly, and I said, 'of course I wouldn't,' as it didn't interest me. I was quite surprised yesterday afternoon when a gentleman came in here and said there was a lady outside in a carriage who wanted to see me. I went out and recognized her at once, and she told me to give the bag to the gentleman with her, which I accordingly did, taking it from under the counter, where I had originally placed it. Then, for the first time, I was informed of the value of the contents." and I said, 'of course I wouldn'

where I had originally placed its Theil, for the first time, I was informed of the value of the contents."

In answer to further inquiries, Mr. Louis said that Miss Robinson first commenced to come into the store about three or four months ago. She used to come several times a week and generally made purchases of soda or candy—nothing more. He was informed by her that she resided so some street on the Back Bay, the name of which he had forgotten. He never received any letters from her himself, nor were any letters left at the store for any one eise by her. A lady ters from her.
This was all he knew, so Mr. Louis said, and as

to there having been any love-making between

AN OLD SERVANT INTERESTED. Strong Evidence that the Girl Intended to

Elope on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Robinson until recently lived in Shawmut avenue, this city. Mr. Robinson was formerly a paint and oil merchant, but retired from active business some Miss Sadie attended the and when the family moved the bag were \$15,000 in meter; three \$1000 the sale of their house here; three \$1000 bonds, \$7000 worth of diamonds, and \$35,000 in railroad bonds. It is apparent that a former servant of the family, named Ann Simonston, has had something to do with the affair. She is have corresponded with Miss had something to do with the affair. She is known to have corresponded with Miss Sadie through the drug cierk on Church street, Edgar Louis. She was arrested yesterday, but disclaimed all knowledge of the robbery. Further inquiries make it plain that Sadie intended to clope with come one on Monday but who so far has not make it plain that Sadie intended to elope with some one on Monday, but who, so far, has not been ascertained. She transferred the valuables from the black value at the Boston & Providence depot to a new yellow bag which she had purchased for the purpose. She told the drug clerk the bag would be called for Monday. The police are at present looking up three or four young men who are suspected of being interested in the case. The girl will not be prosecuted, but will probably be placed in some private institution.

SILVER THREADS.

How They Came to be Seen Amid the Auburn Locks of a Chicago Clerk.

[Chicago Herald.] "Did you ever get scared half to death for nothing?" asked a cierk in a down-town store who had just returned from his vacation, "Well, I folks live there is a railroad bridge of the old trestle style. It is about forty feet high and crosses a valley only, there being no water under it. When I was a boy I used to walk that bridge day or night, and the other evening I wanted to go across and started out just as I used to do. When I got about half way over I heard a train coming, and seeing that I could not reach the other end I let myself down under the stringers and hung by my hands, as I have done a nundred times when a boy. Somehow my arms are not as strong as they used to be, and they ached long before the train came. In my haste I had got into an uncomfortable position before it was necessary. Finally the locomotive struck the bridge, and at last went thundering over my head. My hold was weakening every minute, and I soon realized that I could not hang on much longer. I believe that train was a mile long. The perspiration fairly streamed from me as I thought of the awful plunge I must soon make. Then my head reeled and my nerveless fingers slipped from the stringer and down I went—about six inches. They had been filling in the old trestle with earth, intending to make amendankment there, and I had not noticed it in the crosses a valley only, there being no water under went—about six inches. They had been filling in the old trestle with earth, intending to make an embankment there, and I had not noticed it in the darkness. If you fellows see any gray hairs in these auburn locks of mine, you will know how they got there."

Are the Mollie Maguires at Work Again? PITTSBURG, September 19 .- A special despatch from Locust Gap, Penn., says in the outlying districts of the Schuylkill, Luzerne, Northumberland, Carbon, Lehigh, Wyoming and Lackawanna re-gions, the coal and from police have discovered unmistakable evidence of the existence of lodges of the notorious "Brotherhood of Mollie Maguires." All the patches about Broad Top mountain, from Mahoney City to Ashland in one direction and from Shenandoan to Black creek and Quakake, have divisions of the oath-bound

organization, and regular meetings are secretly held in isolated mountains.

Yesterday the body of a Hungarian was found near Clearfield creek in Clearfield county. There were stabs and shot wounds upon him. It is known that a party of miners attempted to drive him away from the coal country, and it is presumed that the man refused to leave and was assashated.

A Hungarian named George Unglevaritist was fatally shot by some unknown person near Centralia, O. A man named Lefkowith has been arrested on suspicion. A number of prominent citizens, railroad operators and mine bosses, have been threatened.

THE WILD WEST UNDULATES.

An Earthquake Felt in Half a Dozen States -The Shock Lasts Ten Seconds, With All the Usual Accompaniments.

CINCINNATI, September 19 .- The shock of an earthquake was felt in this city and Covington this afternoon. A rocking motion was felt from north to south. It was a gentle undulation, with out any tremor or upheaval. The shock lasted about ten seconds. A gentleman who was writing at his home on Cutter street said he felt his table vibrate. It stopped, and then moved again, less violently than before. In Covington a little daughter of Mr. Worthington who was sick in bed was frightened to feel har bed move, and screamed in terror that some one was moving the bed. Re-ports from Mt. Vernon and Delaware, Ohio, say the shock was felt at those places.

Students and Workmen Badly Scared at

Columbus COLUMBUS, September 19.—At 2.40 this afternoon a shock of earthquake was felt in different parts of this city, the vibrations lasting thirty sec-onds. At the Capitol University the chandeliers onds. At the Capitol University the chandelers swayed to and fro, and students left their rooms amid great excitement. The entire building was shaken. At M. C. Lille & Co.'s establishment the employees jumped out on the roof of a four-story adjoining building. The ras fixtures swayed and the stock on the shelves moved about. The shock was also felt at the Ohio State University, where it rattled windows.

A Methodist Conference Suddenly Ad-

Journs. CHICAGO, eptember 19 .- Despatches received here late this afternoon indicate that the earthquake shock was very generally felt throughout Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. At Cecil, O., only, Indiana and Michigan. At Ceci, O., goods were thrown from shelves in stores and people rushed from their houses. At Defiance the Methodist Episcopal Central Conference was in session. The meeting adjourned suddenly. Toledo, O., was also visited by the shock, and Indianapolis buildings vibrated. No serious damage has yet reen reported.

Brick Blocks Rocked at Auburn. AUBURN, Ind., September 19.—There was quite a heavy shock of earthquake felt here at 2.15 p.

m. today, lasting about ten seconds. Brick blocks were rocked from east to west and much excitement prevailed. No damage was sustained. The shock was felt along the line of the Postal telegraph from Legonia to Wellington, Ohio.

Effects Elsewhere.

YPSILANTI, Mich., September 19.-A severe hock of earthquake was lelt here this evening. PORT HURON, Mich., September 19.—At 2.49 p. m. a slight shock of earthquake was felt here. ANN ARBOR, Mich., September 19.—Quite a severe shock of earthquake was felt here at 2.45

FORT WAYNE, Ind., September 19.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt this evening, lasting about one minute. DETROIT, September 19.—A horizontal motion

was feit throughout the city at 2.40 this p. m. Adrian, Mich., reports a slight shock there.

EKHART, Ind., September 19.—This city was shaken up by an earthquake this afternoon. Buildings were rocked to and fro by the violence of the rock. EAST SAGINAW, Mich., September 19.—This afternoon about 2.30 a slight earthquake was felt throughout the whole city. A slight trembling of brick and stone buildings was observed.

CHICAGO, September 19.—Despatches from Detroit, Indianapolis and Louisville, say that a shock of carthquake was felt at those places at 2.20 today. It was most severe at Indianapolis. CLEVELAND, September 19.—At 2.50 p. m. a shock of earthquake was felt here, lasting several seconds. It was generally felt throughout the city and vicinity. No noise accompanied the rocking of the earth.

LANSING, Mich., September 19.—About 3 o'clock this afternoon this city and vicinity was perceptibly shaken by an earthquake, causing the large Capitol building to tremble. No serious damage has been reported.

damage has been reported.

WARASH, Ind., September 19.—An earthquake shock continuing about five secoods, was felt throughout this section today. Beyond shaking buildings and frightening people no damage was done. Reports from points within fifty miles indicate that the vibrations were general.

CANTON, O., September 19.—A few minutes before 3 o'clock this afternoon a slight earthquake shock was felt in this city. The walls of several buildings moved perceptibly. A telegram from

shock was felt in this city. The walls of severa buildings moved perceptibly. A telegram from Middlebranch, eight miles north, says dishes were shaken in cupboards and a telephone message just received from Massilon says the shock was felt there.

ALCOHOL A BEVERACE FOR BOYS

Cheerful Discoveries of the New Haven Police-An Inebriate Aged 5 Years. NEW HAVEN, September 19 .- A gang of youngsters of the most deprayed habits have for a long time been making their headquarters in a vacant lot on Commerce street. None of the members of the crowd are over 12 years of age, and two of the worst of them were Michael and Terrence Bruin, aged 8 and 10 respectively. They are sons of Expressman John Bruin. During the entire summer the boys have been spending the nights sleeping in outhouses and barns. Last night Officer Tripp discovered them asleep in an old shed on the corner of Commerce and Factory streets. He arrested them and placed them in the lock-up.

The worst feature of the case is not that the boys make a practice of sleeping out nights. Whenever they can raise enough pennies between them, they send a delegate to some drug store and procure a bottle of alcohol of the cheapest quality. They take it to their rendezvous and dilute it with water and proceed to get as drunk as possible with the vite stuff. Officer Tripp found one sible with the vile stuff. Officer Tripp found one little chap, who was not over 5 years of age, stupidly drunk from the effects of the alcohole concoction. The officer took the drunken baby home, and the child was so thoroughly frightened that he was seen no more with his evil companions. When the cases came up before Judge Studley yesterday, his honor found that the Bruin boys were absolutely beyond me, and thither they were sent One of the leaders of the gang was sent to the reform school a few days since for stealing a number of books. It is believed by the police that gsters are responsible for a large number of petty thefts. AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONNAIRE.

Death of Seabury Brewster-His Strange

Persistency in Refusing to Lease Valuable and Unoccupied Real Estate.

NEW YORK, September 20 .- The death of Seabury Brewster, the millionnaire, who died at the New York Hotel this morning at 6 o'clock, has revived many stories in connection with his remarkable eccentricity. He had resided at the hotel for the past thirty years, and his scant figure, attired in scant, threadbare clothes and slouched hat, was a familiar object to the guests. Mr. Brewster died worth \$1,000,000, clothes and slouched hat, was a familiar object to the guests. Mr. Brewster died worth \$1,000,000, acquired in his earlier years by keen, thrifty business enterprise. He was owner of much valuable down-town real estate, including the large storehouse on Broadway, below Houston street, which has been untenanted for the past quarter of a century. Notwithstanding repeated offers, he declined to rent it, for what reason, however, is unknown. Although he had been for some years past of penurious habits, he has been known occasionally to do kind actions. One of his peculiar characteristics was the frequency with which he, would impress upon those with whom he conversed the importance of saving money. His nephew will come into his property.

Why Did The Miller's Daughter Wear White Hat?

CINCINNATI, September 20 .- Mollie Flickenger aged 20, daughter of a wealthy miller near Hami ton. O., was found in Cincinnati this morning dressed in the top of the style, with white plug nat, cut away, and spotless necktie. The police suspected her sex and took her to the station. She says the ciothes are her brother's, and that she left home because her mother and sisters abused and beat her. She will be returned to her

A Gubernatorial Candidate Thrown Down a Precipice.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., September 19.—General Scales, the Democratic candidate for governor, while crossing Cowee mountain was thrown down a precipice by the upsetting of his buggy. He was so badly hurt that he will be unable to meet his opponent here tomorrow. The general lodged in a tree, and this saved his life. His buggy was smashed to pieces and his borse killed. ADOPTED HIS SERVANT

Margaret O'Hare Becomes an Old Man's Darling.

He Gives Her the Clothing and Jewels of His Insane Wife.

A Remarkable Story of Infatuation and Intrigue.

The case of Orrin S. Knapp, special administrator of the estate of Thatcher Magoun and Thatcher Magoun. Jr., both of Medford, and others, against Margaret Magome, was continued today before Judge Colburn, in the equity session of the Supreme Court. The case involves extensive transfers of property made by the late Thatcher Magoun, who died May 27, 1883, to his former servant, who was afterwards adopted by him, and who received a large share of the property from his will.

Hon. E. R. Hoar, who appeared for the plaintiff, told the following interesting story: Margaret O'Hare, the defendant, known now as Margaret Magoun, was born in Ireland in 1824, but at the age of 20 or thereabouts came to America and hired out as a domestic servant. Early in 1860. she was engaged in the family of Thatcher Magoun as a body servant to Mrs. Magoun,

she was engaged in the family of Thatcher Magoun, who was at this time rapidly becoming insane. After the removal of the wife to an asylum in 1861, Margaret was still retained in the household by Mr. Magoun, and it was now that it is alleged she began to practice the arts upon her master, which afterwards resulted in his complete submission to her wishes.

At first Mr. Magoun conducted his household in a manner perfectly fitting to his condition, and his sons and daughters were always present whenever he gave entertainment. But gradually Margaret grew to occupy a position at the table, until she was finally installed there as acknowledged mistress. The master now requested his children to treat his house-keeper as their equal, and extend her a cordial treatment at all times. It was not long before the evidence of Margaret's machinations became apparent. Mr. Magoun's daughter, Mrs. David I. Kidder, was forbidden by the father to enter his house in his absence, on the ground that she had taken property from there without his leave. This was made to appear from the statement of Margaret, who also claimed that she did not receive evil treatment from her. After this Mrs. Kidder did not enter the nouse, except when her father was at home. The children were obliged to swallow the woman's insults as best they could, and treat her with a show of respect. Margaret to swallow the woman's insults as best they could, and treat her with a show of respect. Margaret had now become the acknowledged queen of the old man's heart and mind, wore his wife's most valuable dresses and jewelry, and took her afternoon drive in the finest carriages. So fond did the old man's affections become, that in the winters of 1865-1867 he established a magnificent city, residence mon Reacon street.

fond did the old man's affections become, that in the winters of 1865-1867 he established a magnificent city residence upon Beacon street, and here took Margaret to enjoy the delights of the city. But the pair found themselves at some loss for society, and so Mr. Magoun sent for his children to visit him, which they did.

But the intercourse between the father and children was becoming more embarrassme, the parent openly accusing them of circulating reports injurious to his honor. In April, 1873, Mr. Magoun, Sr., dissolved his partnership with his sons, Thatcher, Jr., and Mr. Kidder publicly asserting that they were conspiring to rob him, and refused to have anything further to do with the latter. His relations with his sister, Mrs. Adams of Lexington, were also greatly strained.

In all his trades against his children he appears to have taken the word of Margaret as evidence against them. In the summer of 1875 the old gentleman attempted to adopt the defendant, but encountering some difficulty in the law, was not able to accomplish this until the following year, when the adoption took place.

No means were now spared to render Margaret as happy as the enjoyment of all that money would afford could make ker, and presents of the most costly character were constantly being given her by her fond parent. In 1879 Mrs. Magoun died at the insane asylum where she had been kept, and after that event all intercourse between the father and children ceased until the former's final illness and death, which occurred in 1883.

The prosecution expects to show that, besides being under the influence and control of Margaret, the deceased was possessed with an infatuation which rendered his enfeebled mind easily tractable to the woman's efforts. It expects, also, to show that the conveyances by the late Thatcher Magoun to Margaret were made while in an account of all that money would also the woman's efforts. It expects, also, to show that the conveyances by the late Thatcher Magoun to Margaret were made while in an show that the conveyances by the late Thatcher Magoun to Margaret were made while in an unsound state of mind, which was embittered by he false reports of the defendant.

ARSON AND DEATH. Terrible Work of an Incendiary in New

York City-Mrs. Gertig's Death. NEW YORK, September 20 .- A fire broke out his morning in the three-story brick building on the corner of Willett and Rivington streets. Gertig, an Alsatian, rented the concern and ran a liquor saloon on the corner. He lived on the next and let out the spare rooms on the second and third floors to lodgers. When firemen arrived ladders were put on the adjoining building with a had reached the roof. It was with the utmost

difficulty and danger that even this could be done, owing to the rapidity with which the fire seemed to eat up the building. When the firemen gained the roof a horrible spectacle met their gaze. Mrs. Gertig and her son, both terribly burned, were found lying near the scuttle, through which they had evidently escaped. A few moments more the fiames, which were already bursting through the roof, would have ended their existence. The unfortunate woman was terribly burned, and was unconscious when discovered, and the boy was almost as badly off. They were removed to Bellevue Hospital, where Mrs. Gertig died without regaining consciousness. The fiesh was literally burned off portions of her body, and death must have been a relief to her. The little boy is terribly burned, and the doctors think it will be a miracle if he recovers. In the meantime the firemen were gallantly fighting the fire and rescuing several lodgers who were in peril. When the fire was got under control an investigation was made, and it was found that one of the most determined and fiendish eases of arson and and rescuing several lodgers who were in peril. When the fire was got under control an investigation was made, and it was found that one of the most determined and fiendish cases of arson and murder had been planned and carried out by some miscreant. In a closet behind the bar in the saloon was a pile of shavings and excetsior used in stuffing furniture. It was saturated with kerosene. On the foor of the saloon was the remains of a lot of kindling wood which had also been covered with kerosene, and in a small rear room leading to the hallway a similar state of affairs was found. The fire had evidently been started in the rear of the sitting room on the second floor and the door leading both up and down stairs left open, for the firemen met a dense wail of fire when they tried to get up stairs. In a bed-room off the sitting-room were two beds. There was not a vestige of bedding left in them, showing that kerosene had been there also. A small rear room off this, and leading to the hall, had another supply of sticks and excelsior plentifully covered with kerosene. No trace of Leo Gertig, the proprietor, conid be found, but it was learned that he has been despondent of late, and was not successful in business. He had afquarrel with his wife yesterday and went out, remaining away all day. He returned last night and took some money, saying he wanted to pay the beer man. Accounts differ as to what became of him, but a few and took some money, saying he wanted to pay the beer man. Accounts differ as to what became of him, but a fer hours after the fire the police found him near his nours after the fire the police found him hear his nouse under the influence of liquor, and arrested him on a charge of arson and murder. He said he had been out on a drunk and knew nothing about the fire. He was taken to the Tombs Court and remanded to await a full investigation.

Four Boilers Explode at Once.

HARRISBURG, Penn., September 17 .-- A terrific coller explosion occurred in the Lickings Valley ap and George Bright were badly injured, and a lap and George Bright were badly injured, and a boy driver. Elmer Kocher, was fatally scalded. Four bollers exploded simultaneously, hurling iron and timbers hundreds of feet, one of the heads being carried 400 yards. Three men in a room above the boilers were thrown a long distance, but not mortally injured. The explosion was caused by some unexplained defect in the holiers. The accident will compet the suspension of mining in the colliery for several weeks. The colliery is the largest in this region.

How a Hog Rooted up a City. ["Carp" in Cleveland Leader.]
I have just returned from the shores of Lake

Superior, where I spent some time visiting the copper regions, said to be the greatest in the peninsula, good for nothing as farming lands, the immense copper deposits have caused large towns to spring up, and they now give employ-ment to tens of thousands of men. About

manity is now \$35,000,000 richer in the use of the copper there discovered, and the stockholders, who, aided by the pig, have helped the world to this wealth, have received about \$25,000,000 for their trouble. A town of 6000 inhabitants has gathered around the pig's hole, and nearly 2000 men are employed in operating the mines beneath it.

BUYING UP THE LAND.

British Capitalists Invest Two Millions in Mexico-Purchase of a Tract of Farming Land Twice as Large as Rhode Island.

MONTEREY, Mex., September 22.-La Revista chronicles the consummation of probably the largest sale of lands ever made to private pur-chasers on this continent. The lands in question are situated in northern Mexico, and were purchased by a syndicate of English and Scotch gentlemen named McPherson, Grant and John Dalzell. The possessions are situated in the States of Chihuahua and Durango.

The title to the lands was, perhaps, the most ancient of any upon the American continent.

This was the first transfer that had been made in 200 years. Longer ago than that the King of Spain conveyed this tract of country to the ancestry of Don Antonio Ansunsala, where the had remained, and descended from generation to generation until the present time. More than 1000 people, as tenants, are living upon this soil, growing corn and coffee and wheat in the villages, and sheep and cattle in the mountains. The tands were bonded over two years ago to Colonel J. P. Lawson of Colorado, who paid \$100,000 for three years, bondment. The supulated price of the land is \$1,000,000. An additional million is to be invested in cattle, blooded horses and agricultural implements. One-half of this additional million has already arrived from London, and is now deposited in the City of Mexico and Chilhuahua to the credit of the fiscal agent of the syndicate. The estate consists of two immense ranches, subdivided into six contiguous haciendas, upon each of which there is a village with an organized municipal government. Two-thirds of the estate lies within the southern boundary of the State of Chilmahua, the remaining third in Durango. The area embraced by these properties is twenty-seven Spanish leagues in length, by an average width of nine leagues, or an equivalent in English measurement of seventy by twemp-tiree miles, or 1610 square miles. Large tracts of these lands are under cultivation, the crop consisting principally of Indian corn, wheat, barley, and Irish and sweet potatoes. In addition, they are capable of grazing 100,000 cattle and 500,000 steep. t had remained, and descended from genera-

they are capable of grazing 100,000 cattle and 500,000 sheep.

Besides the above six haclendas, the same syn-Besides the above six hactendas, the same syndicate has bought two other ranches adjacent, containing 500,000 acres. The deeds of record show that there were also included in this saie special stipulations for 35,000 head of sheep, 100,000 head of unbroken horses, 300 saddle horses, 800 broken mules, 300 work oven, 2000 hogs, 1000 saddles and bridles, 800 sets of harness, together with immense quantities of farming tools, many of which are of ancient patterns.

ancient patterns REBELLIOUS MEXICANS.

Hernandez in Nuevo Leon-Death of Damasio Reyes-Indians in Revolt. MATAMORAS, Mex., September 20.-Colonel

ment, has retired from Bustamente to near Gaelana, State of Nuevo Leon. He is believed to have sought refuge in a district friendly to his revolutionary project. Orders from the City of Mexico were received yesterday to capture Hernandez dead or alive, and a second detachment

Despatches from the State of Guerrero bring information that the revolutionist, Damasio Reyes, and his party, who recently gave battle to the forces under General Neri, when the Penzan brothers were killed by their guard, were surprised in the mountains, near Gaelana, by a small force of infantry. Reyes was killed and his party

force of infantry. Reyes was killed and his party dispersed.

The trouble among the Mayo Indians has become serious. It is feared the entire tribe, numbering 4000, will shortly be in open revolt. Attempts to deprive them of their lands and other encroachments on their ancient privileges are the causes leading to the outbreak. At Colina yellow fever has appeared, many persons dying of the disease.

Riot and Uprising in Zacualtipan, Mexico. VERA CRUZ, September 20 .- News is received of a riot and uprising on the 9th inst., at the city of Zacualtipan, State of Hidalgo. The revolutionists killed the judge of the court and the commander of the National Guard. The State troops were called out and restored order. The noted bandit, Coapo Fantillan, was overtaken by troops the other day and killed, near Pueblo Muero, in Hidalgo. Fantillan had the reputation of having killed a dozen people.

A DOUBTFUL BOUNDARY LINE. Mexico Claims a Strip of Territory From

the United States. .Washington, D. C., September 19 .- At the state department it is said that there need be no fear of trouble growing out of the decision of the Mexican boundary line commissioners which places the line 600 yards north of where it was supposed to run. The reconnoissance made by Lieutenant Symond, which shows the boundary line to be farther north than has heretofore been claimed, was made under the terms of a treaty between the United States and Mexico for the rectification of the boundary lines of New Mexico, Arizona and southern California, and is preliminary to a full and geodetic survey of the lines by an international boundary commission. Lieutenant Symond found, after entering Arizona, that there had been considerable disturbance of the monuments marking the boundary line. In one case, near Emory Springs, in the southeast corner of Arizona, a Mexican village, custom house and a small pond were discovered to belong to the United States. Further west, in the vicinity of Nogales, Lieutenant Symond found that the monument, known to have been intact in 1878, had been destroyed, and that settlers claimed territory as belonging to the United States which was undoubtedly the property of Mexico. It is here that the Mexican surveyors made their claim as reported, and if the 600 yards claimed are allowed, it will take in the American village of Nogales, about 3500 feet of the Sonora railroad track, the American custom house, quarantine station and all the railroad buildings. by Lieutenant Symond, which shows the boundary

WAS IT THE ARM TRICK?

Priddy, the Oarsman, Curiously Afflicted-Suspicion of His Friends that he has

Been Tampered With. PITTSBURG, Pa., September 19 .- Peter Priddy, who is to row Clayton of Wheeling on Saturday, arrived home from his training quarters at Springdale yesterday. Peter is suffering from paralysis While he feels in perfect in the arms. health otherwise, he cannot maintain grasp on the sculis. He first felt these paralytic

grasp on the sculls. He first felt these paralytic symptoms in the early part of last week, and yesterday he had two or three applications from a galvanic battery, but with only very nttle effect. It is now thought that his arms had been tampered with previous to the race with Norris of Boston on Saturday last. If his arms get no better, strenuous efforts will be made to postpone his race with Clayton, and if that cannot be done the public will be advised not to back him.

The young oarsman's backers and friends are deeply concerned about his condition. Priddy himself alleges that he has no feeling whatever in his arms and, yesterday, when put to the test of a galvanic battery, alongside of a friend, his assertion was clearly proven. The first shock, which was exceedingly long, went no farther than his wrists, while his companion was doubled up. The second and third only went to his shoulders. He intends to renew the applications today. Several sporting men boldly assert that he has has bad the arm trick played upon him, which is said to be easily done.

PITTSBURG. September 21.—The Times! Oil City special says: The Phillips well, to which all in this entire region. It multiplies its product amazingly. It was drilled two and one-half feet deeper Saturday, and the production increased at a wonderful rate. In the twenty-four hours ending 2.30 p. m. today it produced 3240 barrels. About 3000 people visited the well today.

Fatal Awakening of a Sleep-Walker. ERIE, Penn., September 22.-Mrs. S. D. Camp, aged 60, a somnambulist, living in Girard, got out of a second-story window yesterday morning, and when discovered was walking on a narrow ledge which ran along the side of the house. Seeing her peril a member of the family indiscreetly called to the sleep-walker. This aroused her and she lost her balance, failing to the ground and receiving injuries from which she died soon afterward.

TOLEDO, September 19.—At 11 o'clock this morning the residence of John Bylow in East daughter, aged 4, was burned to death. The mother and baby had a narrow escape. The mother was slightly burned and the babe severely. The family, in addition to their terrible grief, are jeft utterly destitute, as nothing was saved from the flames. BLAINE AND MORRILL.

How Mr. Morrill Was Victimized by Mr. Blaine.

Several Interesting Chapters in the Politics of the Pine Tree State.

Mr. Blaine's Answers to the Indianapolis Sentinel.

PORTLAND, September 20 .- Mrs. Lot M. Morrill's arraignment of James G. Blaine as a "wicked and corrupt man" has probably caused other criticism of his private and official acts that has appeared. It strikes home with more force, because, being the testimony of an non-ored woman, and that of a dead statesman whose name is revered, it carries conviction to millions of voters. It is given out that ex-Governor Anson P. Morrill, the surviving brother of Mrs. Morrill's distinguished husband, is preparing a letter with a view to counteracting her damaging statement, and that such an epistle Blaine has peremptorily demanded. The influence that Blaine has over Maine's first Republican governor is as strong as it was when he roped him and his brother Lot M. into buying Little Rock

Blaine first displayed his treachery to Senator Morrill during the memorable Morrill-Hamlin fight for the United States senatership in the winfight for the United States senatership in the winter of 1869. Senator Morrill's re-election to the Senate had been regarded as a certainty by his friends. Mr. Blaine had promised him his support, and he betteved that Blaine was doing all he could to secure his election. But Blaine was playing double. Hamilin was his man. While he was assuring Morrill that he was for him, he was secretly at work doing all he could to defeat him and elect Hamilin. In the legislative caucus Hamilin had one vote more than Morrill for the nomination, while one blank vote was thrown by a member named Perry of Mars Hill. Hamilin claimed the nomination, but Morrill's friends were not disposed to yield, regarding the nomination as doubtful on account of the blank vote. A new turn was given to the contest by an unexpected boil of five members of the Kennebec delegation, who, through Blaine's engineering, deserted Morrili. All five of these members were afterward rewarded for their treachery by either an office or money. One of them is Judge Snell of the police court at the national capital, who had that office created for him by Congress at Hamilin's instance, and has held it ever since. Senator Morril was utterly amazed at the perfidy of these deserters right in his own county, as they had all ploudged themselves to stand by him. He was not long in finding out that Blaine was at the bottom of it. Morrill bore his defeat with magnanimity. Although he expressed his conviction in a published card, that the conclusion reached by the cancus was not binding, he withdrew from the canvass. He never recovered from the shock produced by Plaine's treachery.

When Blaine Became a Pedler ter of 1869. Senator Morrill's re-election to the

When Blaine Became a Pedler of Little Rock bonds in Maine, he first approached some of his Portland friends. A conference took place at the Falmouth Hotel. Among the capitalsome of his Fordand friends. A centerence took place at the Falmouth Hotel. Among the capitalists present were Judge Shepley and Messrs. Jose, Cram and Merrill. A. P. Morrill and Senator Morrill were purchasers, and it is fair to state that Elaine redeemed their bonds. But he had forfetted the confidence of the Morrills in his business integrity. For several years Anson P. Morrill did not recover from his indignation. At that time he resided in Keadfield. He was open in his accusations and denunciations in speaking of the them rascally. He declared that "Blame not only fied, but he would have swindled me." When Hayes was nominated for the presidency, A. P. Morrill said: "If Blaine had been nominated, I would have taken the stump and exposed him." He de lared that he had in his possession letters from Blaine that would be damaging to him. When A. P. Morrill moved to Augusta, where he now lives, Blamo succeeded in bridging over his troubles with him, and renewing their old friendship. He had him sent to the Legislature.

In the latter part of June, 1876, after Hayes had been nominated for the prefedency, President Grant tendered the secretaryship of the treasury to Senator Morrill. Mr. Blaine had reached home, sick from his Washington "sunstroke." Senator Morrill accepted the position offered him, and on the very day his acceptance was made public, Governor Connor, who lived in Augusta, went to

time that Connor was hasty in tendering the appointment, as Blaine was represented as being such a sick man that nobody was allowed to see him. Besides, there was no need of being in a particular rush to appoint anybody. Moreover, it was in bad taste, to say the least, to appoint Blaine when he was under a cloud. A large number of Republicans thought if anybody was deserving of the appointment it was General Chamberlain, and among those who shared in this feeling was Senator Morrill, and he was disappointed because General Chamberlain was not so honored. But it was a critical point in Blaine's career. If he did not have the appointment at once, to fill out Morrill's unexpired term, he would be

Ruined by the Mulligan Investigation

The exigency was pressing. The Muiligan inrestigation was to be resumed the next day. Blaine's resignation as a member of the House Blaine's resignation as a member of the House must be accepted without any delay, and that would squelch the Mulligan investigation. Connor was as putty in the hands of Blaine, and did just as he was directed. The following day Blaine's resignation and acceptance by the governor was telegraphed to the House, and the result was that the Mulligan investigation, set for that day, was summarily closed and abandoned. Blaine was then appointed senator, but his transfer to the Senate was no cause for congratulation by Senator Morrill. When Senator Morrill was made collector of customs at Portland the position came to him unexpectedly. S. S. Marble, one of Blaine's henchmen, craved the place. He was, it is said, a professional lobbyist. He had always held office as a partial reward for his services, the last being that of United States marshal for Maine, out of which he had made a handsome thing. But he was not satisfied with the competency he had acquired. He wanted the Portland collectorship, the best paying office in the State. He signified his request to Blaine, and the great commoner promised him that he should have the place in preference to anybody else. Blaine and Hamlin then commenced to press Marble's appointment upon poor and weak, but honest, Hayes, but could get no satisfaction from the president. Only a few days before Blaine and Hamlin had tried to have Frye go into the cabinet. Blaine vainly endeavored to convince Hayes that he had saved him Ohio, and that he wouldn't have been elected had it not been for his invaluable services. Blaine then threatened, but it was no use. Baffied and disappointed. He became indignant, but his indignation did not equal his wrath when Hayes refused to send Marble's name to the Senate for the eveted office. One day General Grant remarked to Hayes:

"There's one man I would appoint to the Ports." must be accepted without any delay, and that

to Hayes:
"There's one man I would appoint to the Portland collectorship."
"Who is tnat?" asked Hayes.
"Lot M. Morrill."
"I'll do it," said Hayes. At once Morrill's name
was sent to the Senate. Blaine afterwards claimed
that it was through him that Mr. Morrili was ap-

THE MURDER PROVOKED. Russell Rose's Reasons for Striking James

Ramsbottom with a Slungshot. WATERBURY, Conn., September 22 .- It appears that the murder of James Ramsbottom at a dance at Riverton last week by Russell Rose, to whom he had addressed an insulting remark, was prohe had addressed an insulting remark, was provoked. Rose's wife, a handsome woman, had formed an attachment for Ramsbottom, who was a dissolute bully. She deserted her husband on his account, and was frequently in his company. This caused bitterness between the men. On the night of the dance Rose was sitting in a window of the hall, when Ramsbottom called to him, challenging him to come outside. Rose promptly went out, and, having been prepared with a slungshot, struck Ramsbottom on the head, stranning him, so that he fell backward, and striking a stone his neck was broken.

Married on Horseback.

WEST POINT, Ga., September 20 .- A romantic marriage occurred yesterday afternoon, when John M. Harrington and Miss Louia Zachry of this place were married two miles from town The bride and groom and their triends were all on horseback or in vehicles, the minister standing in a buggy, and the place selected was a cluster of shade trees near the public road. Harrington is a prominent cotton broker, and his wife belongs to one of the first families of West Point.

Gold Discovered in Connecticut. PUTNAM, Conn., September 20 .- On the farm of

Simon Rawson in Douglas gold has been discov ered. A gentleman found what he suppo gold quartz. A specimen was inspected and found to be worth \$48.92 per ton, which will pay for working; specimens of silver have also been found at this place.

AROUND THE FARM

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

PERTILIZER FRAUDS.

The following inquiry was made of the New Eugland Homestead, and their reply follows:

Eugland Homestead, and their reply follows:
About what weight of pure ground bone would be an equivalent to a cord of good stable manure in seeding down for grass.—[Harold, Toland county, Coun.

A difficult question to answer. Farmyard manure, as food for plants, is a very uncertain substance, because of its varying content of water, and of the quality of the food from which it is produced. Recent analysis of what is called "average manure," and of bone meal, furnish a basis of comparison. A thousand pounds of the manure contains five pounds of nitrogen, six pounds of potash and three pounds of phosphoric med. An equal weight of bone dust contains four pounds of nitrogen, two-tenths of a pound of potash, and twenty-three pounds of phosphoric acid. The elements in the manure are more readily available than in the raw bone.

In the Massachusetts Agricultural report for 1883 there is the analysis of six different lots of

1883 there is the analysis of six different lots of ground bones, obtained from different persons; the average analysis of them is nitrogen 3.55 per sent, and phosphoric acid 23.28 per cent; or in 1000 pounds ground bones, 35½ pounds nitrogen, and 232 8-10 pounds phosphoric acid. There is quite a discrepancy between the two authorities, but that in the agricultural report is correct. In the same paper is a notice from which we quote

the same paper is a notice from which we quote the following:

"Professor" H. M. Pollard is an "agricultural chemist" who has an office with the Perry oil company of Pawtucket, R. I. There he keeps on hand and for sale "special fertilizers" for special crops. He sells them at the modest price of \$50 per ton. A representative of The Homestead recently visited the "professor's" place of business and collected seven samples of his alleged fertilizers. These samples were numbered; the first four were sent for analysis to the Connecticul experiment station; the last three to the Massachusetts experiment station, with the following results:

results:
1. For top-dressing. Guaranteed analysis: Ammonia, 33½ per cent; phosphoric acid, 5 per cent; potash, 4 per cent.
2. For cern. Guarantee: Ammonia, 3½ per cent; phosphoric acid, 83½; potash, 53½.
3. For Cabbage. Guarantee: Ammonia, 4 per cent.; phosphoric acid, 83½; potash, 5½.
4. For potatoes. Guarantee: Ammonia, 3 per cent.; phosphoric acid, 7½; potash, 5.

	1	2	1 3	1 4
Nitrogen	3.74	2.71	3.03	2.16
Soluble phosphoric acid	.96	.59	.43	.35
Reverted phosphoric acid	3.03	4.09	3.85	4.02
insoluble phosphoric acid	2.31	6.07	5.41	6.57
Total	6.80	10.75	8.69	10.94
Potash	6.48	6.26	5.45	5.88
Estimated value	\$39.15	31.24	30.60	28.31
Cost, per ton			50.00	
Cost exceeds value			19.40	

7. Natural deposit from the West Indies contains 28 par cent. of phosphoric acid., 17½ per cent. available this year, balance next.

	100 M		
Moisture	10.15	9.73	6.00
Nitrogen	4.23	4.99	
Soluble phosphoric acid	.86	.83	
Reverted phosphoric acid	2.59	2.29	10.28
Insoluble phosphoric acid	3.90	3.33	19.25
Total phosphoric acid	7.35	6.50	29.53
Potash	6.02	4.92	
Estimated value	#32 71	834 06	235 83
Cost per ton	50 00	50 00	60 00
Cost exceeds value	17 29	15 94	24 17

values (based on trade prices) adopted by the Massa-chusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey experiment When The Homestead representative obtained

When The Homestead representative obtained the guarantees, Mr. Perry remarked, "Professor" Pollard being absent: "The statement on the bag isn't correct. The old man [Polard] is peculiar about that. There's more than twice the percent, in the fertilizer that the bag claims. He has it so that if any one tries to imitate the goods by compounding a fertilizer by the percent, on his bags, they'll get left, for their fertilizer won't work equal to his. And then he says, in all probability his fertilizer will get analyzed at these experiment stations, and if it comes out in their reports that they find a larger per cent, than he claims, why, that's so much in his favor."

It will be noticed on comparison of the analysis by the stations with the guaranteed composition that the guarantee falls short in four instances, while in the aggregate the fertilizers contain in excess of the guarantee, 14 per cent. of ammonia, 42 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 18 per cent. of potash. Not much fraud in that? Compare it with the statements of manufacturers of fertilizers generally, whose guarantees run with margins, as follows: "Guaranteed composition-Total phosphoric acid, 6 to 8 per cent.; potassium oxide, 4 to 5 per cent.; ammonia, 5 to 6 per cent." Such a statement as this leaves a margin to fall back upon of 33 per cent. on phosphoric acid, 25 per cent. on potassium oxide, and 20 per cent. on ammonia. Surely the manufacturers know what they sell; but do the farmers know what they buy?

What is the value of such a guarantee?

It will be noticed that an average of the seven maiyses shows the average cost of the Pollard fertilizers to be \$18 30 per ton more than they are really worth, according to the values (based on trade prices) adopted by the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey experiment stations. This serves to show that notwithstanding the fertilizers are far better than they are ruaranteed, yet they are sold and farmers pay or them much more than their value, even when sased on the exorbitant trade values adopted by the experiment stations. A consideration of bulperiment Station will furnish much food for reflection. In one column sis given the estimated value in the other the cost per ton.

	Estim	ated	Cost
	val	ue.	per ton.
Bowker's Brighton Phosphate	826	78	840
Bradley's Superphosphate	36	88	42
Chittenden's Universal Superpho	18-		
phate	. 39	26	42
Russell Coe's Superphosphate	30	26	40
Russell Coe's Superphosphate	08		40
Soluble Pacific Guano		59	42
		11	40
George W. Miles & Co	00	11	40
New Haven Fertilizer Company	8 0=	00	40
Superphosphate	27	88	. 42
Quinniplac Phosphate	33	30	40
P. Thompson's Mineral Manure	10	56	25
Baker's Potato Manure		55	50
Stockbridge's Potato and Vegetab	le		
Manure	· 35	45	50
Buffalo Potato, Hop and Tobacco Fe	er-		
tilizer	32	30	45
Chittenden's Complete Fertilizer f	or		
Roots		24	50
Chittenden's Manure for Grain			50
Baker's Corn Manure			50
Stockbridge's Corn Manure			50
Stockbridge's Forage Crop Manure			50

An average cost of these eighteen fertilizers is about \$43 77, and the average estimated trade value is only \$33 44 per ton, a difference of \$10 33 per ton which the farmer pays more than the estimated trade value, which is about 25 per cent. higher than the market value of the ingredients the fertilizers are composed of. The aver age cost of the three Stockbridge manures is \$50: the average estimated value, \$36 78, a difference of \$13 22 per ton, or 27 per cent, more than their \$18 30 per ton mere than their estimated value, or \$5 08 per ton more than the three Stockbridge fertilizers. The Connecticut station report says: "If the selling price is but \$2 or \$3 per ton more than the estimated value it may still be a fair price, but if the cost per ton is \$5 or more over

Fertilizers are like other merchandise that people buy and know nothing in regard to its value; buyers are very art to pay for them more than they are worth, but they have supposed that the laws passed in regard to fertilizers protected them in their purchases of them, They must be blind if they continue to think so after reading the Connecticnt Builetin, No. 75. The same rule will note good in buying fertilizers as in buying any other article of merchandise-first, know what you want; second, see that you get what you want; third, see that you do not pay for more than you get; fourth, buy at the market price, not "estimated trade value prices."

Nitrogen, phosphorte acid and potash are now staple articles in the market, and the demand for them is constantly increasing, and as it increases, competition will lower the price. Nitrogen is obtained in the form of a trate of soda. Phosphoric acid in the form of Charles on phosphate of lime, also in the phosphatic guano from numerous West India islands as well as from the mineral apatite from Canada. Potash is obtained in the form of muriate of potash, sulphate of potash, and in katatt, but the chespest as well as the best form for nericultural partoses is the muriate of potash These articles are all to be obtained in the open market, and can be purchased separately in quantities to suit, and these can be mixed together when needed and in proportion as wanted. Many farmers are now purchasing these several ingredients of fertilizers and mixing them to suit themselves, in preference to parchas ing the so-called super; bosphates and other man port on commercial tertil zers, by Professor C. A. doesslands, he says: "It is gratifying to notice the steady increasing c. It for agricultural chemicals, for it is a practical demonstration of our

lands. Fertilizers pay only when applied with reference to the existing deficiency in plant food in the soil; and in a general farm management are most valuable when merely supplementing home-made manures."

Date on which an animal served is due to give

	Math				
	birth:			*****	
		Mare,	Cow,	Ewe,	Sow
	Served.	48 w'ks.	40 w'ks.	21 w'ks	16 w'ks.
	Sept. 1	Aug. 2	June 8	Jan. 27	Dec 21
	Sept. 2	3	9	28	22
	Sept. 3	4	10	29	23
			11	30	24
	Sept. 4		12	31	25
	Sept. 5	6	12		20
	Sept. 6	6 7 8	13	Feb. 1	26
	Sept. 7		14	2	27
	Sept. 8	9	15	3	27 28
	Sept. 9	10	16	4	29
	Sept. 10		17	5	30
	Sept. 11		18	6	31
	Sept. 12	13	19	Feb. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	Jan. 1
	Sept. 12	14	20	9	
	Sept. 13		20	8 9	9
	Sept. 14	15	21	10	0
	Sept. 15	16	22	10	4
	Sept. 16	17	23	11	b
	Sept. 17	18	24	12	6
9	Sept. 18	19	25	13	7
	Sept. 19		26	14	8
	Sept. 20		27	15	2 3 4 5 6 7 8
ø	Sept. 21	22	28	16	10
d	Sept. 22		29	17	11
			30	18	12
	Sept. 23	24			13
d	Sept. 24	25	July 1 2 3 4 5	19	13
ø	Sept. 25	26	2	20	14
d	Sept. 26	27	3	21	15
d	Sept. 27		4	22	16
d	Sept. 28	29	5	23	17
d	Sept. 29	30	6	24	18
d	Sept. 30	31	6 7	25	19
п	pohi oou	01		20	-

Cluten in Wheat. We translate the following report from M-Gatellier, of successful experiments in the direc. tion of increasing the ordinary proportion of

gluten in wheat: The object of the experiments in milling under taken by the flour and gram board of Paris has been to furnish the French miller with informabeen to turnish the French miller with informa-tion concerning the different methods of flour manufacture and to thus arm nim against foreign competition. It is an undealable fact that our exports of flour have diminished considerably during the past few years, and that after having reached the annual figure of inore than 2,000,000 quintais (1,000,000 barreis) they are now reduced to about 100,000 quintals (50,000 barrels) while the imports have largely increased each year. The following table of French exports and imports of flour since 1875 show exactly this inverse move-ment:

ment:	Imports.	Exports.
Year.	Quintals.	Quintals.
1875	28,838	2,144,710
1876	40,607	1,307,426
1877	63,418	1,686.603
1878	74,437	363,084
1879		191,092
1880	280.392	151,588
1881	2351693	166,941
1882		97,412
1883	430,908	122,823

Vilnorin.

After having chosen the right kind of seed the method of culture to be pursued is just the opposite of that employed for the beet, because the matter analogous to the sugar in that vegetable, the starch in wheat, is to be reduced instead of increased. If, by growing beets in soil barren of nitrogen a large proportion of sugar is obtained, in order to obtain a minor proportion of starch in wheat and a major proportion of gluten, the soil must contain a good percentage of nitrogen. This system of culture is more difficult to carry out in wheat than in beets, because, if there is an excess of nitrogenous matter in wheat soil, it is likely to result in lodging and rusting of the grain. These dangers can be avoided in such cases by the use of superphosphates. But if wheat is grown in a soil weak in nitrogen, for instance, after beets, without having supplied, by means of manure, the necessary proportion of nitrogen to correspond to the minerals which the earth contains, the result is a grain that ripens well and has a fine appearance, but which is deficient in gluten. We sowed in 1881 in Luzancy, Victoria, white wheat under three different conditions, as follows. After the sugar beet, after oats, preceded by a crop of Luzerne grass, and after a crop of inhette, the land being dressed with 30,000 Kilograms (about thirty-three tons) of manure to the two acres. Each lot of wheat presented a different appearance, the handsomest being that raised after the beets. Each lot was harvested and milled separately, and M. L'Hote analyzed the flours with the Vilmorin.

After having chosen the right kind of seed the beets. Each lot was harvested and milled sepa-

fallowing require.
following results:
Nitrogen, Gluten,
After the beets
After the oats
Manured land
This result shows that the wheat raised after
beets, though fine looking, is poor in gluten. The
question now arises, is it possible to augment the
amount of gluten in wheat raised after beets by
the use of nitrogenous dressing? We sowed in
1882 a number of fields of the same kind of soil
with Victoria white wheat, all of them after beets,
but with different quantities of dressing. Each
lot of grain was milled separately, and M. L'Hote
monauta has analyzon of the House to fall-our

Manure to the hectare [2 acres.]	roportion of nitrogen to phosphoric acid in the manure	Per cent, of Nitrogen in the flour	Per cent. of gluten in the flour
221 lbs. sulphate ammonia	4-9	1.67	10.43
663 lbs. superphosphate)			
442 lbs. sulphate ammonia	8-9	1.82	11.37
663 lbs. superphosphate)			
663 lbs. sulphate ammonia	12-9	2.04	12.75
663 lbs. superphosphate		2.01	12.10
663 lbs. sulphate ammonia	6-9	1.81	11 01
1326 lbs. superphosphate	6-9	1.01	11,31

The above table shows that it is possible to in-The above table shows that it is possible to increase the quantity of gluten in wheat by proper dressing, and that it depends upon the proportion of nitrogen in the dressing as compared to the mineral matter. In presenting this question of the quality of wheat to the farmer and the miller, in the same way that the question of the quality of the singar beet has been laid before the farmer and the refiner, I have felt the patriotic desire to marshal our forces against foreign competition, to repel the invasion of the products of other countries, and I hope to soon see the time when we shall become exporters ourselves.—[North Western Miller.

Oheap Cellar for Storing Roots, Those who raise large quantities of roots for feeding out through the winter are often troubled a good deal in finding storing room where they may be safely kept. The cellar under the house the barn. Every stock raiser should have his root

the barn. Every stock raiser should have his root cellar either under or near the barn.

Owing to the low situation of the barn and other reasons, it is not always possible or convenient to have the cellar or frost-proof storing-room built mainly above ground after the following description, will be found both cheap and satisfactory:

If the ground is high enough, dig down three feet the size desired, 12x20 feet makes a good large cellar, and 10x16 feet will do for 600 or 800 bushels. Get on hand a lot of small logs or poles from six to ten inches in diameter, with twhich to build the portion above ground. Cut the poles for each side three feet longer than the width or

iength of the excavation. Place the first two poles on flat stones or blocks back a foot from the edge of the hole dug, and upon opposite sides. Flat the ends with the axe and lay two cross poles as you would in starting a log house. In these end pieces, one foot from the end, out notches for the next side pole to he in. With each round, set the side poles in a foot, which will give a regular slant to the roof, and make a very strong frame for the weight that is to come upon it. The end that is to contain the door should be carried up straight, while the other may be slanted up the same as the sides.

Cover this frame with cull or common lumber, laying the boards on up and down. Next put on a heavy layer of marsh hay or straw to keep the dirt from coming in contact with and rotting the lumber. Over this put a foot of earth, and if they can be had without too much trouble, a covering of sods. A shute should be provided for filling the house, and a small ventilating flue for winter. The end where the door is located should be double-boarded and filled in with saw-dust and cut straw. There should also be a double door, although I have used such a cellar with only a single door, without having the roots frozen.

A storing house of this kind, if well made, will last eight or ten years, and give as good satisfaction as one costing \$200.—[Indiana Farmer.

Ration of an Engish Dairy.

Sir John B. Lawes gives the average ration of his herd of shorthorn dairy cows, and gives the average yield of milk as thirty pounds per day each. That it may be compared with some of American rations, we give it tabular form, with a statement of its digestible nutriment: AVERAGE DAILY RATION OF A SHORTHORN DAIRY

	Dry	Digestible Nutrients.		ole ts.
Kind of Food.	organic matter	Albuminoids	Carbo-hydrates	Fat.
8 lbs hay	Lbs. 6.88 5.16	Lbs. 0.59 0.09	Lbs. 3.28 2.16	Lbs. 0.10 0.03
cake	3.68 3.08 9.60	$\begin{array}{c} 1.32 \\ 0.31 \\ 0.88 \end{array}$	0.70 1.89 8.00	0.64 0.09 0.08
	28.40	3.19	16.03	0.94

This ration, fixed by the greatest agricultura

This ration, fixed by the greatest agricultural experimenter in England, may be considered as based upon the best practical judgment. It contains abundant nutriment to keep these large cows in fine condition and to produce thirty pounds of milk from each per day. Yet it will be seen that it is a more economical ration, proportional to production, than those given to the great butter-producing Jerseys. The ration of Princess 2d was nearly three and one-half times this ration, and she yielded but forty-five pounds of milk, or one-half more; besides, the weight of this Jersey was one-fifth less.

The three-year-old Jersey heifer Fadette of Verna 3d, besides pasture, had ten pounds oilmeal, twenty pounds of ground oats and cornone-third corn, two-thirds oats. This ration is quite 60 per cent, more nutriment than that of Sir J. B. Lawes, although the heifer must have been 300 pounds less weight. We trust those hereafter making tests of cows will be particular to give weight of cow at beginning and end of experiment, product in milk and butter, if butter is made, with an accurate statement of food eaten.—[National Live Stock Journal.

Breeding and Feeding Swine. The system of breeding swine is nearly the same in all the States, with the exception that in

the coider latitudes more shelter is provided. Where the climate is milder the hogs are sometimes kept in the forests, and are protected by the underbrush, which breaks the force of the wipds. Away from the forests, sheds are provided, or regular houses, and straw for bedding, or the hogs are allowed to sleep around the straw stacks near the farm buildings. It is manifest that the best hogs should be bred on the farms, not only those suited to the wants of the packer, but possessing as much physical stamma and vital power as possible. It may be suggested here that more nitrogenous food would add to the nutrition of the blood, and give it greater force in building up the system. The crossing of breeds tends to impart greater constitutional vigor than animals have which have been bred for a considerable time in a direct line, and on this account it may be advisable for the producers of pork to intuse new blood into their herds. Fortunately there is no lack in this country of breeds, and such crossbred hogs can be had without any material change of form or losing the benefits of as good skin and coats of hair. The farmers of the West understand these principles in breeding, and are beginning to avail themselves of the means at hand in order to derive the consequent benefits. While it may be for the interest of the pork producer to fit his hogs for market in the shortest space of time, the same law does not hold good in the rearing of breeding stock. The farmers have learned that they should grow slower, and that the food should be of such a combination as to develop the entire structure of the animal during the period of growth, and not the fatty portions to excess. The hogs in the United States are generally allowed to roam and feed upon grass and clover as their natural food during those months in which pasturage can be continued, and they are fed malnly on corn durtimes kept in the forests, and are protected by the underbrush, which breaks the force of the winds. United States are generally allowed to roam and feed upon grass and clover as their natural food during those months in which pasturage can be continued, and they are fed malniy on corn during the time in which they are to be fluished for the market. They are supplied also with an abundance of pure water, and this mode of feeding contributes so entirely to the health of the animals that but a small amount of disease can be found among them. Refuse food is seldom or never used in the great pork-producing regions of the country, this being limited entirely to vilagres and small farms when the hogs are confined the year through in close quarters. The breeding of swine has always followed the lead of the market which used to demand larger hogs than are now required. Formerly the largest proportion of the pork was plekled in brine, and in this form, then as now, the heaviest hogs were used. The more modern way offdry-saiting the sides, and of making more bacon, makes the demand now greatest for medium-sized hogs, which will make nams of smaller weight. The pigs of this kind are farrowed in the summer or in the autumn while the mothers are in the fields or in the woods; when in the fields they live, as we have said, upon brine grass or upon clover, as the case may be, supplemented with corn. In the woods on the river bottoms they subsist on mast (unts), grass and roots of various kinds. In order to keep them from roving or getting wild on the bottom ranges, as they are often very extensive, reaching for miles, the hogs are fed corn occasionally, or regularry, if the owner finds it to his advantage to do so. The pigs designed for the next year's market are wintered on corn or mast and corn, and in the spring they are allowed to run in pastures, or they are confined to a feeding lot where there is water, and in which corn is their food. Except the grass and mast, which the hogs have access to in the hog-producing States, their food. Except the grass and mast, which the hogs have access to in the hog-producing States, t

FEEDING OFFAL, ETC. FEEDING OFFAL, ETC.

The statements in regard to feeding offal at slaughter-houses have been greatly exaggerated and convey an erroneous impression. Cases of such feeding are limited to a small fractional percent, of the number of hogs as compared with the grand total in the country. A few hogs are kept by the butchers in the country towns, which are fed on the offal from their small slaughtering establishments as far as it will suffice for their food. This includes the offal from the sheep, cattle and hogs which they may kill. These hogs are always slaughtered by their owners and sold in their owners at the stores in the local markets to their slaughtered by their owners and sold in their own meat stores in the local markets to their customers. In Kentucky and some other States where whiskey and alcohol are distilled from grain, hogs are sometimes fed by the owners of these distilleries on the refuse. The pork so made is soft and never purchased for the foreign market, as it does not cure well and does not make products equal to their standard and brand, When distillery-fed hogs are changed from the refuse of the grain and fed wholly on corn for several weeks before slaughtering, they make excellent pork. This fact is well understood. Butchers can always detect a distillery-fed hog after it has been dressed, as well as one fed on mast. The fatty portion of the latter is yellow, and both are more oily than when corn-fed.

SANITARY CONDITIONS.

Not all American farmers have yet learned that hogs are really among the most delicate of farm animals, and that exposure and sudden changes of temperature often seriously affect them. It is a gratifying fact, however, that the sanitary conditions of the hog upon the farms have greatly improved. Not only warmer quarters are provided, but the important fact is also better known and appreciated of affording them dry beds and sleepling ground. It is getting to be well understood that good water is almost as essential as good food to make healthy animals, and as a result of this knowledge and gratifying consequence of the experiment where there are no natural streams or springs to furnish pure water, a resort is being extensively made to wells with windmills and pumps attached to procure the needful supply. The better care of the hogs now had and the precautions exercised by farmers to SANITARY CONDITIONS. needful supply. The better care of the hogs now had and the precautions exercised by farmers to either burn or bury all animals dying from disease has had the most samtary effect in increasing the general healthfulness of swine. The sensational and exaggerated therories and statements both in regard to the propagation of hog cholera and trichinae on farms are not in accordance with the facts as hogs are now managed and fed. The disease termed "thumps," which is one of the most fatal, is confined to young pigs, and usually affects them while sucking. It is in no sense contagious, and almost always attacks pigs which are farrowed early while shut up in pens and deprived of exercise. The mortality of this account has been materially reduced by later farrowing to give advantage of exercise, thus preventing excessive fatness.

SALES AND WEIGHTS. The largest sales are made during the latter part of autumn and early part of winter. Sales are also made through the summer or whenever the condition of the hogs is suitable and the prices acceptable to the owner. The average dressed weight, at one year old, is about 200

pounds, at eighteen months about 250 pounds. These are the minimum averages. The spring plus constitute another class of hors. They make lighter baccu, lighter dry-salted such and smaller hans. These pigs are fed, all the corn they will consume. When eight or ten months of age they are ready to be turned off with an average minimum dressed weight of 175, or 5,250,000,000 pounds of gross product, making in the United States is estimated at about 30,000; 000, aggregating a dressed weight of 175, or 5,250,000,000 pounds of gross product, making in the United States seismated at about 30,000; 000, aggregating a dressed weight of 175, or 5,250,000,000 pounds of gross product, making in the United States swine Commission.

Keeping Sheep for Profit.

Farmers who keep sfreep are greatly troubled, just as wheat growers are. by the competition of the Western producers, whose land costs less per acre than the annual interest on the cost of a farm. But the shepherd has a very great advantage over the wheat growers have reduced the price of wheat all of, the world, so that the wretched ryot. The hast including the producers where growers have reduced the price of wheat all of, the world, so that the wretched ryot of the Last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the Last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete a series of the last indies is severely taxed to live in complete to the last read t

these western producers, or in other words at what-cost can he produce wool east of the Missouri river?

It is very clear that the farmer cannot keep a flock profitably on pasture in the summer, and hay and grain in the winter, and compete successfully with the Western shepherd. It will occur to some readers just here that the farmer has the advantage of a good market for mutton; but the largest proportion of wool produced is grown upon sheep that have a very small value for mutton, and this cannot be taken into account excepting as an incidental advantage in some cases. But even this is offset by many extra expenses which nearly always sweep away any advantage which may exist. It is simply a question of wool and increase of flock. It can scarcely require figures to show that a farmer cannot keep sheep with profit on land worth \$40 an acre, when two acres are required to carry five sheep through the year. This estimate is made on the basis that one acre of pasture and one acre of crops will support five sheep. The return from two and one-half sheep per acre would amount to \$3.75 for wool, taking five pounds for the fleece and 30 cents for the price, and \$5 for two lambs, equal to 80 per cent. increase. Against this \$380 would meet interest and other charges on the land, etc., and \$500 is a small allowance for other expenses. The account thus imperfect, and all in favor of the farmer, shows that the wool costs 30 cents a pound, at least. In fact, if a close account were kept, this cost would run up to more nearly 40 than 30 cents. This method is, therefore, wholly impracticable. But such a system could only be suggested by an inexperienced man on account of its obvious disadvantages, and yet occasionally there are persons who are green to the business proposing such a system.

A practicable system of keeping sheep on farms must include high culture of the land at least, and the doubling of the stock per acre; that is, five sheeps should be kept for each acre of land by something like the soiling system used by d

add still more to the salable products.

There does not seem to be any reason for sheepowers to despair and think of sacrificing their flocks because just now wool is low and duil of sale. It is this want of perseverance which makes sheep-keeping always a poor business. Instead of shutting down on the sheep, and going into some other business at every unfavorable turn, sheep men should work the harder (with their brains at such periods, and discover how much niore cheaply they can produce their wool. It is very certain that while we are importing in wool, and its equivalent, about 40 per cent, of our own yearly product, there will always be a way for us to make money out of our sheep, without any regard to the question of mutton, which, by the way, will serve to equalize the burdens of the sheep farmer upon still more costly lands with those of the class I have specially referred to. For the profitable production of wool on farms, it is clear to me that the flock must be an incident in the system of farming, rather than the main business of it; just as it has been made in England a means of high culture of the land, and a result of this as well. The manure made by a large flock makes high culture, with large crops, possible, and the high culture enables the farmer to support a large flock with greater ease than he formerly kept a small one.—[Country Gentleman.

Those who have had the mournful experience know that there is nothing more trying to the temper than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk, go into the stable, catch the call by the ears, back him into a corner catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pall he employs his time in slobbering the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about, and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way, and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't rell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way, but the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs, one on each side of the critter, keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When yon get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair and imprecations out of your mouth, and you selemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in a stupid iright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your snoulder at the nilk pail and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride the calf's neck and jamming the fingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, atter you. The call is out of which, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride the call's neck and jamining the ingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he don't drink. The call holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail over; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the extended its intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat, and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with an official with you seize the empty pail and hobble out of the pen, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool to starve; and thus endeth the first lesson.

"Why does clover enrich the soil on which it is grown, and leave it in better condition when ploughed under than previous to sowing?" is an oft repeated inquiry. It is claimed that the thick mass of foliage possessed by clover enables it to appropriate from the atmosphere a large propor-tion of pitrogen, of which the greatest plenty exists all around us, but no chemist has been able to verify this as a fact, for, strange to say, alto verify this as a fact, for, strange to say, although clover contains a large proportion of nitrogen, it is not distributed in the body of the plant plentifully, as is demonstrated by an analysis of the ash of stems and leaves, but the roots are more plentifully supplied than any other portion. As it would be inconsistent to suppose that the matter in the roots is not forwarded to the other portions of the plant, yet the fact that the greater part seems to come from below, imparts a doubt as to the appropriation of nitrogen in whole directly from the air. But while it is not conceded that the leaves of clover draw from the atmosphere, we will also make the statement that it nitrogen, it is not distributed in the body of the plant plentifully, as is demonstrated by an analysis of the ash of stems and leaves, but the roots are more plentifully supplied than any other portion. As it would be inconsistent to suppose that the matter in the roots is not forwarded to the other portions of the plant, yet the fact that the greater part seems to come from below, imparts a doubt as to the appropriation of nitrogen in whole directly from the air. But while it is not conceded that the leaves of clover draw from the at is not denied.

In applying fertilizers to clover the application of nitrogen as an ingredient shows but little effect, which seems curious when we reflect that of all

immediate assistance given the plant in its search for food, but a chemical process ensures by which the soil is compelled to add an extra quantity by the liberation of elements previously beyond the reach of human agency otherwise. As clover has the power of making large storages by reason of its superabundance of roots, this, with the fact of its dense shade, eagerness for lime, and long occupancy of the soil, accounts to a certain degree for the increased fertility imparted by it to the lands on which it grows.—[Farm, Field and Fireside.

How to Plough an Orchard.

Whether to plough an orchard to the trees each year, or to turn the sod in opposite directions in alternate years must depend on the soll and location. It is only in exceptional cases that the former course should be pursued. In poorly-drained

mer course should be pursued. In poorly-drained orchards, on low, black land, this practice of heaping the sod about the trees has the advantage of favoring drainage. Even in this particular, however, it is doubtful if the benefits will overbalance the inconvenience resulting from such a practice. Better tile the orchard and keep the surface even.

Drainage is not always secured by the deep, dead furrows. The ground must have a good, natural slope, or deep pools will be formed in the dead furrow just where the young roots demand warmth and drainage. The constant lowering of the dead furrow cuts off the smaller roots and drives them deep into the subsoil where there is little nutriment. The valuable surface soil is piled up around about the trees, where it does no good. Itoots feed largely upon the valuable elements which reach down from the surface soil. The most active roots of large trees are far from the trunk.

from the trunk.

An uneven surface in an orchard is a constant An uneven surface in an orchard is a constant source of aggravation, especially in picking time, when one must enter it with a wagon. Windfalls roll into the dead furrows, and become bruised, wet and decayed. The sod does not usually strike close against the body of the tree. As a consequence a little depression is formed here, into which drifts litter, forming an attractive home to insects and mice.

There is no danger of injuring trees by ploughing away from them, and close to them if one has trained his trees properly and if he exercises care. If the practice of close ploughing be inaugurated in young orchards, the roots will start deep enough to avoid the plough. It is not necessary to plough deep.

to avoid the plough. It is not necessary to plough deep.

Trees should be trimmed high. Low-headed trees are an abomination, and they present hardly an advantage over high tops. Even the oftrepeated assertion that they are easier to pick from. I have usually found very wide of the mark. To have comfortable pleking, one must have room under the tree in preterence to a top so low that he can step into it. With moderately high-topped trees, short whiffletrees, low hames, a gentle team and a careful man, one need not fear about injuring trees. Plough one year east and west, the next north and south; one year to the trees, one year away from them.—[Willamette Farmer.

The low price of wool will discourage many

sheep-owners, and will tempt them to go out of wool-growing. This, however, will not be good

policy. There are very few farms in this State devoted to mixed husbandry but need sheep on

woor-growing. This, nowever, will not be good policy. There are very few farms in this State devoted to mixed husbandry but need sheep on them, and even with the low price of wool they will prove profitable. Sheep of good quality will, as meat producers alone, render nearly as good account of food consumed as other stock, and what wool is produced its so much more to be credited to them. A moderate stock of sheep is always profitable, while on the other hand an overstock, to which there is always a tendency when the profits are good, will result, sooner or later, in loss. Sheep are close croppers and are fond of a variety. If they are too many for the farm they injure the grass by close cropping, actually destroy some varieties, and are forced to the low lands for pasture at seasons when it is injurious, even fatal to them, to run on these wet soils. When wool-growing is at a low ebb is a good time to cull the flock. Turn out say one-fourth of the humber and see how nearly by better keep the remaining three-fourths will reach the yield of the former number. It will come much nearer than many suppose. The best way to compete with cheap grazing districts will be to grow larger and better fleeces from the same sheep, and one way to do this is to keep less numbers. Every farmer has noticed that where a few sheep only are kept on a farm they are usually healthy, grow large, rear their lambs and shear very heavy fleeces. The result can be approached by keeping only as many as can be well fed and have range enough for a frequent range posture. There will then be less complaint of dying sheep in the spring, of weak lambs and light fleeces. No other stock suffer so much from crowding as sheep, and none are so likely to be crowded, as from their greater numbers the wants of the individual are not so closely noticed. It is also a good time for those who are not keeping sheep in the spring, of weak lambs and light fleeces. No other stock suffer so much from crowding as sheep, and none are so likely to be crowded, as from t improvement they have made. We say then stick to your flocks. Use the occasion for culing the flock and for improving it rather than to allow it to go down, and we believe that no one will ever be sorry for doing so.—[Detroit Post and Tribune.

That cows should be regularly milked is equally as important as that they should be regularly fed,

and every farmer knows how much more quiet animals are which become accustomed to reguanimals are which become accustomed to regularity in feeding. They learn to expect their feed at a certain time, and are on the lookout for it at that time and not at any other, and are quiet; while if feed with irregularity they are continually upon the lookout and uneasy for the want of feed. So with milging; if there is regularity the cow is expecting the time and is quiet. There is no giving down of milk, as it is termed, before the time, that results in any painful distension of the under. In the state of nature it is probable that the cow is relieved of her milk a great many times during the day, because the calf left with its mother helps itself as frequently as its inclination prompts. Under such circumstances the udder of the mother will remain small, because there is no necessity of enlargement to contain twelve hours of milk. But if the milking is to be conducted only twice in twenty-four hours, there must be an unnatural enlargement which is liable to produce feverish symptoms, hence it is better not to allow the calf to run with the cow, but to have access to her at certain regular times, and then the udder becomes accustomed to the accumulations of milk and attains a natural distension which will occasion no feverishness. But in this practice, when the time of milking arrives it should be attended to, because the udder is fully distended, and if the milk is not removed, the animal will suffer pain, and again will arise a danger of fever.

It is very necessary that the udder be properly attended after the period of parturition, for then a very slight irritation of the lacteal organs will be almost sure to bring on that worst of all maladies, fever.

If milking is delayed too long nature will enlarity in feeding. They learn to expect their feed

the animal is liable to become wholly dry, as has sometimes been the case. Thus will be seen the necessity of great regularity in this important branch of agrculture.

A Hybrid Between Rye and Wheat. The curious fact that a cross between two diferent genera of grain is possible appears to have been proven by Mr. Carman on the Rural New

been proven by Mr. Carman on the Rural New Yorker's experiment grounds, his efforts in this direction having resulted in a hybrid between rye and wheat. A head of Armstrong wheat, a beardless, hardy, prolife variety, was selected for the mother. The anthers were removed while they were perfectly green and the nead covered for several days, when pollen from rye was applied to the stigmas three days in succession, the head being covered after each operation. Ten grains formed and were planted in September. Nine of these grains germinated and matured, some early, some medium, some late.

These plants were seen by a representative of The World after the heads had formed, and the following facts learned in regard to them: During their early growth there was little if any difference in the appearance of the plants, but when the heads appeared it became apparent that the nine plants were all different, and some of them, though differing from each other, resembled rye as much as wheat.

At maturity one of the plants presented grain of transincent amber color, the chaff being brown and partially bearded. Another plant had white chaff and a dark-colored grain, little larger than rye, while still another closely resembled the mother-plant. One plant produced a distinct grain, being neither wheat nor rye, and as different from either as wheat is from rye or rye from wheat. Mr. Carman proposes to plant this hybrid grain, hoping that another season may develop a grain combining the best qualities of both wheat and rye. But, even should the result be an inferior grain, the experiment cannot fail to interest progressive farmers.

Keeping Poultry in Orchards.

This is a matter that should be practiced when possible, remarks the Western Farm Journal. We believe that if farmers and fruit raisers knew the benefits arising from such management, they would at once adopt it. Last fall we visited an orchard in which lowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of truit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees bresented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could not but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and follage remarkably luxuriant. The fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. This excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and currento in their reach, even the canker-worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in the trees than he expected, and a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to orchard seemed to require.

Things Worth Knowing.

Things Worth Knowing.

It is folly to turn under weeds that have gone to seed, for the seeds of most weeds, no matter how deeply buried, will retain their vitality, and make rapid growth so soon as they are brought near the surface.

The conditions of success are these: First, work; second, concentration; third, fitness. Labor is the genius which changes the ugliness of the world into beauty, and turns the greatest burden into blessing. The young man who has learned to work has solved the greatest of the problems that lead to success. Many limbs of the law wait for some chance to distinguish themselves, but chances never come. To succeed the young man must make the chances.

The value of the manure heap does not depend upon the food which was fed to the animals, their condition, the manner in which the manure is kept and the land and crops upon which it is to be applied.

The grain of wheat consists of four parts, which

and the land and crops upon which it is to be applied.

The grain of wheat consists of four parts, which must always be taken into consideration in granulation—the bran, germ, gluten and starch. The separation of the two latter from the two former is all that is necessary to scientific milling, but that is a great deal.

Moisture causes the manure heap to ferment when the moisture is not in excess. When the manure is under cover it is best, therefore, to cause the liquid portions to flow to the centre, from which, if a tank is underneath, the liquids may be occasionally pumped over the solid portions.

Market gardeners find the growing of small cucumbers for pickles will find a market among farmers at better prices than the market gardeners obtain at wholesale for their crop.

Always sell that which sells best. If an article is not salable or easy of shipment, convert it into something else. Hay sells well in the shape of butter and beef, while corn can be shipped in the form of pork.

Every farmer should have from 400 to 1000 cur-

tionably.

Cockleburr may kill swine; not because it is poisonous, but because of the irritation caused in the stomach by the rough seed. In the same way over-ripe Hungarian grass has been known to kill horses.

over-ripe Hungarian grass has been known to kill horses.

The solid manure of the sheep is the richest in phesphoric acid, that of the horse in potash, and but little difference in that of the sheep and horse in value of nitrogen.

Recent experiments show that shallow cultivation is best for corn, but the land should first be ploughed deeply and made fine.

Lay in a good stock of roots for winter use. They are equal to ensilage, and contribute to the health of the stock in cold weather.

Wheat generally does well after potatoes. If the ground was well cultivated and kept clean it needs only to be levelled and seeded to wheat. Ground that has produced good potatoes rarely fails to bring good wheat.

Two acres of every farm should be devoted to fruit growing.

Farmers should prepare to plough half of their grain hand for next year, this fall.

Rye is a good crop to seed with. It should be sowed in August, September or October. From one to two bushels to the acre is the proper quantity; if sown in the latter quantity it will be sufficiently thick to smother the weeds.

Milk is 3 per cent, heavier than water, as a vessel holding 100 pounds of water will hold 103 pounds of milk.

If seed corn is to be obtained for next year, now is the time to select it.

No soll can be exhausted if a proper rotation of

is the time to select it.

No soil can be exhausted if a proper rotation of crops is observed.

The profit derived from farming or stock raising does not depend upon how much is produced, but

The profit derived from farming or stock raising does not depend upon how much is produced, but upon its cost.

If land is to be fail ploughed for any purpose, the earlier it is done the better. If a growth of annual weeds start they will not have time to ripen their seeds if the ploughing is done in September. All the seeds thus germinated help to make the land cleaner, and by their decay richer. Be careful not to grow potatoes near the peach trees, is the advice of one who is familiar with peach growing.

Not so much is said now as formerly about the advantage of analyzing soil to learn what fertilizers are needed. It is a very uncertain and unpractical method of finding soil deficiencies. If crops are poor in favorable seasons it is evident that some element of plant food is deficient. The lack is more likely to be phosphoric acid than anything else. Try that; then, if it does not produce the desired result, add nitrogen and potash. These will invariably bring a crop if applied in large enough quantity, however barren the soil.

Pumpkins, turnips, beets, potatoes and carrots should be sliced when fed to stock, which prevents choking, as danger sometimes occurs when whole or chopped pieces are fed.

The tender, inscious mutton of the English is not attributable to their cooler climate alone, but to the turnip, and we may add, other succulent roots on which the sheep are fed and fattened for the butcher.

Prepare currant cuttings for next year by tak-

to the turnip, and we may add, other succulent roots on which the sheep are fed and fattened for the butcher.

Prepare currant cuttings for next year by taking twigs of second year's growth or older and cutting them in lengths of two buds each, then put them to the winter in dry sand in the cellar. This should be done just before winter. In the spring plant them out, leaving but one bud above the ground.

So far as possible, manures should be applied at least a year before the land is to be ploughed. Sod land well top-dressed now or at any time this fall, will have its fertility thoroughly distributed through the soil by winter rains, and will be in excellent condition to plough for corn or potatoes next spring. The manure applied now will do twice as much good as that put on just before the land is to be ploughed.

Smut in corn is becoming more troublesome every year, parely from lack of care indestroying smutty corn before taking to the crib. It is most prevalent on land where corn is grown year after year, showing that some of the germs remain in the soil through the winter. As it appears first on the field and destroy all that appear diseased. The smut falls from the tassel to the silk and is thus propagated in the ear.

Rations composed entirely of timothy hay, though not so good for horses as those mixed with clover, yet are preferred by horsemen, and clear timothy commands the highest price. Therefore, if hay is to be soid, timothy alone should be sown; but, if wanted for home use, a mixture with clover is no detriment.

It is said that if wheat is to follow eats or bar-

evolved by the decomposition of the grass roots in the soil.

The amount of the crop of strawberries next year will depend much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in the summer and the during first half of autumn will give a good crop next year. Scatter manure between the rows or about the stools, and work it into the surface soil with a steel rake or noe, if in the garden, or with horse culture in the field. Keep the runners cut, and a fine growth will be the result. In the fall is a good time to take care of the meadows. They should not be pastured too closely. They need rest and the addition of fertilizers. Young animals are more injurious than fattening animals in a meadow, because they retain more nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. New oats are not good feed for horses. They relax the bowels, and often if the change from old to new is sudden the value of the oat ration is almost entirely lost. As they shrink a good ceal in drying, the old oats, though nominally dearer, are usually cheaper, as well as better feed, than the new crop.

new crop.
In turning under sod or green material a sprink-

issually cheaper, as well as better feed, than the new crop.

In turning under sod or green material a sprink-ling of lime will be very beneficial.

Some of the best catches of clover are made from fall seeding. It then needs no shading, and usually gets sufficient rain to give it a good start. Fodder corn should be cut for curing just as the classel blooms. If cut too early or too late the quality is injured.

Roots extend much farther than may be supposed. Strawberry roots range outwards five feet; onlous, from six to nine; and trees send out roots to a distance often as great as thirty feet.

A capon is nearly equal to a turkey on the table, The art is easily learned, and by practicing on a bird or two, one can soon become an adept. A few may be killed at first, but the loss will become less at every trial with flocks. Our markets are never supplied with capons, and a good field is open in this direction for those who will undertake to supply the demand.

Now is the time to begin fixing up the poultry houses. Whitewashing is in order, and all the cracks should be stopped.

Milk, either fresh or sour, buttermlik, skimmed milk, mixed with meal, or in any other form, is just the thing for fowls. It will pay better to give waste milk to fowls than to pigs.

All fowls that feather slowly are usually hardy. For instance, the Brahmas. It is owing to the fact that the drain on the system occasioned by quick feathering does not weaken them. Slow feathering while growing is an indication of a hardy bird.

When the hens are moulting give them a little meat and ground bone occasionally.

A Maryland boultry grower believes that a pint of epsom isalts to a haif-peck of meal fed to chicks is a remedy for gapes.

Those keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping large flock

winter.

Bad points, or unsoundness, is as easily transmissible by the parent stock as the good qualities,
therefore the greatest care should be exercised in selecting breeders.

Sows may farrow at any time if the quarters are warm and comfortable, but if the pigs are not properly cared for they will be checked in growth if the weather is cold.

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RETURNED TO LOWELL.

General Butler Delivers a Speech to His Neighbors.

The Presidential Candidate Tells of Events at the Chicago Convention.

Possibilities in Case the Workingmen Cast Their Votes Together.

Following is the speech of General Butler, de-

Following is the speech of General Butler, delivered at Lowell Saturday night:

MR. PRESIDENT, MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—My first and most grateful duty is to hank you, my friends and neighbors, for your peebtion. My other and warmer feeling, if I ctaid have a warmer feeling, is to thank the veteran soldiers of the war, my neighbors and friends, who have done me the honor, without disfinction of party, to come to me. (Applause.) Parties may change, men may change, but my old fellow-soldiers, the folding of comradeship between those who fonght together can never be changed. (Applause.) I have learned from a newspaper lately, the editor of which seems to be very much conserned about it, that I am not a member of the Grand Army of the Republic (Laughter.) I betame a member of the Grand Army of the Republic the first soldier after the declaration of the war. (Applause.) I would like to know when I lost my station. (Crees of "Never" and applause.) I believe that it is understood that I am not technically a member of a post, but I did suppose that when my comrades had done me the high honor to name a post for me that I became an honorary member of that post at least. If I have been a lettle derelict in duty it not attending upon tI never have falled to do my fellow-soldiers any service when they have come to me. (Cries of "That's so!" and applause.)

I think so much is due because, fellow-soldiers any service when they have come to me. (Cries of "That's so!" and applause.)

I think so much is due because, fellow-soldiers, those who never smeiled any smoke but lamp smoke, and those who never got near enough to an army even to be sutlers, are very much troubled about what the soldiers think and feel. We know each other and we know no difficulties with each other.

Now, my friends, I have come to talk with you as man to man, fact to fact, upon some pretty interesting topics.

I went to the Chicago Convention to carry

I went to the Chicago Convention to carry

A Message From 1,500,000 Laboring Men and anti-monopolists, for I desired at the earliest possible moment that the cause of the laboring men might succeed. I said to the convention, I present you first what I deem to be needful for bettering the condition of the laboring men, and then I offer you 1,500,000 votes as allies, and I

bettering the condition of the laboring meu, and then I offer you 1,500,000 votes as aliles, and I supposed a Democratic convention would jump at the offer. When the people came to the Democracy, which means the government of the people, I did not think I would be refused.

I asked them to reform the tariff so as to cherish and foster American labor. You ought not to raise any more money than is absolutely necessary for an economical support of the government, and in raising that money, all I ask of you is that you will raise it in such a manner as will best protect American labor. (Applause.) There are now over 6,000,000 of them are laborers, laboring men and women, controlled by the men who were their masters, and their wages are less than half what your wages are today. There are 4,000,000 of competing labor arrayed against you, governed by the Democratic party, because the Democratic party expects 153 electoral votes from the South, out of 201 they have got to get, (Laughter and applause.) I only want you to understand the situation and then I should like to see any working man in Lowell that will vote to put into power men who own substantially 4,000,000 men competing with your labor at half price, (Applause and cries "We won't do it.") They are starting manufactures of cotton down South; they will work for half the price you get, of course they have fron down here and they are starting fron works, and work the laborers for half the price you get, and of course they can undersell the laboring men at the North, who work in fron, too. What is the use of your tariff if this is to be? Your colored laboring men are your competitors, unwilling competitors. The colored man gets all the wages he can. It isn't his fault, but I am against the majority of a party who holds (Applause.)

Now, this is a little different politics from

neighbors in the very work they are doing. (Applause.)

Now, this is a little different politics from what you have heard lately, I expect. (Laughter and applause.) This means business; this means something that you are interested in; this is not what happened forty years ago, or twenty years ago. (Laughter.) But this is a part of the regord of events, the great economical questions of the day. They imported about 150,000 Chinese into California to compete with native labor, till California raised a rebellion. Here we have 4,000,000 of working men and women right on our own soil. The tariff doesn't protest them. What do they want of the tariff? Not at all. Therefore they are free traders, and thereat all. Therefore they are free traders, and there fore our platform did not stand any more chance at going through the Democratic convention than that convention stood a chance of going to heaven

that convention stood a chance of going to heaven in a body. (Laughter and applause.)

Very well, then. I tried them on some other propositions. Fellow-Democrats, you and I have lought together, some of us for forty years; we fought for true Democracy, and, as I understand true Democracy, you will find it in our platform. Equal rights, equal powers, equal burdens and equal privileges to all men under the law (applause), and when anybody tells you anything is right or wrong in politics

Test It By That.

If it is a thing that gives one man an advantage over another, it is an unequal privilege, and it is wrong. If it is a thing that gives every man a fair chance, vote for it, for it is an equal right, and you can make no mistake. You do not want a Del cratte platform as long as the book of Job and the

Psalms together to find out what true Democracy is. It is all summed up in that sentence.
I say I saw a reason why we stood to chance in that convention, and I found my very strength was my weakness. I thought when I went to a Democratic convention and proposed to bring 1,500,000 votes to help them, if they would enunctate the principles of true Democracy, that I was a strong man well backed and would have some show there, but my strength was my weakness. If I brought in 1,500,000 men to vote against monopolists and for labor, where would the capitalists and monopolists of the Democracic party be?
I asked the convention, also, for a tribunal to settle disputes between capital and labor. They

asked the convention, also, for a tribunal to settle disputes between capital and labor. They have a tribunal to settle every other kind of a dispute but this, the most important of all.

There was a governor once in the Commonwealth that was supposed to have some sympathy with the laborer, and while he was governor, and troubles came up, the laboring men would come up the executive stairs to tell their troubles, and that governor would look over the matter and see where the trouble lay, and it so happened that there was not a strike worthy the name took place during the year that governor sai in the chair.

where the trouble lay, and it so happened that there was not a strike worthy the name took place during the year that governor sat in the chair. (Great applause.) There never need to be one.

Lasked the convention also for free schools. They refused my platform.

What could I do? There was one thing I didn't do; I did not let my name go before that convention as a candidate. I did not care who they nominated after that. I cannot be a Democrat and stand upon that platform. Democraey is the right of the people, and the people are the laboring and producing men of this country. (Applause.) I am trying to bring them together, and if I can bring them together, could you ask me the question-whether I should be elected or not? Why, I should sweep this country like a whirlwind. (Great applause.) No trouble about it. The difficulty has been that you have been Iulied to sleep. You have not stood together.

Now, I have spoken to you every year for fifteen years. I never asked you to vote for a party in my life. I have asked you to vote for principles, precisely as I do now. (Great applause.) I do not deny that the Democratic and the Republican precisely as I do now. (Great applause.) I do not deny that the Democratic and the Republicant parties both have had great records. My very excellent friend Mr. Collins said the other day that I twas all well enough for the Republicant to Assault well enough for the Republicans to vote according to their judgment, or for the Democrats to do the same, but that firing in the air (meaning me) was the worst of anything. Well, Mr. Collins, in spite of all that, I

shall fire in the air, and I Shall Bring Down My Bird,

Mr. Collins. (Great laughter and applause.) Don't be afraid of throwing away your all. There will be no danger of doing it. If onehalf or one-fourth of the laboring men of this country would vote together they would carry the election. It is my purpose to found a party of the people that shall win in the future, for your children and your children?s children. It is of no consequence whether we win this contest; we shall win this much, we shall hold the balance of power between these parties. (Great applause.) The monopolists have kept you fighting together while they laughed in their sleeves. They have been able to keep the Democratic party just strong enough to be knocked down. Until I took hold of it here in Massachusetts they had kept you so for a quarter of a century. (Applause.) Wasn't that so? (Cries of "Yes.") Like a sham fight, where the winner is picked out beforehand, Jay Gould always wins. You never win. (Applause.) What is our condition? In 1880 we were 48,000,000; then the whole money in circulation in the United States, national bank notes or legal tenders and greenoacks was \$665,000,000. Now we have grown to be 55,000,000 people at least, and by piling is up in the government depositories and in the treasury, and by the withdrawal of circulation and by the iron law of 1874, that there could be no more greenbacks issued, we have got down now to \$455,000,000. We had in 1880 we have only got about \$8 50 to a man in circulation. There has been a contraction or one-half, and that by a series of laws which have done no the election: It is my purpose to found a party of

has brought down prices until a large portion of the bank cashiers and officers have

Gone to Canada With the Funds (laughter and applause,) stopping business everywhere. The laboring men are out of employment; our mills are shut down in summer, formerly an unheard of thing. Where is it going to

our mills are shut down in summer, formerly an unheard of thing. Where is it going to stop?

If we are producing too much now, so that no body can get any wages, and we are all the time making our productions (and then we are to have free trade on top of that), where will wages got? When they come here and make speeches about the grand old party, put it to them. When you have shown strength enough, all this will be righted. I do not believe that we can disturb much of the past, but we can say that hereafter this shall not be.

I have given you trankly, as a man ought to talk to his neighbors, just the truth as I understand it. I have given you the reason for the course that I have taken. I did it in the belief that I was doing right. (Great applause.) I think I know as much about politics and what ought to be done as the majority of the newspaper editors who can be hired for \$20 a week. (Applause.) I have no reason to deceive you or anybody else on this subject. If I had sought my own ease and comfort, and had no higher motive, I could, instead of troubling myself to go about this country instructing my fellow-citizens as well as I could, have quietly taken my yacht and spept a luxurious summer and fall. But I saw what, if it is not checked, is going to bring rum on this country. These matters must be settled peaceably, or men too long oppressed will settle them by revolution. (Cries of "That's so!" and applause.)

BUTLER IN NEW JERSEY.

Three Large Crowds at Newark Addressed by the General-Senator Grady and Edward W. McDonald Address an Overflowing Meeting.

NEWARK, N. J., September 19 .- There were ver 50,000 people on the Statefair grounds yesterday afternoon, but only a very small part of them heard General Butler's speech. In fact the ar rangements here did not reflect overwhelming credit upon the committee having matter in charge. In the first place, it was announced in the papers that General Butler was not expected to speak at the fair, and on account of this he was taken into an obscure part of the grounds while the races were in progress, and thousands were watching them. Notwithstanding this, the general had a large audience, for the most part composed of farmers, who listened to him with the greatest

farmers, who listened to him with the greatest attention.

General Butier spoke from his carriage on the side of a hill, ner the entrance to the grounds. Several thousand people crowded around, although nobody a quarter of a mile away knew that he was speaking. He was received with cheers when he arose and after he was seated. His speech was entirely non-political. He gave the farmers a plain, practical taik about the matters in which they were most nearly interested, and advised them to devote the soil of New Jersey to garden products, saying that fruits could be better raised here than in almost any other State. It was not so large as in some districts, but it was better and more profitable. For the evening meeting a stand had been erected in a broad street in the centre of the city opposite the military park. At an early hour the crowd began to gather and at 7.30 there were 5000 people in the square. The Academy of Music, which had been arranged for an overflow, was filled with 1200 people, and Senator Grady and Edward W. McDonald began to address the people. In the square there were fireworks and cannon. At 8 o'clock the crowd had increased to at least 8000, and when General Butler appeared he was received with loud and tong annlause. The crowd was noisy, and the had increased to at least 8000, and when General Butler appeared he was received with loud and long applause. The crowd was notsy, and the introduction by the chairman entirely inaudible fifteen feet away. Colonel F. P. O'Rieley made a preliminary address calling upon the workingmen to stand up for their rights. What with brass bands and cannon booming and fireworks shooting into the crowd his address was not particularly effective.

General Butler was Greeted with Three Cheers,

but it was some time before he could make himself heard. In fact, he was obliged to lay ungentle hands on some of the crowd who persisted in climbing upon the stand, but he obtained order after a time by sheer force of his presence. He said: "If every man will hold his own tongue He said: "If every man will hold his own tongue and keep quiet I shall have no difficulty about addressing you. I am grateful for this great gathering, for it shows how deeply you are interested in the great questions before the country. Heretofore you have been divided into Democrats and Republicans, and have been throwing away or wasting your votes for twenty years. Labor is not sufficiently protected in this country. How can you laboring men expect to be prosperous with the pauper labor of the South coming into direct competition with you?

patition with you?

The old slave masters hold them with a rod of tron, and they have for their labor one-half what you do. They come in direct competition with you. This is a question of labor, and you don't want pauper labor over here from Europe to compete with you; and yet-we have in this country 4.000.000 or more of laboring men and women pete with you; and yet-we have in this country, a,000,000 or more of laboring men and women of the South who are working for half the price that you are, and the Southerners boast that they can produce manufactures cheaper than you can. So they can, when they do not pay their men anything. Those men have votes as you have votes, but it is no use for them to put them in the ballot box. They are not counted fairly and every man in this country knows it. I want you to reflect upon this. It is a serious thing if the thousands of masters of the slave can make their negroes, as they call them still, work for one-half what you do; then your wages must come down and what is the use of a tariff in your favor if this is to go on? That is one of the reasons why I wanted them to put a plank of protection in the Democratic platform. That was one of the reasons why I said to the Democratic Convention that they should put a plank into that platform providing for the settlement of controversies between labor and capital. Those great controversies, the greatest in this country, have nown o means of settlement except by brute force. You resort to strikes, and hold out as long as you can. 4,000,000 or more of laboring men and w

'Your niggers! Have you got any niggers?"

'Your niggers! Have you got any niggers?'
I thought that I marched down with some of my
old soldiers some time ago to settie that question.
(Great applause.) If I didn't, we will march again.
We are a little older, but I guess we could do some
fighting yet. (Renewed applause.) I said yes,
that this tribunal would apply to the workingmen of the South as well as of the
North. We are to have equal rights, equal powers,
equal privileges, equal burdens to all men under
the laws, but after I made that declaration I could
have no more hope for getting that plank through

It Protects Capital Too Much.

(Great applause.) Free trade would help, first,

nations of the earth, precisely as America does, only precisely opposite. She raises nothing-

can get them cheapest. We are right the other way. We produce enough to feed the world almost and we want to sell it. (Applause.)

amost and we want to sen it. (Appraise,)
And we do not want our workingmen cut down until their wages are
so low that they are prevented from buying what
they want. If haif of you only will stand together
you can change all this. Why will you throw
away your votes ou the old parties? You say, my

ter and applause.)
At the close of his address General Butler de-

At the close of his address general butter departed and the cheers of the audience to make a brief address in the Academy of Music, which was crowded to suffocation.

At its conclusion he took the 9.40 train for New York on his way to Poston,

Discovery of Gold Mines in Tennessee.

CHATTANOGGA, Tenn., September 20.-F. S. Winkley, an experienced gold prospector from

New Mexico and Idaho, brought to this city yes-terday specimens of gold and silver ore taken

from gold mines recently discovered in Murray

county, Ga., in the mountains, about fifty miles from this city. Assays of the ore demonstrate it to be worth an average of \$27 per ton. Specimens of silver exhibited assayed \$100 to the ton, and another specimen of gold quartz assayed \$1200 to the ton. The greatest excitement prevails. People are rushing to the mines from all directions. They are pronounced by experts to be among the richest yet found in America.

A Fortune in an Undershirt.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., September 20.—John Murgatroyde, a well-known character in Memphis, who

for thirty-four years has led a miserly existence, died yesterday at the City Hospital; \$27,000 in

died yesterday at the City Hospital; \$27,000 in United States bonds were found sewed up in the undershirt which he wore. He accumulated his wealth by depriving himself of all but the bare necessities of life. A small the box, hermetically sealed, was found by his bedside, which doubtless contains his will. A sister in Philadelphia has been telegraphed for. It is known that he also had money in savings banks in Boston and Philadelphia.

comparatively; she wants to sell all her manufactures and buy her provisions where she

"That's too bad," remarked Justice Duffy, "Do you know he has eloped with the laundress?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Walsh. "Didn't I go up there and find out? Sarah Coyle is the woman's name, and a homely thing she is, too. How Luke could be struck with her is more than I can understand. The servants at Mr. Morosin's house told me that my husband had been courting the laundress over the garden fence for two months. Mr. Morosini said that he was very sorry, but he didn't think they could be found. Oh! Justice Duffy, won't yon try and find Luke? He is not very big. He has reddish side whiskers. The end of his nose is gone. He's as homely as Sarah. What a lovely pair! I can't help but laugh."

"Leave.any children?" asked Justice Duffy.
"Eight, poor things. We've been married fourteen years. Luke's 41. He was a podiceman in Thirty-fifth street. He was a good man then, but he went to the bad as soon as he turned coachman. High livin' has ruined him."
"More a matter of example," said Justice Duffy.
"When Schelling ran off with Victoria he was fired with the same ambition. But, good woman, you don't know where he is. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, eatch him! catch him!" said Mrs. Walsh. The capitalists, on their side, hold out as long as they can, tending generally to the ruin of both sides. I wanted this tribunal, but I did not get it. When I brought this question up a gentleman from the South said to me, would this tribunal apply to our niggers? I said,

"Oh, catch him! catch him!" said Mrs. Walsh. the laws, but after I made that declaration I could have no more hope for getting that plank through the Democratic platform than I have of being translated to heaven as Elijah was. (Great laughter and applause.) Laboring men, I am here about serious business. Your condition everywhere is deteriorating. Everywhere wages are lowering, your products so low that they cannot be sold at a profit, thousands and thousands out of work, and why is this so? Because of Republican rule, which has allowed monopolists to creep in and obtain control. Your interest is to have a tariff for your own protection. The only difficulty that I find with the Republican tariff is that "Oh, catch him! catch him!" said surs, vassa, "I wan't him put in jail. He's left me to run as boarding-house and support eight children, and I must have him where he can't get out. If it wasn't for Sarah and Emma and Nellie and Kitty and Georgie and Johnny and Jeannie I wouldn't care if he never came back, for he was always his care if he never came back, for he was always his care. delicate tike."
Justice Duffy told Mrs. Walsh to get an abandonment order from the commissioners of charities and correction, and that he would issue a warrant for her husband's arrest.

DRANK TO HIS SON-IN LAW. Happy Ending to an Elopement in Sing

Sing, N. Y.
Sing Sing, N. Y., September 18.—William B. Shryock, a civil engineer of New York, and Miss Mary Schroeder, daughter of a wealthy gentle-man here, went out riding Tuesday after a short married by Rev. Dr. Fitch. Returning, they informed the lady's parents, who were at first very angry, but relented after talking the matter over, and the father brought out cake and wine and drank to the health of his new son-in-law.

Two Georgia Sunday School Scholars at

the Same Came.
WRIGHTSVILLE, Ga., September 17.—Willie Rowland, a youth of 16, was one of the most regular attendants upon the Sunday school here. Another scholar was Miss Thomas, a blue-eyed beauty of 13. It was quite the thing for Willie to accompany the young miss to meeting. Two weeks ago Willie said enough for the young lady to understand, and they continued their walk past the meeting-house and on to a distant part of the county, where they arrived at the house of a mutual friend a little after dark. On making their errand known, a preacher was let into the secret and the couple stood up to be married. Willie answered the usual questions like a hittle man. It was Miss Thomas' day to have the chills, and by the time the question was put to her her teeth were fairly chattering with an attack, but the word was spoken and she was a bride. The paternal Thomas was put on a warm trail, and bursting suddenly in upon the retreat of the young couple, he tore the bride away from the arms of her boy lover, and now threatens him with dogs and guns beauty of 13. It was quite the thing for Willie to lover, and now threatens him with dogs and guns if he comes too near. Willie is seeking legal advice to see if there are not means by which he can regain his treasure. The bride looks out of her chamber window in the second story for his com-ing, but the dogs stand between.

Fritz and Rosa Flone.

NEW YORK, September 18.—A young man and woman, who gave their names as Fritz Vedder and Rosa Latz, appeared at Castle Garden today, and Rosa informed Detective Groden that she had eloped with Fritz all the way from Germany, and and Rosa informed Detective Groden that she had eloped with Fritz all the way from Germany, and that when they arrived in this country her lover refused to make her his wife. Assuming a very stern demeanor, the detective said: "Fritz, you should marry this girl." Fritz trembled and she directs the executor to see that this wish is carried out. All the residue of the estate is bequeathed to her brother, Charles J. Foster, for his natural life. Provision is made death of the testatrix's brother.

looked appealingly, first at Groden and then at the young woman. Rosa nodded her head ap-provingly and smiled so sweetly that Fritz's heart relented, and he consented to have the marriage ceremony performed. Then, in company with the officer, the youthful pair set out in search of a clargyman.

ELOPEMENTS EPIDEMIC.

Make Hurried Marriages.

The Brother of Millionnaire Sickles' Seam-

stress Marries His Daughter.

Precocious Sunday School Scholars

Down in Georgia.

NEW YORK, September 16 .- The theme of con-

versation in the village of New Rochelle yesterday,

says the Sun, was the marriage of Miss Roma

Sickles, the eldest daughter of aged George G

only person who did not evince public curiosity in the subject was young Cor-

nellus E. Byrne, a dentist, who has been courting Miss Sickles for several years.

His apathy is said to be attributed to the fact that he is not the bridegroom. His friends say

that he and Miss Sickles fell out about two months ago. They say he evinced a disinclina-

tion to marry Miss Sickles, tecause he was not

sure how large ber inheritance would be. His

dilly-dallying is reported to be the cause of

their quarrel. He strode back to his office in

the village from the Sickles residence and

ried to forget his sweetheart in pulling teeth.

Meantime a new seamstress was employed by

Mrs. Sickles. The seamstress's brother, William H. Meade, a good-looking, blue-eyed young

man, employed as clerk in Cheney Brothers'

grocery in South Manchester, Conn., visited his

Mrs. Sickles were away, and the young peo-ple began courting. Young Meade went south-

again. They began a lovers' correspondence afterward. She wrote him recently that she was going

to Brooklyn to visit a friend. Meade also went

there. On Wednesday evening last they crossed

the bridge, rode up to the Cathedral, and were mar-

keeper. They were married some years ago. The bride is fair, blue-eyed, and plump. The young dentst's mother keeps a shoe store in the village. His grief is said to be poignant, mainly owing to the improbability of his ever being able to use some of old Mr. Sickles' gold to fill the teeth of his outcomer.

his customers.

Mr. Sickles informed a reporter this morning

Mr. Moresini's Laundress.

"I want to get my husband arrested," she said.

in gasps. "He was coachman for Mr. Sheppard,

next neighbor to Mr. Morosini, in Yonkers, and he has run off with Mr. Morosini's laundress." The woman pulled a letter out of her pocket postmarked Albany, and addressed to Mrs. L. F. Walsh, 940 Third avenue, New York City. Justice Duffy snapped the letter into shape and read:

telegraph operator.

Sickles, father of General Daniel Sickles.

Two More New York Beauties A Maine M. D. Elopes With a Cirl of 14. BANGOR, Me., September 17.—Dr. D. M. Bailey, a good-looking young fellow, a short time since went to Danforth in Washington county to practice his profession. He became infatuated with Lucy Moore, the fourteen-year old daughter of a hotel keeper and the couple eloped to Woodstock N. B., and were married. The whereabouts of the couple are not known. The incensed parents of the girl are now beginning to relent and will hunt for the couple and ask them to return.

Went and Married an Ugly Butcher Boy. CHICAGO, September 20 .- The Evening Mai says that Ettle Turnbull, a handsome young daughter of N. S. P. Turnbull, the old and wealthy daughter of N. S. P. Turnbull, the old and wealthy packer, has eloped with A. Alexander Nervon, a slaughterer in her father's employ, and that they were married yesterday by A. Walsh, preacher. Since then their whereabouts have been a mystery, but the father has placed detectives on their track. The young woman was a favorite in society, and occupied a high position in musical and artistic circles.

EMANUEL BARKER'S CRIME.

Shooting His Wife in Broad Daylight on the Street-Chased into the Post Office

in Taunton and Felled by Two Bullets. TAUNTON, September 19 .- The roar of the great foundries, the rattle of machinery and other signs of industry seemed to have little effect on the mind of Emanuel Barker as he burried along through City square this morning, with an expression of terrible earnestness in his eye. Neither the fresh morning breeze of early autumn nor the merry voices of children on their way to school appeared to rouse a single sentiment of sympathy in his breast. With looks bent upon the sidewalk and with quick, nervous tread he turned his steps in the direction of the hardware shop conducted

sister last August, while on his vacation.
The seamstress introduced him to Miss
Roma. They were mutually pleased. Mr. and Entering the establishment he accosted a clerk. 'I want a seven-shooter," said he, "none of your op-gun affairs, but one that will do its work. ward. On his way back to South Manchester he stopped at New Rochelle and saw Miss Sickles

"We have a large variety of revolvers on hand." replied the clerk. "Here, look over our assort-Barker eagerly complied, and after the lapse of

several minutes selected a beautiful weapon the bridge, rode up to the Cathedral, and were married by Father Kelly. Then they went back to Brooklyn. Mrs. Sickles was notified of the marriage. She was astonished, but not horrified, and accepted the situation and son-in-law and discharged the seamstress. Husband, wife and mother-in-law all came to New Rocheile together on Saturday. Mr. Meade left his wife at her home and returned to Connecticut.

Mrs. Sickles was formerly Mr. Sickles' house-keeper. They were married some years ago. The 22-inch calibre and of the Colt make.

"Will it kill?" he inquired.
"It will kill!" assented the smiling clerk, who believed his customer to be merely joking.
"Then it suits my purpose. I will take it. How

"Then it suits my purpose. I wan take it. The much do you want?"
"Four dollars fitty."
"Here's your money," said Barker, at length.
Soon after he left the place.
This was about 10 o'clock, and as the man appeared to be perfectly sober and in his proper senses, the clerk soon forgot all about the inci-Where Barker went upon leaving the store is

not known, but at 11.30, as his wife was walking along near the county bank building, he rushed up to her and shouled out with the ferocity of a buildog: "Why don't you get home out of this? What Are You Out For

at this time of day?"

Mrs. Barker made no reply but endeavored to

Mr. Sickles informed a reporter this morning that he was prepared to do the proper thing by his daughter and newly-acquired son. "I will," said he, "put up as much money as is necessary to back Mr. Meade in any business enterprise. In short, I am willing to back him to any amount. He has, I believe, \$8000 of his own, and intends to start a grocery store on Third avenue. I will furnish the capital. I would do more if required. My daughter is all right. I have provided for her in my will to the extent of \$500,000. So you see, they are likely to be comfortably fixed."

Miss Roma—or, more properly speaking, Mrs. Meade—is 19 years old, tall, handsome, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband has considerable original humor; he was at one time a telegraph operator. pass by him, so as to avoid a disturbance. This appeared thoroughly to madden Barker, and instantly drawing the revolver which he had just purchased, he took careful aim. With a look of terror on her face, Mrs. Earker sprang away and ran with the speed of desperation in the direction of the post office, calling for help and merey as she fied. But the poor woman's cries had no effect on her husband. He bounded after her and began shooting as he ran. The sidewalks were crowded at the time, but the people, hearing the firing and witnessing the two figures rushing past, scattered in all directions. At length the post office was reached, and the terrified wife thought that at last she would find some one who would save her from the fury of her pursuer. But with the frenzy of a maniac the man leaped across the threshold, and discharged the revolver again and again into a corner, where the terror-stricken woman had fallen helpless. stantly drawing the revolver which he had just ANOTHER YONKERS ELOPEMENT. Mr. Sheppard's Coachman Ruus Off With NEW YORK, September 16 .- The big clock on the wall of the Yorkville Police Court pointed to 5.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, says the Sun, and Justice Duffy was getting out of his chair to go home, when a fat, middle-aged woman fallen helpless.

Two of the bullets took effect in Mrs. Barker's

Two of the bullets took effect in Mrs. Barker's back, and two others burled themselves in the wall close beside the victim's head. For an instant all was uproar and dismay; but finally Special Officer Ellis, who happened to be passing, rushed into the office, and, with a bound, threw himself upon Barker. The struggle was desperate. Barker made repeated efforts, it seemed to the lookers-on, to shoot the officer, but he was finally overpowered and hurried off to the lock-up. overpowered and hurried off to the lock-up.

The victim of the assault was lifted gently up, and taken to D. S. Elliott's drug store. Thence, in a few minutes, sine was removed to a room in the Central House. Drs. Galligan, Hubbard and Deane were soon on the spot, but they

read:

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, September 9, 1884.

DEAR MARIA—I have tried to avoid this step for some time, but it has come at last. I feet that you and every one that I know has looked down on me for some time past; so there is nothing left for me only to go where her was the second of the contraction. Probed Unsuccessfully for the Bullets. Mrs. Barker complained of feeling sleepy soon after the examination was begun, but displayed great fortitude and courage.
"My poor, poor children," she would exclaim.

She uttered not a word against the man who had attempted to take her life. At a late hour tonight attempted to take her life. At a late hour tonight she is still alive, and may possibly recover, although the bullets have not yet been extracted. The physicians say they cannot tell, until thirty-six hours have elapsed since the time of the shooting, what the result will be.

Barker is securely locked up at the Central police station, enjoying the luxury of an oak plank for a mattress, "I am d—d sorre I didn't kill her outright!" he said deliberately when told that his wife was still alive.

He says that he and his wife couldn't live together, and that they couldn't live apart. He had come down town in the morning determined to kill her.

The couple have been living in a tenement house at 42 Shores street for some time, and it is said

at 42 Shores street for some time, and it is said they have not led a happy life. He is accused of being a man of intemperate habits and of a jealous disnosition. "If I had known how to use a revolver, I would have shot her long ago," is another remark he is credited with since his arrest. "Then you might be hung," some one replied. "Hung?" replied the prisoner, "Pd just as lief hang as not."

Barker was born in Lancashire, Eng., forty or Barker was born in Lancashire, Eng., forty or forty-five years ago, and has been in this country about twenty years. He first settled in Fall River and was employed as spinner in the Mechanics' mili there. He married his first wife in that city and five boys, now living with their grandparents near Woonsocket, are the result of their union. Barker afterward married his present wife in Fall River, in 1877, he says. They soon after moved to Taunton.

Discord Has Reigned in the Household.

Mrs. Parker has been convered to her house on

Mrs. Barker has been conveyed to her home on Shores street and is comparatively comfortable. "My name is Emma Barker," she said just now. 'Nine years ago my first husband, Edwin Clay-

"Nie years ago my first husband, Edwin Clayton, who is now third hand in the Boott mill mule room, Lowell, left me. In three months he came back again and wanted me to live with him again, but I refused. I went to work, keeping boarders in Boston where we lived then on Noriolk street, I think, and one of my boarders was Barker. After living in that way about a year I listened to Barker, and went with him to Fall River. This was in May, 1877. I think, and i lived with him as a housekeeper until June of that year, when Barker told me that Clayton had married another woman in England. I had been trying to get a divorce, and had laid out \$25 towards it, and when we heard of that marriage Barker said that there was no need of my getting a divorce as my husband had got none. So we went to a justice of the peace there in Fall River—I forget his name—and were married.

"Oh, yes, I knew that we were not legally married, but I listened to that man too much—too much. Since living here with him he has abused me shamefully, and I could stand it no longer. I never told him I would go back to my first husband heads he cause I knew him better than that. But

never told him I would go back to my first husband, because I knew him better than that. But I did tell him I would go back to England, and that was where I was going. My first husband is coming to see me; that is, they have telegraphed for him, and I think he will come. He was a better man than Barker, and I wish I had taken hum back.

DARING ROBBERY IN HEATH. A Widow Compelled to Open a Safe, From

Which the Burglar Secures \$100. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., September 20 .- A bold and outrageous robbery was committed at Heath Thursday night at the house of Mrs. Philip Gale. It was entered about 12 o'clock, and Mrs. Gale was aroused from her sleep and ordered to open the aroused from her steep and ordered to open the door of the safe or take the cousequences. She did not dare refuse, and as soon as the door was unlocked she was seized, bound and fied to the bed. The burglar found \$100 in the safe. A son of the woman was at home, but heard no disturbance, though he discovered his mother bound so tightly that death would have resulted in a short time, she being feeble, if she bad not been released. The thief was tracked to a turn in the road, and there all traces were lost.

An Old Maid's Characteristic Will.

NEW YORK, September 18.—The will of the late Mary A. Foster has just been admitted to probate. Miss Foster, who is a sister of Charles J. Foster, the editor of The Sportsman, was an old maid. Her brother is an old bachelor. They both lived together for years. The testatrix directs her executors to provide from her personal property for the support of her horse and three dogs as long as those animals shall live. It is her wish that the horse and dogs shall be well taken care of as long as they live and she directs the executor to see

BAYARD ON THE STUMP.

A Speech in Brooklyn on Monday Night.

Fair Treatment Demanded for the Southern States.

The Contrast Between Blaine and Cleve-

In the course of a long address to the Democrats of Brooklyn, Monday evening, Senator Bayard made these telling points:

A False Issue.

The condition of our country presents for our consideration economic and political problems at our hands. Some of them are new, and appeal to forces not hitherto known in our national politics. I refer to the fact that we now witness direct appeals by candidates for the presidency,

rect appeals by candidates for the presidency, and the parties that support them, to the prejudices and supposed interests of classes of our countrymen whose interests are alleged to be distinct and at variance with those of other classes. To state the question simply, it is the attempt to create and force an issue between the laboring classes, so-called, and the owners of capital who employ them.

This is in my judgment a false, un-American, and wholly inadmissible issue to be raised. This country undoubtedly was intended to be governed in the interests, not of any class, but of all classes of our population. It was intended that none should have privileges denied to others, which simply meant that none were to have separate privileges, and it will be vain to search through any public paper, in which the welfare of the whole people, and nothing less than the whole people, was declared to be the object of the American government.

American government.
It is clear to me that if this line of argument is It is clear to me that if this line of argument is to be followed, and issues are to be created and fostered between the capital and the labor of the country, or between different classes and employments of our citizens, that in such a struggle victory must ultimately be declared after long and disastrous conflict, in favor of one or the other. That there is to be at the end of such a struggle a victor and a vanquished party. There is nothing in such a spectacle that I think justifiable to the idea of the American Constitution, and the man who contemplates it may be justly regarded as the foe to liberty and the American form of government.

A Master of Pretension.

Now, Mr. Blaine in his famous letter has laid down his pretensions, and Mr. Blaine, you know, is a master of pretension. He has taken care to claim everything—all the blessings of a free gov-ernment, all the advantages of human invention and industry, the very bounty of the soil, the un limited territory, the steamboat, the railway, the telephone, the very sun that warms, the breeze nat cools, the rains that fructify, and even the natural increase of population, not to speak of the assisted immigration of labor—all that the toil of men and women has produced in the United States has been seized by this candidate for public honor and respect, and held up by him as due to a high protective tariff.

The Unjust Tariff System

On the contrary, I make bold, in direct opposition to the statements and claims of Mr. Blaine, to aver, and call the record of history as my wilness, that a sense of injustice created by an unjust system of laying tariff taxes bas produced more local jealousy, more sectional feeling, more estrangements between our countrymen than any other single cause. That it has caused labor to organize in discontent for lack of steady employment and compensatory wages, has filled the land with violence and threats of violence, has strained the rule of law, and promises to bring in the military arm of force as a customary resort to obtain order. . This it is which has emboldened and induced the demagogue to appear in our midst. But for the acceptance of such doctrines as Mr. Blaine advocates and his party approves, in respect to the use of the taxing power, but for the tone of public thought and feeling gradually generated by such a mercenary soirit and abuse of a great public trust, I do not believe such a spectacle could be withessed in the United States as is now, that a candidate who has fattened upon every abuse that our laws contain, and yet has strangely gone unwhipped of public justice. more local jealousy, more sectional feeling, tened upon every abuse that our laws contain, and yet has strangely gone unwhipped of public justice, should now be running up and down the land offering himself as the special friend of the laboring man, whose scant earnings have gone largely to swell his vast fortune—and the foe of monopolies which have only added to his wealth—in cynical disregard of all that right-minded men value and respect; affecting specially to represent the interests of labor, and yet seeking to array classes of society against each other, hoping thereby out of the general ruin to feed fat his grudges against decency and good order at the cost of the public peace and welfare.

It is this system of taxation which, while producing a revenue of more than \$200,000,000, in-

It is this system of taxation which, while producing a revenue of more than \$200,000,000, incidentially entails an enhanced cost of living upon the American laborer and upon the American consumer to the extent, at least, of five times that amount. In addition to this it has gradually scaled up the products of our manufacturers within their home market, rendering it impossible for them profitably tu increase their product, or even, as it would seem, to maintain its present volume, much less to expand their sales into foreign markets, when over-production has glutted the home market.

Think for one moment of the class and character of men who have been authorized to represent the government of the Union to the Southern people. Did they represent its benignity, its hongeneration of the Southern States, if they measured their government by its agents, would be obliged to consider its functions were to extort unnecessary taxes, to harass the taxpayer, to wound the feelings of the people, to bring diswound the feelings of the people, to bring dis-grace upon republican institutions.

After lifteen years of public service as a mem-ber of the Senate—the confirming body of all ex-cutive appointments—I profess that I have known but a few cases, some rare exceptions, where the men appointed to public office under the Federal government in the Southern States would have possibly been chosen for the same office in a Northern State. When I have profested against the the appear is a When appeared by Such ment

have possibly been chosen for the same office in a Northern State. When I have protested against this, the answer is: "What can we do? Such men—bad as they are—are the best we can get in the Southern States, in the ranks of the Republican party." Look also at the kind of men with whom pollucal alimances are promptly made by the Republican party in the South.

Look at the Cash family in South Carolina—redhanded murderers and desperadoes, the class who have been painted as typical Southern men—ruffians in broadcloth—yet young Cash died the other day defying the legal process of the State and its officers, with a United States deputy marshal's commission in his pocket.

Look at Chalmers in Mississippi, gazetted for years by the Republican press as the murderer of colored troops at Fort Pillow. Yet he is taken to the bosom of the Republican party and paid fees as an attorney to prosecute his political opponents in the court of the United States.

Look at Virginia. O shade of Washington! O sacred tomb at Mount Vernon! Witness there the sacrifice of State honor—the repudiation of State obligations, the degradation of every function of sacrifice of State honor—the repudiation of State obligations, the degradation of every function of State government, the overthrow of every institu-tion of good government, to place a corrupt jobber and cajoler of negro votes in the Senate of the United States, and in control of the entire patron-age of the government of that Old Dominion, "the mother of States and statesmen."

A Policy of Injustice.

Fellow countrymen, the war for the supremacy of the Union ended in the complete overthrow of its opponents nearly twenty years ago. Whatever its opponents nearly twenty years ago. Whatever reasons may once have been thought to exist for such a policy and system of antagonistic and distrustful legislation against the white people of the Southern States can now be no longer alleged. When, as the price of the party adhesion, we see Akerman and Key in the cabinet, and Longstreet and Mosby in foreign missions and Mahone and Cash and Chalmers all in the close embrace of the Republican leaders, we may know that the Republican party does trust the South when it thus bestows office and power upon the least trustworthy. trustworthy.

Therefore, I arraign at the bar of an honest and

Therefore, I arraign at the bar of an honest and patriotic public opinion the men and the party who have devised and continue a policy of injustice and alienation toward nearly one-half the States of this Union. I charge them here, and in the full view of our country, with prostituting and perverting the great public power of government for low, narrow and sectional party ends.

The proofs are written on the pages of history. Our statute books contain them. The decisions of the Supreme Court denying the constitutionality of these laws attest them. The blue book with its lists of incompetent, dishonest and corrunt office-holders attests them. The records of the ciminal courts attest them. Everywhere and on every hand is emblazoned the burning truth, that the rage of party spirit has caused the Republican party to forget truth, justice and the Constitution in dealing with the people of the Southern States since the close of the war.

This alone is an issue sufficient for this canvass; this alone should control the votes of thoughtful, moderate and patriotic citizens, and instruct them that public welfare, the perpetuation of the Union, the promotion of civic virtue and the punishment of civic vice demand a change in the administration of the Federal government. Let us deal with

of civic vice demand a change in the administra-tion of the Federal government. Let us deal with our brethren in the Southern States in a high and wise spirit. Let us evoke all that is highest and best in their natures. Let us bring to the front not the miserable mercenaries of their own society, or the low adventurers who, carpet bag in hand, have been providing for bunder among them; but let the conscientious, God-fearing, man-loving citizens of eminence. Such men as are today the recipients of the confidence and respect of the private citizens of the North who visit the South on business or in search of health or on pleasure.

The men who are consulted when great private

interests are at stake; the men whose learning and integrity cause the Supreme Court of the United States to listen with admiration and respect to their arguments.

The Republican Candidate.

And now, in conclusion, one word as to the candidates. I have referred to Mr. Blaine entirely as a public man, and the public record of his action whilst in office is all that I shall criticise. He has been pictured by a very large body of his fellow-citizens, who, as Independents, declare their unwillingness to vote for him and who give their reasons publicly and in full. They are impressive witnesses because for the last twenty-five years they have been his party associates, and have therefore a longer and more intimate knowledge than his life-long opponents—the Democrats edge than his life-long opponents—the Democrats
—can have. They give the reason why they recoil
from placing him at the head of the affairs of the
nation. They deplore his election as a national
calamity and foretell a downward plunge of the
national character and the national interests when
his influence shall be allowed to control them.
I, as a Democrat, believe and feel what they say
is true, and for other and additional reasons,
which I have given you, I believe his election
would be a public calamity. I have here the
document report, No. 176, of the House of Representatives, Forty-fourth Congress and first session.
It contains the depositions under oath of James

sentatives, Forty-fourth Congress and first session. It contains the depositions under oath of James Mulligan, a citizen of Boston, made in the presence of Mr. Blaine. This witness is not only to this day wholly unimpeached, but his veracity and integrity have been sustained unquestionably.

Having fully read these depositions I am unable to see how any man can doubt that Mr. Blaine's conduct to this man, obtaining from him certain letters by false pretences, kneeling down to him in unmanly terror, and falsitying the truth in relation to the transaction, render him wholly unworthy of the vote of any honest citizen for the great position of president of the United States, If any man doubts let him read the depositions of Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Blaine himself in the document referred to and I believe his doubts will end.

The Demperatic Candidate. And now I come to the character of the Demo cratic candidate. If any man has imputed to him a corrupt use, or intent to use public power, I never heard it, nor I think have you. He is not

as I have heard, a brilliant man, nor a "magnetic" one, but he is a man of sound judgment, of vigorous intellect, and habits of laborious performance of duty. He has the industry and capacity to form independent opinions, and the conscience and the

Independent opinions, and the conscience and the courage to maintain those opinions.

This has brought him in sharp and positive conflict with vigorous and able men, and has displeased them, deeply offended them, but among them all I have never heard an haputation, accompanied by the slightest evidence, upon his good faith, or his personal truth, honor or integrity.

companied by the singless evidence, upon his good faith, or his personal truth, honor or integrity.

There is a kind of evidence known as "unconscious proofs." It consists of the unguarded disclosures of a man's motives and impulses, made without reflection and unaccompanied by any intent. Sudden rays of light failing upon the more secret recesses of his heart, and giving a better knowledge of his nature than any premeditated act or word. I have read a letter of Grover Cleveland, written in the unthinking confidence of family affection, to his brother, on the day of his election as governor of the State of New York. It was an echo from his heart and a true reflex of his feelings at a time when high honor and great responsibilities had come upon him.

That letter had the true ring of honest manhood, with but one aspiration, and that to do his duty. That mingled with that aspiration came the memory of his dead mother, and that her gentle influence seemed then to revive and strengthen and purify his thoughts will not lessen the sympathies of the American people with the son who mourned her absence in the day of his renown and promotion among men.

But this is the leading influence in the character

tion among men.

But this is the leading influence in the character of Grover Cleveland as I discern it; not love of money, not to achieve success nor arouse noisy admiration, but chiefly to perform his duty in that station of life to which it may please God to He has done this alike in offices comparatively

He has done this alike in offices comparatively humble as well as in those of great distinction and power, for he has governed the Empire State and 5.500,000 people honorably, honestly and well for the past two years.

As a son and brother he has done his duty.
As a citizen he has done his duty.
As an heriff he has done his duty.
As mayor of Buffalo he has done his duty.
As governor of the State of New York he has done his duty.
And, God willing, as president of the United States he will do his duty

A REMARKABLE WOMAN GONE. Death of the Founder of the Order of the

Sisters of Mercy in This Country. MANCHESTER, N. H., September 17 .- Rev. Mother Frances Ward Xavier, founder of the order of Sisters of Mercy in this country, died at Mount St. Mary's Convent, this city, this morning, aged 70. She was an extraordinary woman, and established a convent in Ireland and convents and missions throughout the Middle. Western and New Eng-

THE JUMBO COUNTY OF THE UNION. A Bit of Comparative Geography About a

Pretty Big Slice of a Big State. [Fort Worth Gazette.]
Tom Green county is a big county. It embraces times as large as the State of Rhode Island: nearly six times as large as Delaware; nearly three times as large as Connecticut; upwards of one and a half times as large as Massachusetts or New Jersey; nearly 50 per cent. larger than New Hampshire; nearly 25 per cent. larger than Ver-mont, and is larger than Maryland by 1455 square miles, a territory itself larger than Rhode Island. and Wales comoined; more than 33½ per cent, as large as Portugal; nearly 40 per cent, as large as Ireland or Scotland; more than 60 per cent, as large as Greece; more than 80 per cent, as large as Switzerland; nearly 90 per cent, as large as Denmark; and about 17 per cent, larger than

SUNKEN COLD AND SILVER.

A Treasure Sald to be Buried in New Castle Little Harbor.

NEW CASTLE, N. H., September 22.--There has been more or less gossip for a long time in referburied in New Castle Little Harbor. The story of the hidden treasure has, perhaps, for its foundation some facts; at least there are those who ac cept the visionary tale about buried treasure on our shore, and at different times within the past three years a systematic search for the still unfound gold has been instituted. Those most directly interested in the affair are very reticent when interrogated relative to the story. It is affirmed that many years ago a wealthy clergyman set sail from England for America, bringing with him a large amount of money, which he proposed, as became his benevolent nature, to use in benefiting our forefathers in the name of his Creator. Those on board of the vessel in his Creator. Those on board of the vessel in which he embarked learned of the wealth aboard, and resolved to have control of it. To attain this end the clergyman was forcibly put off the vessel and placed upon one of the slands comprising the Isles of Shoals, and bearing with him for companionship a goat. The crew sailed away, but on account of a severe storm was obliged to put into Little Harbor. How, why or when the gold was buried, or by whom, are points not made clear in the narrative as told to your correspondent. A chart showing the locality of the yet uncarthed gold fell into the hands of a school teacher, who, while on a tive as fold to your correspondent. A chart showing the locality of the yet uncarthed gold fell into the hands of a school teacher, who, while on a journey, was taken sick, and sought the hospitality of a family in a Maine town. His sickness proved a fatal one, and just before dying he informed his kind friends that he could only repay their kindness by presenting them with a chart which would indicate where much wealth was concealed, and stated that the chart was sewed up in the lining of his vest. The party who is now engaged in the search is A. J. Griffin of Melrose. By marrying into the family he came into possession of the chart in question, which locates the money at one and a half miles below Portsmouth, on the west side of New Castle Island, twenty-live rods below the bridge, twenty rods below black point at low water, where there is a rock 3x4 feet, with the formation of a window-sill on the top; on the east side is a barrel of silver, and on the west three chests of gold. Three different times has Captain Thomas Symond of Leominster, the well-known contractor on government harbor and river improvements, worked with his breedger in search of the long buried treasure, at the bidding of Mr. Griffin, but without success. There are two objects which the treasure, at the bidding of Mr. Griffin, but without success. There are two objects which the chart specifies that cannot be found, namely, the 3x4 foot rock and the bridge spoken of. At the supposed spot where the chests and barrel are submerged an excavation has been made sixteen feet deep and fifty feet square. Divining rods have been used, which have only served to add to the uncertainty of the situation, but the holder of the chart is not discouraged, and firmly believes that the money is there. Further efforts will soon be made to unearth it. Judging from the amount of expense already incurred the gold and silver will be eaten up in attempts to obtain it, if the effort is much longer continued.

Disease Among Jersey Cattle in Missouri. ST. Louis, Mo., September 17 .- In view of the existence of pleuro-pneumonia among Jersey cattle in different sections of the country, the board of directors of the St. Louis fair associa-tion have decided to exclude them from exhibi-tion at the fair this year.

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm tetter, sait rheum, frosted feet, chilblains,

THE WOMAN'S HOUR

Facts and Fancies Concerning the Hair.

Why More Faded and Sad Looking Women Are Seen Now Than of Yore.

How to Make a Strong Edging-A Serviceable Bag-Hints.

The story goes that the Duchess of Marlborough was so incensed at her husband one day that, to spite him, she cut off her luxuriant tresses, which face. Few women, however, would be willing to sacrifice their hair, which has been called their "glory," for any consideration whatever. So highly do they value it, indeed, that several hereines live in history who have earned immortality by the sacrifice of their locks. Modern cosmetic art gives no small attention to the cuttivation of the hair, but on the whole, singularly little is known concerning its nature and growth.

When a hair is pulled from the head, it may be

observed that the end which was implanted the scalp is larger than the hair itself. This is the bulb or root from which the hair grows. A hair is, in fact, a delicate tube, round in straighthaired persons, and flattened in the curly-baired. It is the flatness of the hair which makes it curl, Women have coarser hair than men. The average number of hairs on the head is about 120,000, age number of hairs on the head is about 120,000, In early days the kings of France used to pluck a single hair from the head and bestow it upon one of their attendants as a token of favor. The hair grows from eight to ten inches a year. It has been found that it grows faster in the daytime than at night, and faster in the summer than in winter. Light and sun evidently have an influence on the growth of the hair, as on other vegetable product.

on the growth of the hair, as on other vegetable product.

The best hair-restorer known is soft tepid water, used with a sponge, and white castile soap. This puts the scalp in good order, removes the scales, and stimulates the growth of the hair.

Women frequently suffer from a gradual falling out or thioning of the hair between the ages of 20 and 30. The hair has a dry, wathered look, and the parting becomes painfully visible. The young lady who is thus troubled usually becomes alarmed, and after trying every "hair restorer" she sees advertised, has her head shaved, with the idea that this last heroic measure is sure to save her from the baddness she fears. The fact is that the difficulty arises from some definite cause, which, once ascertained, must be attacked before the troubie can be cured. This cause may lie in the condition of the scalp itself, or it may depend upon some disturbed action of some internal organ. Dyspepsia is a frequent cause of loss of hair. The blood may be out order, or the trouble may be referred to debility. These are the deepseated causes of the falling out of the hair, and must be attended to before a cure can take place. The custom of powdering the hair was originated by the nuns in the French convents, who practised it to make themselves appear venerable. It is a curious fact, however, that powdering the hair makes the face look younger, perhaps by contrast. In 1795 William Pitt estimated that \$6,000,000 worth of flour was consumed in the United Kingdom for hair powder. The most on which the reindeer feeds is dug from under the snowdrifts and pulverized. This is mixed with an equal part of the finest starch, and the result isjCyprus powder. After it is used it should be brushed off, for it will otherwise injure the skin. The best hair-restorer known is soft tepid water,

A man in Washington has made a great deal of money by a method which he has invented of destroying unnecessary hair. A needle connected with an electric battery is plunged into the foilicile or sac, which holds the hair, and a slight shock is communicated to the root, which bermanently destroys it. This is of course very tedious, as only one hair can be destroyed at a time, but if faut souffrir pour etre bleel.

Tired Women. If you look around on the faces in a street car, the number of faded and sad-looking counte

nances presenting themselves is startling. Mature women have especially a tired air about them, showing itself not only in pallid complexions, but in the wearied lines about the mouth and eyes. It is impossible to associate this appearance with happy lives, and yet from dress and manner the majority would seem to be comfortably placed in this world. Usually the climate is supposed to have a great deal to do with early fading of youthful freshness, and the beauty of health, instead of reviving with the spring of the year, usually delays until the summer holidays, followed by the crisp attainn breezes, invigorate the human system. If the truth was known, however, I suspect that it would be found that the reason why women look tired is because they are perpetually fatigued.

Modern methods have not eased the cares of wives and mothers, whose duties have developed with the growth of science and the expansion of art. When children were thrashed into obedience to parental commands, when young people understood that the heads in the wearied lines about the mouth to parental commands, when young people under-stood that to hear was to obey, when husbands only expected their regular three meals a day and only expected their regular three means a day and mended and clean clothing, the duties of women were very much simpler than at the present time. In those days people ate what was set before them because there was not much variety to be had, and they were not always developing new ideas in the way of occupatious and diversions that upset the regular routine of a household. Perhaps it was monotonous; but it was restful to housekeepers.

In the great upheaval of mind which has of late In the great upheaval of mind which has of late years set each individual soul on the search for that good living which the world is supposed to owe it, whether the quest is continued in the direction of business, pleasure, science, art or religion, it is the wife and mother who is expected to be the instrument of Providence in providing athe means and forwarding the success of the seekers, and nobody thinks of all the extra burden this throws upon her—the strain on her sympathy, the tax on her bodily strength. From the child who wants a play made for him, to the busband who wants to talk over his affairs with her, it is one long intermediate chain of little services which are expected from her. That she has personal tastes or inclinations is never taken into account. She has no time left for her own use, but is actually at the beek and cafi of all belonging to her from early morning until late at night.

[Philadeiphia Evening Cah.

A Strong Edging.

Ladies so frequently have leisure time which they desire to turn to useful and profitable aecount, that, although a great deal has been said upon the subject, I think a few practical remarks will not go amiss. There is always a market for will not go amiss. There is always a market for really good work. In the first place, decide what kind of work you can do best and quickest. Knitting and crocheting pays well, for nothing can ever take the place of hand-made goods. The following tells how to make a strong knitted edging: Use two No. 18 steel needles, Barbour's white linen thread, No. 50. Cast on eighteen stitches, kinit across plain once.

First row.—Three plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain.

plain.
Second row—Three plain, seam one, nine plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain.
Third row—Three plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain.
Fourth row—Three plain, seam one, ten plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow. over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, one plain.
Sixth row-Three plain, seam one, eleven plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain.
Seventh row—Three plain, thread over-once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, four plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one

narrow, four plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain.

Eighth row—Three plain, seam one, twelve plain, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over once, narrow, one plain, thread over

An Earthquake in Mid-Ocean.

Pensacola, Fla, September 17.—The brig Denns, which just arrived from Friendship, Me., experienced a marine earthquake, August 15, 11 latitude 37, longitude 75, about five degrees off shore. The sea boiled like a caldron, and the vessel was tossed about like an egg-shed and partly dismasted. There was a fearful roaring noise, deeper than any thunder, but very little wind, though the sky denoted a burricane.

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THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The agricultural department of The Weekly Globe, under the editorship of Mr. Ward, who is both a chemist and a practical agriculturist, has reached an excellence superior to that of the majority of the publications devoted exclusively to agriculture. Its papers are always scientific, easily followed, seasonable and reliable. No farmer can do without them, They are published every week for a year for only \$1.00. No weekly newspaper gives so much for so little money as The Weekly Globe.

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Boston Weekly Globe. TUESDAY, SEPT. 23, 1884.

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Allexchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

BLAINE AND TRISH PATRIOTISM.

Of all the odd humors of this singular campaign none is more preposterous than the attempt of JAMES G. BLAINE to pose before the American people, and especially the Irish element, as the grand champion of their rights abroad, when it was, as we all know, the same James G. Blaine's administration of the State Department that tamely submitted to that signal violation of their rights which so roused the indignation of the eountry three years ago. If he who raises a breeze can catch it in sails, then indeed the problem of perpetual motion is solved. In 1881 the country rang with demands for the recall of Mr. LOWELL, our minister to Great Britain. Mr. BLAINE was willing enough to let popular clamor expend itself on a secondary agent. But the real responsibility lay all the time with himself. In point of fact, he expressed his full approval to Mr. Lowell of all that he had done and was doing, and never once insisted on a more vigorous policy, but on the contrary hardly exhibited sufficient interest in the matter to afford support to the very moderate action which the minister took.

Mr. JOSIAH OUINCY, JR., the bearer of a patriotic and intrepid name, in whom we hope to find a worthy heir of its high distinction, has lately given a clear exposition of this matter, with full citation of documentary proof, and has distinctly defined the want of self-assertion of the American government in presence of the Queen's ministry. Mr. BLAINE is officially and personally responsible for the want of vigor and of manliness and of insistence on clear common law rights which will be one of the lasting blots on his much-

Let Mr. BLAINE disprove this allegation.

Till he has done so, his plausible and braggart tongue will be unequal to the task of convincing either Irish or native-born citizens that he is the great fire-eater of the century, boiling over with proud and enthusiastic Americanism. The fact is, the Republican candidate is one of

those not uncommon characters who are full of warlike eloquence when at a distance from the tented field; but on the day of battle prefer to do their fighting through the medium of a substitute. He can breathe out balloons full of fire and slaughter against hated Albion from the safe fastnesses of Augusta: but, if he ever reaches the White House, "that courageous and high-spirited gentleman," as an "unscrupulous and tonguey olitician" humorously calls him, will be found to prefer to direct his noisy batteries against some fifth-rate South American power, and in support of some enterprise that has enough money in it to make it worth while for him not to be a "dead-head." The wrongs of Ireland will have lost their hold on his imagination, while the interests of BRADY, DORSEY, ELKINS, KEIFER and the like (and above all of BLAINE) will be the true directive forces of his administration. And if by chance any of his frothy words shall involve us in a serious complication the white-feathered knight will be found skulking behind some subordinate and handing his responsibility over to one who dares to carry it.

The dishonest politicians are always in fact of one party, whatever their professions-the party of personal profit. They wink at each other, like Roman augurs, as they pass, and slap their pockets, and chuckle over the imagined gullibility of the "people," who perhaps are not so great fools as the politicians think them.

How can any honest and intelligent voter hesitate to cast his ballot for the representative of pure administration, the sincere and unimpeached champion of the most important of all rights of the people-the right not to be cheated by the servants to whom they depute official authority-the man who has never yet flinched from the discharge of a duty and would not flinch before a world in arms in upholding American honor at home and abroad-GROVER CLEVELAND, and for that true patriot and high-minded and able statesman. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

THE ELOPEMENT EPIDEMIC.

The example set by Coachman SCHELLING and VICTORIA MOROSINI has been exceedingly contagious. Even the Morosini family laundress was attacked and ran away with a married man at work there. It does not seem that she was a beauty, and the recommendation that his wife gives him for good looks is nothing to boast of. But an epidemic is no respecter of persons or

Like the cholera, the elopement epidemic has its uses. For instance, had SCHELLING never run away with VICTORIA MOROSINI, the Cictionaries for a long time to come might have continued publication without making a proper distinction between a gentleman's coachman and a hack-

Heretofore, too, no accurate or definite rules have been set down as to the time which an elop- tion of railway track. In another place a read-

lated almanae will be without these valuable statistics, and for these figures the world is indebted to Cozchman Schelling. The first visit to the mother after the return is to be limited to thirty minutes, the second to eleven minutes, and the third to ten minutes. Another valuable fact has been established, and that is that a man who was born a coachman will always emain a coachman. Experts, at any rate, have decided that this rule applies to SCHELLING.

The SICKLES elopement teaches us that a successful elopement requires that the bridegroom's sister be a seamstress in the bride's family. This ensures a return to the paternal mansion and a first-class "setting up" in a large, prosperous and paying grocery. All these lessons have their uses.

A MANIFEST DUTY.

Amid the excitement of the presidential canvass and the multitude of happenings with which columns of the daily press are crowded, the fact that a tribe of American Indians at the West is dying of starvation has almost wholly escaped attention It is, however, beyond dispute that, surrounded by plenteous harvests, the Piegan tribe is in this terrible condition.

At the bidding of the government they have taken up their abode in a reservation, which affords them no means of subsistence. Following their natural instinct, the Piegans would seek their living by the chase, were it not that the ountry affords no game. Their only alternative, of agriculture, is also closed to them by the sterility of the soil. The only sources of subsistence in an open country, therefore, being closed, they are rapidly dying of starvation.

For this terrible state of affairs there can, positively, be no excuse. The Department of the Interior cannot absolve itself from blame that so barren and desolate a section was selected at the outset for the Piegan reservation. This biunder committed, the department is certainly blameworthy because nothing is now done for the relief of the poor, starving creatures. Secretary Teller has been fully informed, both by the local authorities and by the Indian agent, of the condition of these wards of the government, but still the department remains inactive, while the Indians are dying by

Surely this terrible wrong should not be permited, nor this blot be allowed to stain the fair fame of our country. Cannot a government which fitted out a fleet of vessels to rescue a little company of men from the polar seas at least keep its own wards from starvation? Cannot a people who heard and nobly answered the cry of starving Ireland turn an ear of pity to the wail which comes across the plains, and rescue from a terrible death the destitute ones on our own soil? The spirit of the American people has been mistaken if they hearken not to the cry of the hungry.

THE RIVER CONGO.

It is announced by a leading St. Petersburg newspaper, that the recent meeting of the three emperors "secures lasting peace to Europe." While this is certainly "a consummation devoutive to be wished," it does not transpire that any suggestions were made, or arrangements effected, looking to an adjustment of the dispute concerning the rights of several European nations in the river Congo and its adjoining territory.

From the moment that STANLEY called the attention of the world to the mighty stream and the possibilities which the opening up of trade with the natives along its banks foreshadowed, five of the powers of Europe have interposed their claims chief, perhaps, is Portugal, laying claim to a sovereignty of the stream, which claim is based upon the undisputed fact that the mouth of the Congo was discovered by Portuguese explorers before the discovery of the new world by Co-LUMBUS. But it is claimed that no political supervision was ever exercised over the country by Portugal, and it is a matter of history that the Portuguese settlers were expelled by the natives

In 1877 Portugese traders again made their way to the vicinity of the Congo, and upon no better foundation than this apparently, Portugal claims a protectorate over the country about the river, and, indeed, of a considerable portion of the west African coast, and demands a tariff upon all

But when STANLEY called attention to the commercial value of the Congo territory the African International Association was formed for the purpose of opening up the country to commerce and missionary enterprise. Treaties were concluded with the natives, who ceded to the association the sovereignty of the land, and possession

The rights of the association have not been penly disputed by any power, save Portugal, and the United States has formally recognized them. Portugal, however, sturdily asserts her ancient claims, and has presented to the various powers a statement of these claims, covering a vast extent

To these claims England is understood as partially assenting, and at least as favorably consider ing a proposition for a reference to an international congress. Germany is said to regard the proposition of reference as premature, so long as the interest of German subjects in the territory remains undetermined. In order to render these interests as distinctive as possible, BISMARCK has now stepped to the front with a claim to four distinct portions of the west coast of Africa, covering 550 miles of coast line at various points between Dahomey and the northern boundary of Cape Colony. Mr. STANLEY, in a recent address in London, urged that the claims of Portugal be repudiated by England and the rights of the African association be enforced. Austria has ordered two men-of-war to the mouth of the Congo to protect such interests there as she may have. France has still a finger to spare to poke into the African pie. Belgium upholds the claims of the African association.

Altogether it is apparent that the Congo and its adjoining territory is no mean factor in European politics, and it may be that the three emperors, when they arranged a lasting peace for Europe. omitted to take it into consideration.

It is said that the Mexican boundary com

missioner has discovered that enterprising Americans have, at some time in the past, removed the monuments which marked the line of separation between that country and ours, and have appropriated a strip of Mexican soil, 600 yards in width. The restoration of this line to its proper position involves the bringing under Mexican jurisdiction of an entire American village, with the custom house, railway station and a large sec-

American territory. While this new arrangement | have not enough grain for their purposes the of affairs may be distasteful to the residents of | balance of the West may help them out. those villages it is not believed that any international disagreement will grow out of the readjust-

A WONDERFUL MAN.

The death of ROBERT HOE, the veteran manu facturer of printing presses, is passed over with but a tithe of the aftention which the event dewhich a wider advance has been made than in the art of printing. From the days of GUTENBERG to those of FRANKLIN, the art remained practically without change. It is true that the crude hand press gave way, step by step, to the cylinder, until with a six or eight cylinder press, it was believed that the acme had been reached.

But HoE saw possibilities of which none others dreamed. His mind conceived an idea, which, like the rose, slowly expanded until it blossomed into full perfection. Had FRANKLIN or even the elder Hor been confronted with the thought that a printing press might be built which would turn off 25,000 newspapers folded per hour they would have scouted the idea as folly. Yet, two just such presses are daily at work in the office of THE GLOBE and a third one soon will be, and various other great journals have similar appara-

The expansion of men's ideas, the increase in the world's activity, the wonderful attention which the power of the newspaper press has attracted in recent years, have been the incentive. The wonderful inventive genius of ROBERT ROE fulfilled the popular demand.

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

After twenty-four years of control of the Federal government, the Republican party asks to be still kept in power; because (1) the country wants a more vigorous Americau policy in its relation to foreign affairs: (2) a free ballot is not secure; (3) we have no suitable navy and need one: (4) mormonism exists and should be put down; (5) the tariff needs revision and labor and industries demand protection, and our commercial interests should

These, in truth, are reasons why the Republican party should be put out and not kept in. Having full power, it has not asserted an effective foreign policy, nor protected the ballot box, nor supported a naval power with the national dignity, nor crushed out polygamy, nor established taxation on a just and equal basis, nor properly fostered the common welfare, nor revived our

Leaving out of account its sins of commission, which are scarlet, its sins of omission are alone

enough to demand its expulsion from power. Never before in our political history has a party asked power on account of evils and abuses for the existence of which itself is to blame.

The work of the American Forestry Congress, which has just concluded its session at Saratoga. is of no small importance to our country. The extensive destruction of our forests, which is annually taking place, with little or no attempt at restoration, is properly creating much alarm. Our forests, though still extensive, are not inexhaustible. A movement whose tendency is to render them as nearly so as possible, by the planting of trees to take the place of those destroyed, is of immeasurable public benefit. Thus far, the establishment of "Arbor days" has had chiefly sentimental significance, the trees planted in parks and streets by school children having almost wholly an æsthetic value. The idea should be extended and become a public charge, so that the lumber and fuel supply of our country shall become, in fact, inexhaustible.

The death of Mother Superior Frances XAVIER WARDE should not be allowed to pass without more than a simple comment. A long life passed in usefulness and in devotion to suffering humanity has gained for her the everlasting gratitude of her fellow-beings of every creed and faith. As the founder of the Order of Mercy she has reared for herself a monument more enduring than bronze or marble, which will last when earthly memorials have crumbled; and greater even than that is her memory enshrined in the hearts of the people.

The latest report from the Orient is that France is willing to waive her claims to indemnity for the Tien-Tsin affair, in consideration of the cession to her, by China, of the port of Kee Lung, on the island of Formosa. As France took forcible possession of that port some weeks ago, and appears to manifest a disposition to retain her hold upon it, its cession to France by China would be but : matter of form. It may be that France wishes to adopt this as a means of retiring in a dignified manner from her somewhat unfortunate position. She needs to adopt something.

Rev. JOHN N. MARS, recently deceased at Athol, was at one time a remarkable figure in New England. Born of slave parents, he won his way by severe toil to a position of considerable influence, and was chiefly noted in ante-bellum days as the most prominent colored preacher in the North. Especial prominence was gained by his appointment, at one time, to the pastorate of a white congregation, an innovation which, in those exciting times, was received with varied expres-

The city of Limerick is taking a noble stand in refusing to pay the extra police tax which the government has imposed upon certain districts, where it affects to believe that additional surveillance is necessary. It is on account of the government's own policy, persistently followed, that the country is not in a state of peace and quiet; and the levying of an extra tax with which to de fray the expenses of espionage in government interest will not tend to bring about a broader sense of amity among the people whom it oppresses.

The epidemic of cholera which was believed to be abating in Naples appears to have taken a fresh lease of life and has renewed its fury. In Marseilles, too, there is a renewal of the plague, so that the issue of the daily bulletins which

Again the report comes of damage to the Western wheat crop. Reports of this character are frequent at this season of the year, but a famine is not to be apprehended in consequence. The speculators in grain are usually the first to discover these calamities.

Reports come from Indiana that the wheat crop has been greatly overestimated in that region, and that the corn and oat crop are scarcely worth mentioning. It was rumored also, early in the season, that the peach crop was entirely ruined by ing bride should be allowed by her husband, on I justment of the line brings a Mexican village into I the frost. Possibly if the Indiana speculators

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a suggestion of the introduction of camels into England as beasts of burden, their use having proved very satisfactory in Australia. The trained nurse has now become almost a necessity to physicians, and she commands good pay. There are seventeen training schools for her

in the United States, Boston having three. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: There is such a thing as "losing your grip," but it is chiefly the fault of the loser. When a man starts in fresh and new he studies to please, and success crowns his efforts. Having attained success, he views it as a permanent possession, and becomes careless and indifferent, whereas it is only a loan, and needs more careful culture after attaining than when being sought for. If a man would retain success and the good will of his fellows, he must continually be in active search, as though he had not as yet secured them.

"If elected president will you go on junketing trips at the expense of the government?" is the question put to Belva Lockwood by a constituent. No one doubts what the brave little lady's answer

The early German settlers on the Schuylkill were mainly members of the Society of Friends, and it is claimed for them by Mr. Buck, in his historical address at Norristown during the late centennial exercises, that the earliest protest against negro slavery in the English colonies was prepared by these German settlers, at German-

town, February 18, 1688.

These candidate fellers, cries an exasperated farmer, can talk pretty slick about the grandeur and independence of farm life, but I'll wager my last year's straw hat that none of 'em ever tried to convince a pig that it ought to go out of the garden by way of the same hole in the fence that it came in-

A Tennessee druggist recently gave a darky two quarts of whiskey, under the supposition that be had been bitten by a rattlesnake. When he found he had only been stung by a wasp he promptly pumped him out and had him arrested

"Besides the millions of acres belonging to railroad and other corporations, the amount of land that is being acquired by foreign capitalists and landlords is fairly amazing," writes a Washington correspondent.

The banker-philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, now 84, attributes his healthful longevity to the fact that he never will eat anything not prepared by his own cook, who goes with him everywhere, Since 1861 the American people have built 10,-000 miles of railroad.

The 604,000 dead soldiers left 307,000 widows who have applied for pensions, as shown by the report of the commissioner of pensions. It is feared in Blaine circles that the fresh batch of Mulligan letters will give Blaine what a New

Hampshire grave digger once called "brain fever N. Y. Morning Journal: On the Stock Exchange several brokers were wandering about the floor with the placard

"BURN THIS"

pinned to their backs by the facetious followers of Mr. Cleveland, and on the Produce and Cotton Exchanges Mr. Blaine's adherents were kindly furnished with tracts headed: "I think I see various channels by which I can be of use to you, and "I shall not be a dead-head in the enterprise." The utmost good feeling prevailed, but it was evident that Mr. Biaine's friends were somewhat annoyed at the almost too practical hazing. Picayune: "The North Pole will make a good

summer resort as soon as it is fixed up a little. No trouble about getting up an appetite there." Philadelphia Call: "Eastern man-'Ah! Yes, our churches are becoming very liberal.' Western man-'In what way?' 'Well, for instance, in addition to the organ we now have horns in the choir.' 'Right in the choir?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you are ahead of us. We still have to slip out the vestry door and go round the corner for our horns." The Petit Journal of Paris has a circulation of 750,000 a day.

Chicago News: It begins to look as if the Indianapolis Sentinel editor will have to take a change of venue to get that libel suit nearer to where Mr. Blaine is.

head of the family to offer a male visitor the choice of his unmarried daughters.

Rochester Union: A ghastly act of indecency was committed at the funeral of the late Judge Folger. The solemnity of the occasion was invaded by the receipt of a telegram from James G. Blaine to Secretary Chandler announcing that the Republican majority in Maine would reach 17,-000, and Chandler had the despatch posted up in a prominent place while the obsequies were in progress, so that Blaine Republicans present might read it and be edified, while consigning to earth the remains of one whose death was hastened by the very faction which now exulted over Blaine's alleged personal triumph in Maine! Providence Telegram: Blaine says these letters are all right. He reminds one of the drunken man who fell down a flight of stairs, and on being pitied by a passer-by for his unfortunate fall, said: "Mind your own-hie biziness: thash's-hic-way I

allus come down stairs." Young men upon farms will do well to ponder over the remark of Ferdinand Ward that if he had his life to live over he would eschew the city and work on a farm. Watering stock there is safe. Attend caucuses if you want good men nomi-

nated for office. If you stay away for ever afterward hold your tongue. A musician who lately died in Wisconsin left instructions in his will that the local brass band

should not play at his funeral. The prediction at the time of his nomination that Governor Cleveland's official acts would be approved by the public at large the moment they were laid bare has been fully verified. His bitterest enemies have been obliged to concede that his honesty of purpose in official life cannot be im-

"If I had not worked hard I would have died long ago," remarks Mr. Chevreul, the French chemist who has just celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday. The latest evasion of the prohibitory law of

Iowa is to license breweries to manufacture for medical purposes. In one county a brewery has hung a sign, "Manufactory of Alcoholic Medi-A man went to Florida with \$3 50 in 1876 to

start an orange grove, and was worth \$15,000 when he was heard from last. He was in Canada, and his creditors were trying to compromise with A Nevada man has gone crazy over his millions.

He was probably besieged by men who wanted a It has always been known that General Grant was a poor talker, but those who know him claim that he is a fast and fluent writer. If this is so,

his war history ought to be a good one.

They will never reject an honest, upright man like Grover Cleveland and elect a disgraced corruptionist like James G. Blame. New Yorkers turn up their nose at the announce ment that a "Canadian defaulter" is amongst

them. As he only stole \$40,000 it is obvious why

they spurn him. None but big thieves enjoy any

New York World: The people are not fools.

respect in these days. New York Times: What does Mr. Blaine think of his reception thus far? Until he was hissed in Boston on Wednesday night we have never heard had been discontinued have been resumed. Un- of a presidential candidate meeting any but the most courteous treatment on his travels. When the American people hiss a man it is because they

> In England a fund has been raised to assist any destitute families that have been teetotallers for three years. The committee in charge of it report very few applications for aid.

Philadelphia Call: Jinks-"Why, my dear Finks, where did you drop from, and how's the folks at Swamptown? But, see here. You don't look as if you had come from Swamptown." Finks-"No: I have been living in New York for the past two years." "I suspected as much from your spruce appearance. You seem to be prospering?" "I am." "Getting on any in society?" "I have an intimate acquaintance with all the society men in New York?" "You don't say so? What business are you in?" "I am a bartender."

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

The Training Boys Get at the Race Courses.

A Trip Over the Great Bridge.... The City of Brooklyn and Its Pecaliarities.

Ferdinand Ward and His Schemes-Secret Marriages.

NEW YORK, September 19 .- The weather has been warm all the week, and amusements and business competed with each other. The horse races have become stationary interests here, and are giving the merchants a good deal of trouble. and also the parents of boys and young men, who must needs get money to go to the races, and then they hang around the pool rooms to anticipate their pleasure, and often club together at the tracks to bet on the horses. The consequence is the beginning of peculators and thieves in business houses. A merchant told me yesterday that he saw a boy from a neighboring store go up to an apple man and give one-cent stamp for an apple. said he, "where did the boy get that stamp? If the boy was spending his own money he would have had the pennies. He probably took it from his employer, because in mercantile houses the oostage stamps generally lie right open, as the dispatching of letters is a thing that anybody can end a hand to." 1 asked this person if the prevalence of horse racing was felt in business circles. "Yes," said he, "the boys are talking norse to each other and wishing to get off to Coney Island or Sheepshead Bay or Jerome Park or Long Branch, for we now have at least four regular running courses right around this city, more than any other town in the world probably has, and at least two or three too many." Horse racing indeed is just now in flower be-

cause it is exceedingly profitable to the persons who befriend it. The Jeromes were pretty well played out when they conceived the idea of the Sheepshead Bay course. Jerome Park was orig line of way of the Vanderbilt railroads, and that old Vanderbilt would have to buy it to get into New York. He brought his railroad around by the Harlem river, and required no such land. There being no reliable bridge across the Harlem river for pleasure teams, Jerome Park never amount to much. But when Coney Island afforded an adjacent grove and grounds sufficient for stabling and racing, and the pleasure of a summer resort and a race track could be put together, all these fancy men, who live between respectability and sporting, with half a foot on each, began to pick up money. Swarms of people went down by the Manhattan Beach rallroad, and it was not un-common to see ten thousand to even twenty thoucommon to see ten thousand to even twenty thousand people present. At the race of Thursday beween Drake Carter and Miss Woodford, the preparations for the crowd in the morning were enormous. Meantime the Engleman track at Brighton Beach is also doing a tremendous business. I understand that Engleman got something like one hundred thousand dollars out of that small piece of ground in last year's racing. To some extent the races there have been made more respectable, or at least removed some little distance from suspicion. They are now considered to be nearly as fair as at Sheepshead Bay.

In this country horse racing is not a genuine ered to be nearly as fair as at Sheepshead Bay.

In this country horse racing is not a genuine pleasure and sport as in England, but it is a mere pretext for gaming and idleness. I understand that the sums of money paid by the bookmakers to these racing associations are extraordinary. It is said that at the little Brighton Beach course the bookmakers pay something like \$50,000 for their privileges. This only shows how much of a swindle betting must be. Yet, on the other hand; it is said that many of these American bookmakers, from a want of experience in that form of gambling, have lost considerable money and are much discouraged.

The Great Brooklyn Bridge.

The Great Brooklyn Bridge, of which so many pictures have been made, is now in complete condition and its cars seem to be running regularly. At the same time complaint is made that the cable railroad on the bridge is operated at so great an expense that the bridge derives scarcely any benefit from passengers who pay five cents apiece. I crossed the bridge one day during the week, and it was a very beautiful journey and abundantly pays one for a sensation, but as a general rule when going to Brooklyn I think I would take the ferryboat even now. To cross over the bridge is comparately slow. You walk into the bridge by a flight of steps and then have some distance to pass before you reach the platforms. One car at a time generally goes over and probably holds for a long distance, reades on the bridge are, for a long distance, eep, like going up one side of a rambow. Then ou are let down into Brooklyo, and although the rminus of the bridge is well up late the city,

Brooklyn and Its Peculiarities. Brooklyn is one of the most peculiar towns on the globe. It is not a city independent of New York, and yet has a population only third on the American continent, unless Chicago has recently passed it. It is in a splendid situation topographically, rather better than New York, being accessible to both the ocean and the rivers, and yet it is ble to both the ocean and the rivers, and yet it is as much an island city as Havana. It is now so large that nearly all the railroad lines run special boats to it to pick up a few passengers. Yet it is so small that it may be said to have only one man of any significance. Mr. Beecher, and he rapidly growing old and even timid. He was for many years far in advance of the surrounding public opinion, and in those days it was customary to see in the papers, like the New York Herald, regular morning editorial attacks on Beecher, Cheever and one or two other preachers, as abolitionists who ought to be either burned, as abolitionists who ought to be either burned, hanged or shot. The popularity of the novel of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which many attributed for a long time to Henry Ward Beecher instead of his ong time to Henry Ward Beecher instead of his sister, had as much as anything to do with Beecher's increase of popularity. That book drew the lines very nicely between religion and freedom, between cruelty and tenderness. The southern people thought it would in some way diminish the strength of the book if they could prove that Mrs. Stowe did not write it, but that it was a trick played by her brother. In this way we often exhaust a great deal of time making a point that is no point at all. No matter who wrote the book, it represented itself. When Mr. Beecher attained full popularity and the recognition of his more youthful sentiments by the crowd, he was really getting into danger for the first time. A certain warm, voluptuous nature, which was out of temptation as long as he was in a lated minority, began to draw him toward the public dinner, the banquet, the social organization, and he ate, and perhaps grank, at those leasts enough to stimulate a nature originally ardent and requiring fasting and prayer scandals, and finally tremendous explosions came out, the exact truth of which no person is in a position to know about except those who for a position to know about except those who for a position to know about except those who for a long time could not teil and who finally disagreed about the fact themselves. Near the time of that explosion and afterward, Mr. Beecher showed a forgiving disposition toward everybody. He was able to see something beautiful in every sect. Insensibly, there arose in place of the preacher a sort of optimistic mental philosopher with a teacter of the former than the pand and be poured. able to see something bedieved in the preacher a sort of optimistic mental philosopher with a teaport full of sentiment in his hand, and he poured off warm water from the herbs therein and instructed the people that it was sufficient pabulum for their religious natures. After a while it looked as if Mr. Beecher wanted to get out of the world harness entirely and preach political moral harness entirely and preach political economy. When I went to school we got both these doses from the same author, old Dr. Francis Wayland of Brown University. Consequently free trade instead of free grace is the present great tenet around the Plymouth edifice. When I Returned from Brooklyn,

on the visit I have described, I came down to Wallstreet ferry. If you want to see New York nicely cross the Brooklyn bridge, and get the view up

Wall street, not the Fulton ferry, for at the Fulton

ferry you are too close under the bridge. The Wall-street ferry is a quarter of a mile further down, and it gives you the bridge in all its proportions and with a little of the disguise made by the intervening air. I never get over the idea, when I see the bridge standing there, that it is a kind of violin with cords drawn over the two bridges or arches with cords drawn over the two bridges or arches and then secured tight, and it seems to me that it will make music if I stop to listen long enough. It is probably the most remarkable object made by human hands in the landscape of this country. Its cost is defended by that utility you see it is exercising every hour in the day. It is not like the Albany State Capitol, a mere burying of many millions of dollars to a use at most a chælogical. Nor does it contrast like the Albany Capitol with a great many of the myrmidons you see around who ought to be living in wigness or hen-houses instead of in temples. This Brooklyn bridge, though it consumed some \$15,000,000, is the connecting spinal marrow and cord between two vast populations which are independent, and which, although supplied previously with very great facilities for intercourse, had yet lot such facilities as modern plied previously with very great facilities for intercourse, had yet hot such facilities as modern
nations feel it the point of pride to extent. Coming over the Wall street ferry, you see Governor's
Island and the agliated seas around the foot of
New York, and the bridge is on your right, and
you see the shipping for all parts of the globe, and
for nearly every port on the globe, close beside
you. Whon you land and go up Wall street, you
can see the tremendous houses that are still building to hold the bonds and treasure and personal

property accumulated here during the past twenty years. Ward, Fish and Grant.

I called at the Marine Bank, where I once kept

an account, and found they were still passing through the process of auditing the claims against them. It now seems that Ferdinand Ward, albeit the son of a missionary, set up a game worthy of one of Dickens' novels, on Grant and Fish. Fish had a first-rate financial standing. He had never failed in his life, had always paid his obligations, and had been in this bank more than half a generation. Grant had the greatest personal reputa tion in the country, and an immense acquaintance Ward played these two men against each other. He gave Grant to understand that Fish was putting up all the schemes out of which they made so much money, and he gave Fish to understand that Grant was influencing huge government contracts. Fish knew nothing about government and Grant knew nothing about business. Grant, however, did think that everything he touched seemed to receive the smiles of providence when he saw the big dividends Ferdinand Ward brought in. In reality Ward was borrowing from the next victim to pay off the victim of several months back who was hotly pressing for his money. They believe in the bank that he was broke very early in his speculative career, and that not having the moral courage or the honesty to ge and tell Fish that he had lost money, he adopted the ruse of going onward instead of backward, strengthening his acquaintance and playing the gum game. He exerted himself especially to keep Grant and Fish from ever knowing each other well. He intimated to Grant that Fish had a very peculiar nature, and was such a wealthy person that it would be rather uncivil to ask him very minutely about business. He intimated to Sith that Grant occupied a delicate bosition in influencing large contracts at Washington, and was so sensitive that he must not be questioned. Once an excursion was gotten up to take these two gentlemen to Niagara Falls, and Ward worked hard to break it up, and then made everybody agree that they would not speak one word of business while they were gone. If they had talked with each other five minutes they would have seen through Mr. Fish was raised about Mystic, Coun., and bore a very good character there. Himself, his brother, and his sons are all ruined, and, as one gentleman in the bank said to me, he had his was raised about Mystic, Coun., he had his he tion in the country, and an immense acquaintance Ward played these two men against each other. He

Gould and the Speculators Gould has been constructed by some of our edito rial fraternity into a huge monster, and they are capable of considering any simple matter of eviience or event without wondering how it may affect Gould. Of himself Gould is one of the least obtrusive men in New York, and most of his pro-cesses are rather timid and quiet. He has been the greatest speculator ever known in America, or perhaps in the world, but speculation has perhaps in the world, but speculation has a gate to go in at as wide as the Amazon river, and nobody knows where he will come out at. The broker's office is always wide open at the entrance, but the back door may be at the top of a hatchway and you are lucky to get out without being mashed. What can induce men of common sense to come into these brokers' offices and play with these tremendous men who operate by the millions? A man has just as much chance to get into a den of lious at the menagerie with whom he has had no previous acquaintance and expect to walk through safely as to bring his money to Wall street and expect to get out safely. The nature of those beasts is to destroy. The brokers themselves get a commission both ways, for buying for you and selling for you. Their interest is that you shall come again and again, as long as you have anything whatever, to the office and deal.

Victoria Morosini's Marriage.

Victoria Morosini's Marriage. Morosini, becoming rich, concluded that his daughter was manufactured for his happiness His daughter concluded that as her father was rich he had been manufactured for her enjoyment. She found that he would not bring a young man oon enough to the house. Having everything but the young man, she wanted him bad. There was one down at the stable and she went and fetched him. He accompanied her riding. It is very seductive to go riding with a young man even if

ductive to go riding with a young man even if
he is the hostler. There is the stirrup to be fixed,
the motion on the road brings color to the face and
high and bounding health. Slight favors from the
accompanying young man become very great obligations indeed when nobody else is by. He can
get on and off his horse so courageously.

Secret marriages make the burden of most of
our novels. There is something exciting about a
secret marriage, because it strangely confuses
actions of the highest honor and the highest evasion. To marry is to give or surrender your family
name. To marry is to incur obligations never to
be shaken off, or if ever shaken off to be attended
with a certain spot or whisper. Yet under the
influence of ardent feelings and lears and doubts
of future separation, many young people are found
to engage secretly with matrimony as the least of
evils present. When Charles I, had his head cut
off his sous fied to the continent, and one of them,
Charles, became a low fellow, consorting with
every woman he could find. By the time he
reached the throne and did marry a virtuous princharles, became a low lellow, consorting with every woman he could find. By the time he reached the throne and did marry a virtuous princess he could have no children. In the meantime his younger brother James while living poor and in debt in Holland made a secret espousal with Mistress Ann Hyde, the daughter of an old refugee politician who afterward became Chancellor of England. The Catholic church has always held that these secret espousals have all the validity of public marriages. So when James returned to England his wife desired that recognition due to her as a mother of princes. Terrific seenes ensued, but the religious principle of James prevailed over his want of many manly principles and he fully recognized his wife. Her children were two celebrated queens, Mary and Anne, and in their day literature and civilization came to England. After epoor Ann Hyde died James married again a foreign princess, but the children of this marriage became wanderers on the face of the earth and go by the name of pretenders.

poor ann flyde died James married again a foreign princess, but the children of this marriage became wanderers on the face of the earth and go by the name of pretenders.

General Jackson, whom I have somewhat followed up in his wanderings, became a young officeholder in Tennessee and boarded at Nashville. At the boarding house was a Kentuckian and his wife. These latter had no congeniality. The wife, perhaps, was somewhat taken with young Jackson. The husband, after a quarret, disappeared and was presumed to be dead, He was not dead, and therefore the first marriage of General Jackson with his supposed widow had no legality. Somewhat later, when scandal began to appear, Jackson remarried his wife. The marter, however, gave him a great deal of trouble, as he had but little policy and grew furious whenever it was mentioned. The lady lived to see him elected president of the United States, but her excited heart could not stand the ordeal and she died before he took his seat. During that presidential campaign this secret marriage was stirred up in every conceivable way. The simple fact is that domestic life has so many variations and associations that there is no squaring it with public career. Look, for instance, at the case of Mrs. Lewes, probably the most remarkable woman in intellectual gifts of any time. She certainly knew more of men and manners than any woman who ever drew the pen. It would seem that she consented to live with Mr. Lewes though she knew he had a living wife, and in the eye of the law she was only his mistress. It did not prejudice her writings, however, with the great world. In course of time it began to be apparent in her writings that she had but little patence with men like Lewes, but yearned for a more young man and married him as in her story. But what has the whole thing to do with the woman's part in public life? No doubt out of the social limitation put uron a powerful nature she was a she to get instruction in man and society. To a certain extent every author draws typou what she has to write books without having suffered ning to write books without having sainted hou-estly. Dunnas' personages all speak in high, un-real rhetoric. French literature fails in its errand, not being drawn from honest family life, and from the revolt which even purity sometimes has against its own captivity.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

He Insisted His Wife Should Not Learn

[Chicago Herald.]
"Frank," said a flushed wife as she came into the room where he was smoking and quietly puff.

ing a cigar, "where's mamma?" 'I threw her out of the window." "Wha-you-wh-what do you mean?"

from Her Mother How to Cook.

"You will find your mamma, my dear, under the back window in the back yard. Now, don't annoy me any more about your mamma."
"What do you mean by speaking that way of her? Poor old thing! And she liked you so well

She always spoke so highly of you. What makes you say that?"

"I heard your mamma tell one of the neighbors awhite ago that she had come up here to teach you how to cook. Before we were married, kitty. I took dinner at your house. You apologized then for the food by saying that your mother cooked it. Out in the back yard—under the third-story window—on the grass."

"You are awful mean."

A Burning Shame. [Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.1 "Times have changed," sald Old Hyson, moura fully. "Times have changed."
"And as to wherefore?" asked his son.
"In tormer times," said the old one, "man ato

the cream."
"And now?"
"They cremate the man."
There was an awful pause, and Young Hyson walked out of the counting-room on his tip toes, and told one of the salesmen he was afraid the oldman was breaking up fast.

FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKARDS

Strange Scenes in a Peculiar Boston Institution.

Judges, Lawyers, Ministers and Physicians as Patients.

The Superintendent Relates Some Remarkable Experiences.

On one of the most terrible nights of the hard winter of 1881 a man stood on the steps of a great building on Waltham street, near Washington. The snow descended in heavy flakes, and was blown madly about by a fierce wind that shrieked itself hoarse among the high chimneys of the factory buildings in the vicinity. The man had no overcoat, and when he reached out to grasp the handle of the great door in front of him his fingers could be scarcely made to encircle themselves around the knob, so paralyzed with cold were they. As a sudden blast of wind shot into the entry where he stood, his thin coat, upon which there were no buttons, was blown apart, revealing the fact that the unfortunate being had on only a cotton undershirt. There was no sign of a vest, and his pantaloons were kept on his person by means of a leathern strap, which was fastened around his waist. His snowcovered hat looked as if it had been fished out of a pile of rubbish in some back yard, and beneath it his bushy, unkempt hair stood out in great dis-order. The mau, in fact, was a "total wreck," and the melancholy, hopeless and haggard expression on his face seemed to indicate that he knew it. The building at which he had applied for admission was the Washingtonian Home, an institution well known in Boston and throughout the country as a retreat for inebriates and an asylum where the cure of dipsomania is undertaken. When an attendant opened the door to the wretched being who stood on the steps on that freezing winter night he was about to shut it wretched being who stood on the steps on that freezing winter night he was about to shut it again when he saw what manner of "bum" was before him. But the man quickly extended a letter, which the clerk saw was addressed to Dr. Day, the superintendent, and the poor fellow was admitted into the hall. When Dr. Day had read the letter, (which was from a prominent attorney of this city), he came out and kindiy greeted the shivering creature, who was trying to warm himself by standing over a radiator. The man was given clean underclothing, bathed and put lato a comfortable bed. The letter to the superintendent stated that the wreek who delivered it was one of the most prominent lawyers and brilliant orators in Chicago. After mastering an inherited appetite for alcohol for five years he had fallen a victim to it again in New York during a visit East, and had continued his debauch until he was stripped even to the clothing which was on his person. In some way he wandered to Boston, and, looking up an old lawyer friend, he presented himself in his pitiable plight and asked for a loan, being ashamed to again write home for money. His friend, seeing his condition, thought it best not to give him money then and told him so. After some parleying the brokendown victim of rum agreed to go to the Washingtonian Home, and a boy was sent with him to show him the way.

In three days after having entered the hospital department of the home the patient was taken with a violent attack of delirium tremens, but with good medical care he came around all right. In three weeks he was in good condition. His friends in the city furnished him with new clothing, and his wife was telegraphed for to come on and take her husband home. That same man who

on the steps of the great building on Waltham street on the terrible winter night which has been Court in one of the interior counties of the State of Illinois. He is honored and respected, and probably not one of the county folk know of the dreadful spree which came so near ending his

life three years ago.

"That is only one of a hundred similar cases, the details of which I could give you if I had time," said Dr. Albert Day, superintendent of the Home, to a Globe reporter a few evenings since. thme," said Dr. Albert Day, supermements of those Hooms, to a Glober reporter a few evenings since.

"During the twenty-seven years that I have been at the head of this institution," he continued, "I have seen exactly what rum will do with men of intellect and brains. In fact, there are very few sluggish, dull and ordinary men who are sent here. I have had the leading lights of the bar, the bench, the medical profession, the journalistic profession and even of the pulpit under my care. It seems that liquor will bring down a bright man every time if he continues its use while those persons whe possess natures more akin to the brute creation can soak themselves in it without apparent injury to their nerves, their general health of their appetites. A man who works with his head should invariably be a teetotaler; his brain is enough invariably be a teetotaler; his brain is enough in the regular army, and that's how I leaded that I had saved his life."

"You are not a graduate of West Point, general?"

"No, I was born at Haysboro, near Nashville, Tenn. Down there the boys indulge in athietic sports, and, as a rule, grow up to be strapping the stream of the profession and even of the pulpit under my care. It seems that liquor will bring down a bright man every time if he continues its use while those persons whe possess natures more akin to the brute creation can soak themselves in it without apparent in jury to their nerves, their general health of their appetites. A man who works with his head should invariably be a teetotaler; his brain is enough in the first I had Captain the didn't fall— and he ran away. Ever after that Captain then an away. Ever after that I had saved his life."

"You are not a graduate of West Point, general?"

"No, I was born at Haysboro, near Nashville, Tenn. Down the

appetites. A man who works with his head should invariably be a teetotaler; his brain is enough excited with the thresome thinking, planning and calculating which he has to do, without pouring liquid lightning on to it to set it in a madder whirl, thereby disarranging its systematic working."

While the reporter and the superintendent were talking in the latter's private office a large number of well-dressed and intelligent-looking gentlemen passed the open door. There were young men, old men with silvery locks, and men of middle age. The reporter did not discover among the twenty or thirty faces that he saw one that denoted victousness, ignorance or brutality. In

twenty or thirty faces that he saw one that denoted viciousness, ignorance or brutality. In every eye there was the unmistakable light of intellectuality and every face wore an expression-of refinement. Every movement of the bodies of this little band of convalescent drunkards indicated good breeding.

"Those men," said Dr. Day, "are just recovering from the terrible suffering that the immoderate use of alcohol entails, Some of them have been here for a month or two, others who had not been drinking so hard or for such a long period have been under treatment for only a few days. They look very well now, but you should have seen them when their friends brought them here." The doctor wheeled in his chair and, pointing to the library where sat several men reading, he asked: men reading, he asked:
"Do you see that handsome man close to the

window?"
The reporter glanced in the direction indicated

A Splendid Looking Specimen of physical manhood engaged in the perusal of a magazine. The gentleman was apparently about 45 years of age, tall, well proportioned, with Napoleonic features and a head that might have rested on the shoulders of a Greek god. The

rested on the shoulders of a Greek god. The reporter involuntarily exclaimed upon the marvellous physical beauty of the man.

"And yet," said the doctor, "that man is the veriest slave to drink. With a good business, a happy home and hundreds of friends who admire his amiable qualities, he cannot for any great length of time control his appetite for the poison which, when the first glass is swallowed, brings him down to the level almost of the tramps and mendicants that live in the streets and eat from the swill barrels. His friends on these occasions hunt him up and bring him here, where in the course of a few weeks he is completely straightened out."

"Doctor, are there not men in this city who

"Doctor, are there not men in this city who every day, year in and year out, drink as much, if not more liquor, than the unfortunates whom you have under your care here?"

"Certainly there are, and I suppose you want to know why it is that they do not succumb to it as do the men who are treated here?" The reporter replying in the affirmative the experienced man of medicine said: "When a young man first commences the use of alcohol in any form for the first few years all the inconvenience he feels from it is of medicine said: "When a young man first commences the use of alcohol in any form for the first few years all the inconvenience he feels from it is a dull, heavy headache in the morning, which a cold water bath, a brisk walk in the cool air and a dose of aromatic spirits of ammona will soon relieve. By the time that breakfast is prepared he can usually eat heartily and go to business as if nothing had happened. Remember, I am speaking now of the intellectual, nervous temperaments, not the easy-going, sluggish natures to which I referred a moment ago. These youths, tasting farthe first time the so-called pleasures of dissipation are fascinated by it, and after business hours congregate in saloons and club rooms, where they make joily nights of it. They may go on for three or four years in this manner without noting any failing or giving way of their physical or mental powers. But at the end of that time the young man of nervous temperament commences to break. The poison of the potations which he has been gradually undermining his whole hervous constitution, and some morning he awakes bathed in a cold perspiration, with his hands trembling and every nerve in his body throbbing furiously. Hie feels generally sick, and cannot eat his breakfast until he has swallowed two or three cocktalls.

The Beginning of the End,

unless some strong influence is brought to bear to make him stop drink entirely. This stage, if the person persists in the use of intoxicants, is rapidly succeeded by horrible nightmares, which are nothing more or less than the preliminary sympany organic trouble, for instance if he is affected with any disease of the heart, head, or any vital part of his body, let him now beware. If he now persists in drinking he is liable to die at any time or place. In the majority of those cases where men are found dead in their beds death has been caused by liquor affecting some such organic trouble as I have described. If the young man who ten or fifteen years back drank his fifteen or twenty drinks of an evening and went to business all right the next morning is not warned by the terrible stages in his career which have been reclued, he is now lost. If he has no organic trouble, but is of the nervous temperament order of humanity, if he does not stop drinking after the visionary or nightmare period, he will eventually (if not murdered in the street by robbers or killed acadentally) become a victim of delirlum tremens toms of delirium tremens. If a young man has

and die the most wretched death known in all the category of disease. Men of that class cannot drink, and this institution was founded twenty-seven years ago for the sole purpose of curing these men upon whom the disease of dipsomania has such a strong hold."

"What are the leading principles and ideas of your treatment, doctor?"

"Well, I suppose that in the first place a good, healthy, moral tone is the most important. When the patient becomes convalescent he is surrounded by every influence that will tend to elevate his thoughts and make him forget the hideous charms of the groggery. But a thorough diagnosis of each case and proper medical treatment is of the most vital importance. A man's will must of course be exercised to a certain extent after he leaves this Home, but it is our main endeavor to kill for ever the unnatural appetite for a false stimulant which has so harrassed the poor victim."

"And in this have you been successful, generally

speaking?"
"In the majority of cases, I think, yes; of course there are many men who come here simply

For the Purpose of Getting Sobered Up, and with no idea of abandoning drink. But when a man enters these doors praying to God that the curse of his life may be removed, we generally heal him entirely, and he goes forth a new man, to remain that same new man during his lifetime. It would take me hours to tell you of the homes this institution has made happy, the husbands and wives reunited, the prodigal sons brought back to their fathers' house clothed and in their right minds." The benevolent doctor's face glowed with a look of pleasure as he let his mind run back into the past and the good that he had been instrumental in doing came in review before him. In further conversation with the reporter, Superintendent Day stated that drunkenness should not be classified as a crime, but as a disease which requires the best medical skill. He showed from his reports for a number of years back that it has cost the Washingtonian Home corporation the sum of \$32 to cure or straighten out each patient sent there. This he claims is exactly the amount which it costs the city to arrest a man for simple drunkenness, take him before the Police Court, fine him and in default of the payment of the fine support him for ten days at Deer Island. Dr. Day insists that as long as the liquor traffic is heensed and the taxes on the same brings in a large revenue, the unfortunates who pay for it, drink it, and thereby become physically and mentally disabled, have the right to ask of the State the establishment of such asylums as the Washingtonian Home where they may be treated and cured.

The Washingtonian Home of Boston was the first institution of the kind ever established in the world, and patients are sent there from all parts of the country. curse of his life may be removed, we generally heal him entirely, and he goes forth a new

SAVED ABE LINCOLN'S LIFE.

Old General Harney, Six Feet Three and Eighty-four, the Great Indian Fighter. General W. S. Harney, the great Indian fighter, says the New York Telegram, still lives at the age of 84, and with the exception of a somewhat impared vision and a slightly defective memory, enjoys excellent health. He is now on a little pleasure tour from his home in St. Louis, and with his adopted daughter, Mrs. St. Cyr, is com-

pleasure tour from his home in St. Louis, and with his adopted daughter, Mrs. St. Cyr, is confortably quartered at the Ebbitt House. During his journey he has been the recipient of many flattering attentions. His height is six feet three inches and his figure still erect and soldierly. "I was in command in Missouri when the rebellion broke out," said he "and had I not been relieved by President Lincoln in May, 1861, I am sure there would have been no bloodshed in that State, but I never blamed Mr. Lincoln, for he and I were old friends. So much political pressure was brought to bear upon him by Frank P. Blair and others that I suppose he had to relieve me. And, yet," continued the General, smiling, "Mr. Lincoln never saw me without reminding me that I once saved his life."

"How was that, general?"

"Well," said the general, laughing, "Mr. Lincoln was captain of a company of volunteers and I was captain of a company of regulars during the Black Hawk war. I remember well how Captain Lincoln used to come to our rendezvous, General Taylor's headquarters, and tell stories that amused us immensely. He used to lie on the grass, and very frequently would say, 'That reminds me,' and begin a funny story,

"One day Lincoln said to me, 'I say, Harney, let's pick out four or five good shots from our command and go gunning on our own hook.' 'All right, Lincoln,' said I; 'but do you know anything about Indian fighting?" Well, not much; but I'm a pretty good shot. 'That will do to start on,' said I; 'but let me tell you one tring—never look for a redskin in front of you; look out for your flanks.' Well, we started out and soon came on signs of redskins, All of a sudden, while watching the flanks, I saw an Indian drawing a bead on Lincoln. As quick as I could possibly do so I levelled my rife and fired. I didn't hit him—at least, he didn't fall—and he ran away. Ever after that Captain Lincoln insisted that I had saved his life."

"You are not a graduate of West Point, general?"

uterant in the regular army, and that's how prened to be a soldier."

happened to be a solder."

"How many wars have you served in, general?"

"O, I don't know," laughed the general; "I don't care to talk about my own services."

"Let me see?" said Mrs. St. Cyr. "The general was in the Seminole war in Florida, in the Black Hawk war, in a war with the Sloux, in which he fought a bloody battle at Ash Hollow, on the Blue Water, in the Mexicau war and in the late civil war. The general, you know, was the hero of the Seminole war, and hung thirteen of the hostile chiefs, which ended it, Billy Bowlegs used to say 'If Harney catch me, me hang; if me catch him, he die.' It was the general who captured the hill at

Subsequently, General Harney spoke kindly of the indians, and told how he came near hanging an Indian agent for swindling them. "They all know me," said he, adding with laughable pride, and if today there was an outbreak ame Sioux, I could go to them alone and stop it, for they would listen to me."

A SINGULAR OFFER

Which the Cities of New York and Brooklyn Will Probably be Ashamed to Accept. NEW YORK, September 22 .- Austin Corbin,

president of the Long Island Railroad Company, has sent a letter to Mayor Edson formally offering the citizens of New York and Brooklyn \$450,ooo annually for the control of the bridge property, agreeing not to increase but rather to lower the present tolls. The sum named represents about 3 per cent. on the cost of the structure, and is much in excess of present receipts. Mr. Corbin thus explained his offer to a reporter: "The matter was brought to my attention the other day, and I said that if the right of transit on that railroad was put up at auction I would bid an annual rental of \$250,000. I say so now. I'll do more than that. The bridge, I believe, cost something like \$15,000,000. At 3 per cent. the interest on that sum would be \$450,000. I'll take the entire bridge off the trustees' hands-railroad, carriageway, promenade and all—and agree to pay for it \$450,000 a year. I'll put \$100,000 into the hands of the trustees the moment I can begin operating the bridge as a guarantee, and will pay my rent in advance, so that if I don't fulfi iny contract the two cities will be indemnified against any loss. With all this I'll agree to give service infinitely better than the present, and limit myself to the present tarrif as a maximum. Such changes as are necessary I'll make at my own expense." 000 annually for the control of the bridge propmaximum. Such changes as are necessary I'll make at my own expense."

How the Bunco Men Select Their Victims.

[New York Herald.]
"A charming morning, Mr. Robinson," said a dapper bunco steerer to a well-known Chicago lawyer yesterday morning in the vestibule of the

lawyer yesterday morning in the vestibule of the Astor House.

"It is no use, my fine fellow," replied the Chicagoan, "I can't be had."

The steerer apologized and turned to go.

"Stop," said the lawyer, smilingly. "I am of an inquisitive turn of mind. Do you see this \$10 note? It is yours if you will tell me honestly why you picked me out as a stranger in the city."

The bunco man took the bill and whispered, "It was your hat. You laugh, but it is a fact. There is no better indicator of where a man is from than his hat. Come to the steps here and watch the people as they pass. See that well-dressed man with the silk hat with a very narrow brim. Well, where he comes from that hat is the fashion. It's an old style here, but a new one where he lives. That man is an American, but he has been living in the West Indies. That stout man there with the extreme broad brim is from Detroit or Canada. We can always tell a Philadelphian from the provincial cut of his clothes, and a Boston man by his accent. But a man's hat is the surest tell-tale of the lot. So long,"

An interesting law question has just been argued before the full bench of the Supreme Court at before the full bench of the Supreme Court at Northampton. A woman residing in one of the towns of Hampshire county while in a state of pregnancy was injured by a defect in a highway, and almost immediately after a child, four months and a half old was born and lived for fifteen minutes. She recovered damages in an action against the town, and her husband, who took letters of administration on the child, brought a suit for injuries received by the child. The medical testimony was to the effect that the fall of the mother caused both the birth and the death of the child, and the question at law is whether upon that state of facts an action can be maintained on behalf of the child.

AS FAT AT EIGHT

As Most Fat Men Are at Forty Years of Age.

Silva Duprie, Webster's Wonder, the Greatest Living Fat Accumulator.

He Likes Candy and Money and Eats Plain Food.

WEBSTER, Mass., September 16 .- This is not a large town. Its only communication with the outside world is over the rails of the New York &New England railroad. Its 7000 inhabitants dwell in little wooden cottages and find employment in the woollen, cotton and linen mills of the town. There are also boots and shoes made here. Its notoriety is limited to the name the statesman gave It and a strict enforcement of an antilicense law which provides that the thirsty ones may drink a small beer containing not more than 3 per cent, of alcohol. But ft is now, so the inhabitants think, destined to become famous. They look for a fame similar to that which come to the birth-place of the Cardiff wonder, the animated skeleton (including in the last mention any and all of bony variety except that matrimonially inclined skeleton of Philadel-phia), the senior Massachusetts senator, the champion John L. Sullivan and the celebrated letter writer of Augusta.



About eight years ago there came into the world at Webster a little boy just 91/2 pounds in weight. There was nothing remarkable about this event. But upon and among those $9\frac{1}{2}$ pounds this boy has since placed 192 pounds, so that his weight is now 2011/2 pounds. He is the only eight-year-old child that the world knows of that has accumulated about his childish frame so much fiesh. He was born and has always lived at 23 Pleasant

street. In being more precise as to the time of his birth, the date is given, June 20, 1876. He first lived two and a half years without astonishing anybody, except occasionally when in a fit of baby indignation he gave vent to his lungs. He was at that time a chubby child, not too fat, but just fat enough. Then he began to spread himself, and layer after layer of flesh came over him. When he was 5 years old he weighed 100 pounds, and found a sitting position more comfortable than walking. In just three years he has doubled his weight.

weight.

Master Silva Duprie, for that is his name, as he stands today, may make the following boast of dimensions: "I am 4 feet 3 inches in height, measure round the waist 56 inches, round the breast 47 inches, round the breast 47 inches, round the breast and arms, 54½ inches, thigh, 30; arm, between the elbow and shoulder, 15 inches."

A Glober reporter called upon him vesterday

shoulder, 15 inches."

A GLOBE reporter called upon him yesterday and found him wandering about in an exceedingly short night shirt. He was being amused with a pulley line by a half-sister, who had not the slightest resemblance to the feet of the state slightest resemblance to the fat object at her side. There is nothing the reporter had ever seen to which he might liken that object. The first impression is that he is older than he is reported to be,

There is nothing the reporter had ever seen to which he might liken that object. The first impression is that he is older than he is reported to be, but the recollections of neighbors offer substantial proof. His skin is of a very pinkish tint, and the fiesh about his legs very firm. Around his body it is softer, but not flabby. His waist would put to shame that of the proverbial alderman. His head sets apparently directly on his shoulders, his neck being lost in an immense double chin. His arms, even now, for their size, rival those of five-sixths of the people of the town.

On the entrance of the reporter he left the pulley line and waddled to an arm-chair and squatted therein. His parents are of French descent and his father and himself are the only ones able to talk English. The first statement made by his mother was to the effect that the enterprising Silva had refused to leave the chair a day or two before when under hispection, because the inspector had not given him ten cents. The reporter's ten cents quickly came up. Then came the waddling out. Natural as the gait undoubtedly was, it took upon it all the characteristics of that of a heavily-weighted man of five and fifty. Inadvertently he dropped the piece of money, and the reporter, remembering the story of "the little dog between the beer-drinking German's legs," thought he was done for; but the object's back bone succeeded in letting the weight down to the floor and then giving it an upright shape again.

It was near supper time when the reporter called, and inward promptings had already informed Silva of the fact. He longed for the pleasures of the table. He had a good appetite, and yould eat anything, hot or cold. He was exceedingly fond of cold meats and cold potatoes. His food had been simple and just the same as the other members of the family had eaten. He informed the reporter that he was learning his A B C's under Miss Bartlett. His mother appears to be very fond of in don't put them on again." The visitor he should put on his pantaloons, an

mains awake through the greater part of the day, but between supper and breakfast he sleeps nearly all the time.

He is so well known in his native town that very little notice is taken of him. Away from his home he is followed by hundreds. His playmates annoy him but little. When they do, and get within his arms' length, he holds them and sits on them, and the experience is not sought for the second time. The boys call him "Fatty Duprie," and at times greet him about as follows:

Fatty Duprie! Fatty Duprie! You are so fat you can't catch me.

You are so fat you can't catch me.

He tumbles without injury. In winter time his sled has a habit of getting from under him, and as a general thing he has rolled down hill after it, arriving at the bottom all doubled up like a nump of dough, but smiling nevertheless. Yesterday while on the street a horse shied at him. It was a source of wonderment to the boy. He showed it in a fatty way. The horse took fright, a neighboring lamp-post assisted in the scene, and now the owner is \$100 out, while the 200-pounder gloats over the whole business with childish glee.

He has been on exhibition at Worcester, Haverwith childish glee.

He has been on exhibition at Worcester, Haver

He has been on exhibition at Worcester, Haverhill and Boston, and has been examined by innumerable doctors, all of whom have, after making
a thorough examination, pronounced him to be in
perfect health. No one that has seen him can
account for his being so fat. He is prejudiced against Boston, and repeatedly told
the reporter: "Don't want to go to Boston! Don't
go there for a cent." He had been so cooped up
in a dime museum there that he prefers those
places where he can have more ilberty.

When the reporter was about to leave, "Fatty"
forgot his ionging for supper, and was again all
business. "Buy a picture, a quarter?" And his
persistence won.

"How can you afford to give away so many baskets with your fruit?" was asked a dealer. "Oh, they don't cost us much. We can get our grape baskets for four cents apiece, and big peach baskets that hold a bushel for ten. There has been a great reduction in the cost of these articles of late, and factories have sprung up which turn out thousands daily. There is one in North-ampton where 200 hands are empoyed that pro-duces 8000 a day. They now use oak and elm where formerly willow only was employed. "How about the fancy baskets?"
"There is a great difference in those, of course, but still they come a great deal cheaper than they used to. The baskets imported from France are very beautiful and much used by ladies. Indians

and sallors used to make a great many of the baskets, but they are hard pushed now by the regular manufacturers. The different kinds made and the variety of uses they are put to would puzzle description. Some hundred sorts would puzzle description. Some hundred sorts of pienic hampers alone are on the market, suitable for carrying anything from an eyster stew to an ice cream freezer. There is basket work for baby carriages, table mats, phaetons, whip handles, toy rattles, and a score of other uses which Yankee ingenuity is every day discovering."

JOHN WARD'S QUEER CASE. A Man who Can Be Moved Like a Jointed Doll and who Stays Where He is Put.

[Utica Observer.]
There is at the present time confined in the Ostego county house a young man whose peculiar symptoms puzzle the superintendent and the attending physicians. A number of years ago he was convicted under the name of John Ward, for larceny, and sent from that county to the reformatory at Elmira. After several years he became in-same, and was sent back to Auburn and from thence sane, and was sent back to Auburn and from thence he was sent back to Ostego county last June, When Mr. Burnside went after him they told him that he would need no watching, that he could leave him anywhere and would find him in the same place when he returned, be it one hour or one day from the time he left him. At the first stop the train made after starting for home, Ward got up and, upon being asked what he was going to do, he said he was going to stop there. Mr. Burnside restrained him, and from that time to this not one word has passed his ips and he has made no move as though he knew what was passing around him. Upon arriving in Utica Mr. Burnside, for fear he might try to escape, took him to the station house and locked him in a cell, after which he went out and procured a lunch and took it in to him. Ward reached out and took the lunch from his hand and when he returned, five hours afterwards, he stood holding it in the same position he left him. He will do nothing of his own volition, he has to be dressed and fed. You can take him out and stand him up against a tree and he will stand there till you come after him again; sit him in a chair and he sits there until you help him up. He appears to be in good health, but as he seems to be unable to swallow his victuals at times, he is evidently weak. He is about 24 years old and a very prepossessing young min to look at, He shows no signs of insanity, visitors almost invariably taking him for a visitor to the institution. The doctor and superintendent both agree that there is nothing put on about it, but that it is a peculiar phase of insanity, and the saddest part is that no one knows where he belongs or where his parents reside. He is undoubtedly educated, his hands are small and look as if he had never done any out door work, and his face shows him out at once to be far above the tramp fraternity. All who have seen this case have pronounced it the strangest one on record. he was sent back to Ostego county last June.

TWO WAITING BACHELORS Who Are Anxious to Secure Wives from Castle Garden.

Two letters of a matrimonial nature were received yesterday at Castle Garden. One was written by J. L. Thomas of Detroit, who enclosed a postage stamp for the answer which he expected, Mr. Thomas writes:

all corrispondence strictly confidential."

The other letter is from the pen of George William Mordach, of Lancaster County, Penn. That gentleman states that he learned through the press that women who were willing to be come wives were constantly arriving at Castle Garden. He has a farm of 200 acres, is a widower, with no children, and "feels the need of a woman to fill the position of wife." He writes:

dress.

Now if such a woman can be found and will so promise not to imitate "Lot's Wife" and not look benind, I will promise a good home and a kind husband. I am here attending the State fair, and will remain for one week, so if you find what I want please address me here.

elling-Many Seriously Injured, Including His Companion.

FARMER CITY, Ill., September 17.-A very serious accident occurred near here this morning. The 4 o'clock passenger train on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western railroad struck a broken Bloomington & Western railroad struck a broken rail and was ditched. Two coaches and the baggage car were demolished. About fifteen persons were injured. Governor Hendricks was on the train, en route to Peoria, and had a miraculous escape. The train was going at a rapid rate, and when the broken rail was reached it was thrown from the track, a confused mass of people and wrecked cars. No one was killed. The following is a list of the wounded: Mrs. Sceva of Texas, O., badly bruised: Mrs. Williams, Mechaniesburg, O., hip broken and severe internal injuries; Mrs. Cheney, Mechaniesburg, O., badly bruised and internality injured; Mrs. Jennie Weidleick, Columbus City, Mo., head badly injured; J.S. Falis, Pittsburg, Penn., collar-bone broken, ribs broken and hip injured (will probably die); Mrs. Wellisha, Shelbyville, Mo., skull fractured; a little daughter of Mrs. Wellsha, badly bruised and injured; John W. Wright, Springfield, O., nose crushed and head injured. A fellowtraveller of Governor Hendricks received severe injuries.

A Southern Crank Goes to Columbus to Take Mrs. Garfield's Life. COLUMBUS, O., September 22 .- The other aftera tall, well dressed man, about 60 years of age. He engaged a coupe and was driven to the corner of engaged a coupe and was driven to the corner of Prospect and Perry streets. Here he alighted and walked a few blocks up the street to Mrs, Garfield's residence, rang the bell and asked to see a lady, Miss Piper. The porter Informed him that no such person lived there. He missted upon being admitted, when the porter escorted him to the gate. He passed up and down the sidewalk in front of the residence for three hours. Mrs. Garfield became alarmed and called a policeman. The stranger being arrested and searched at the station, a 32-calibre, five-chamber revolver was tion, a 32-calibre, five-chamber revolver was found upon him. He refused to give his name, residence or business. From his conversation he is supposed to be from the South and a crank.

SMUGGLING CELESTIALS.

A Complete Organization for That Purpose Said to Exist at Victoria, B. C. PORTLAND, Or., September 17 .- Custom House officials say that a few days ago forty or more Chinamen landed at Ultsalady, W. T., from British Columbia. The celestials had managed to smuggle themselves across the boundary in violation of the restriction law. The statement is made that there exists a complete organization at Victoria for the purpose of running Chinamen across the border. The masters of various steamers plying along the sound report many Chinamen passing up in spite of the vigilance of the officials. The captain on one steamer has been privately offered \$80 each for women and \$20 for men, for landing them surreptitiously on American soil. It is reported that about thirty Chinese women were smuggled over a few days ago and landed at Port Gambie.

Mrs. Astor and the Cang of Workmen.

Mrs. Astor and the Cang of Workmen. Mrs. William Astor sat in a window of her Fifth avenue mansion on Friday last, says the New avenue mansion on Friday last, says the New York Times, watching a gaug of men who were excavating a ditch in which to lay the pipes of the New York Steam Heating Company. The perspiration was pouring off the men's faces. She remembered that they had worked continuously through the warm days of last week, and, calling her butler, sent him to bring the foreman of the gang. Surprised and wondering what could be the matter, the foreman was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Astor. To his still greater surprise he was invited to form his men in line and march them up to the front of the house. Mrs. Astor then explained that the men must be wearied by their continuous work in the warm weather, and said that she wished to give them a little money to purchase refreshment for themselves at their lunch hour. The men were then formed in line, and as each one passed the front steps he received a dollar from the hand of the butler. Meantime Mrs. Astor watched the distribution from her window. The nundred or so men quietly expressed their thanks as they received the little gift. One man who, after receiving his dollar, again took his piace in line and attempted to pass along a second time, was discharged by the foreman. York Times, watching a gaug of men who were ex-

St. Louis, September 20.—Fire occurred at 11 o'clock this morning in the Atlas Varnish Works, North Broadway, caused by explosion of a tank.
Loss, \$5000. Five firemen were scriously burned by the explosion of another tank.

BLAINE'S PALACE.

A Washington Residence, Its Landlord and Tenant.

The Candidate Vying With the British Minister in Magnificence.

Other Elegant Mansions of Retired Government Officials.

WASHINGTON, September 14 .- The two conwestern part of this city are the residence of James G. Blaine and the British legation. Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts avenues converge at the Dupont circle, and this neighborhood is the West or ultra fashionable end of the capital. Here the rich parvenu, anxious to enter the swell society of Washington, builds his house; here the representatives of foreign governments mostly do dwell; to this neighborhood rich, retired officers for doing nothing, make their homes, and real estate speculators vie with each other in costly competition for the purchase and sate of lots.
William Walter Phelps, who pays taxes on
the lots upon which Mr. Blaine's mansion stands, is the owner of a great deal of property near Dupont circle, and he is redeal of property near Dupont erroe, and he is reported to nave made thousands of dollars by his operations in real cetate.

The Blaine mansion is the largest private residence, except the Bruish minister's, in the city. It covers a plat of ground 70.70 lect, and is tone stories high, with basement and after. The outside is of pressed ories, with brown stone trammings and terra cotta ornamentation. The main entrance on Twentien street is of brown stone, and at the side entrance there is an elegant porte cochere, of artistically wrength from work. The inside of the mansion is finished in hard woods—oak and malogany. The grand starway is of solid oak. The floors are of vareigated wood—cherry, walnut and Georgia pine. Large oak columns support the colling of the hall, which is of the same material. All the cellings in fact are of oak, and the rooms are all wainscotted in hard woods. There are theirty rooms in all, including the basement and attic rooms. In the first floor are the drawing-room, dining-room and library, each 20x25 feet, and the reception room and parior, which are somewhat smaller. These five rooms are so constructed that they can be thrown together, thus being admirably ported to have made thousands of dollars by his

Adapted for Large Receptions.

Mr. Frazier, the architect, at the request of Mr. Blaine, went to New York to examine the diningroom of a very wealthy gentleman's residence there, to which Mr. Blaine had taken a fancy, but there, to which Mr. Blaine had taken a fancy, but the cost was so great Mr. Elaine was unable to have it reproduced in his mansion, as he very much desired. It had a grained floor and was finished in popiar. Mr. Blaine's dining-room is finished in manogany, with wainscetting 5 feet 8 laches high. The library is similar to the dining-room. It is the handsomest room in the house. The reception room is finished in black wainut, with elaborately carved mantel framing an old-lashloned freplace and an artistically moulded hearth.

Along the tear of the house, overlooked by the windows of these three reoms, is a large veranda. The basement is ten feet high and contains panties, laundries, wine and provision closets, kitchen, furnace and linear rooms and a billiard room. The billiard room has large pilasters on either side, surmounted by cornices reaching the ceiling.

room. The billiard room has large pilasters on either side, surmounted by cornices reaching the celling.

On the second floor are the family and guest chambers. They are all fine, large rooms, and are all finished in popiar. In the largest of these rooms is an electric indicator, with which every door and window in the house is connected, forming a complete burglar alarm. Electric bells and speaking tubes traverse the house in all directions. On the second floor, leading from the principal chamber is a bath-room which equals anything of moaern model in its line. Besides the most complete appurtenances of sanitary sewers, made safe from any possibility of sewer contagion, there is a not-air or Turkish bath chamber. Here are also the ubiquitous electric buttons to ensure the solitary bather the safety of a prompt call in case of suaden illness or other necessity for assistance. Other rooms on this floor are in more or less exclusive connection with bath-rooms, but no drain attachment leads directly into any sleeping chamber. On this floor in the rear and separated by a shut-off doorway are the servants' rooms. On the third floor are a number of well-appointed bed-rooms and a large cedar closet for furs, and on the atticition are still other rooms smaller than those on the floors below, but all finely fitted up.

All the windows in the house are glazed with plate glass, and the sashes hung upon patent copper chains. Every door is made to slide into recesses in the wall, and respond to the touen or a child, so well-balanced and adjusted are they. Warping and binding are guarded against in their construction; each stile of the frame is formed of four strips of place, each alternate strip reversed so as to react and absorb within themselves any variation from seasoned timber. Outside of all is a thick veneering of the wood corresponding with the finish of the respective rooms. In the rear of the house are a cistern and a filtering apparatus, the rain water from the roof passing through the latter before entering the eistern.

The Blaine Residence Is Now Occupied by the family of Mr. Leiter, the Chicago millionnaire, who pays an annual rental of \$13,000. The cost of the building was \$70,000, and about

investment.

Mr. Blaine, though he is generally known as the owner of this residence, does not pay a dollar of taxes, nor does his name appear anywhere on the official books of the District of Columbia as the

taxes, nor does his name appear anywhere on the official books of the District of Columbia as the owner of any property whatever.

The official books of the District of Columbia as the owner of any property whatever.

The owner of any property whatever.

The owner of the handsomest residences in Washington of Minnesota, Secor Robeson and Senator J. Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania. When Windom was a senator he lived in a very comfortable residence on Massachusetts avenue, which he sold to ex-Senator Tom Platt of New York for \$30,000 only a few days'before Platt resigned from the Senate. Windom bought a lot on the corner of Sixteenth street and Massachusetts avenue, and for \$35,000 built a handsome residence. The residence was so fine, indeed, that photographs of it were made and sent to Minnesota while the senatorial campaign was in progress there, and the fact of his alleged extravagauce made such an impression upon the Legislature that he was defeated. As a matter of fact Windom made an excellent operation in the sale of his old house and the construction of the new one. The Windom mansion is now rented to Senator Palmer, who himself is beginning the construction of a very expensive house on K street, near Vermont avenue.

Robeson's magnificent residence on K street was built at a cost of \$40,000. During his campaign for re-election after the scandals of the Kelfer-Robeson administration of the Forty-seventh Congress lithographs of Mr. Robeson's residence were circulated in his district with the same disastrous effect upon his political prospects as in the case of Senator Windon.

Senator Cameron's residence on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Sixteenth street is one of the finest in the city. It cost about \$40,000. When the senator a year ago deemed it prudent to temporarily withdraw from active participarition in politics and sall to Europe he rented his house furnished.

AN INTERESTING MODEL.

A Novel Invention which Attracts Attention at the Institute Fair.

Much curiosity has been excited among the visitors at the Institute fair by a large circular piece of framework, of about fifty or sixty feet in diamof framework, of about fifty or sixty feet in diameter, located in the enclosure made by the skating surface. It is the practical model which forms the basis of what is said to be the safest, cheapest and most rapid means of transit yet invented in the form of an elevated railroad. The system provides for one rail only, and its first striking peculiarity is that the car or weight to be carried is directly under the wheel, which is deeply grooved and fits snugly upon the track. The motive power is applied from below and may be either steam, electricity, foot or horse power. The standard rate of speed varies according to the size of the wheels used, and it is impossible for the machine to jump the track, as there is no way in which the car below can be raised to allow of it. At present all there is to exhibit the practical working of the system is a rude machine manipulated by pedals, but this is only temporary, and a handsome car will soon be placed in position, in which visitors may ride free.

Surgeons and Barbers' Poles. Surgeons and Barbers' Poles.

"Where's my pole, did you ask?" said a city barber, as he wiped a handful of lather from the barber, as he wiped a handful of lather from the customer's eye. "That old red and white sugar stick of mine has gone out of fashlon, and I'm going to have one of them new-fangled ones with a big blue stripe and all spangled like."

"Did you ever hear, continued the knight of the razor, as the customer settled back, preparatory to being talked to death, "About the history of these signs? Well, you know barbers used to be surgeons, too, and in them days every one got bled—not in the bank bustin' style. I suppose it used to sort of reduce their bile and make 'em feel more like a good square meal, Well, everybody came to the barbers for the operation, and when they got through with 'em the harbers used to wind the rag they mopped up the blood with around a pole, and stick it outside the shop to show they were ready for more trade. That's why they put the red stripe around the barber poles, but I don't see why they've put in a blue stripe now, unless they want to show their customers are blue blooded. Now about them—"
But the customer said he didn't care to be shaved any closer, and departed.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Review of Money Markets and Stock Dealings in State Street. STATE STREET, Saturday Afternoon, September 20, 1884.

The week closes on a featureless money market. The demand for accommodation continues moderate, and while the banks are well supplied with loanable funds, and discount rates are easy, they are doing but little beyond attending to the wants of their special customers and certain of their depositors. To these they are granting discounts at 5005/2 per cent., with the general run of good mercantile paper ranging from 5½@6 and miscellaneous paper at 6@7, while ruling at 6½. Prime corporation notes and acceptances are quoted at 4@4½ per cent., with limited transactions reported. Note brokers are doing a little in placing paper at about 51/2 per cent. With the country banks local

about 5½ per cent. With the country banks local discounts rule at 5½ @6 per cent.

The rate for balances between banks today was 2 per cent., which has ruled throughout the week. At the clearing house, this morning, the gross exchanges were \$8,807.640, while for the week they have amounted to \$56,476,057; the balances this morning were \$1,442,449, and for the week, \$7,831,759. \$7,831,759. New York funds sold today at 10@20 cents pre-

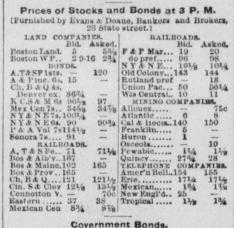
New York funds sold today at 10@20 cents premium per \$1000.
Foreign exchange is a trifle stronger than yesterday. At sight, 4.84½; sixty days, 4.82½; commercial bills, 4.81; francs, sight, 5.18¾@5,19%; sixty days, 5.21½@5.21½%. In New York the money market remains unchanged, call loans on stocks ranging from 1½@2 per cent.; double-named paper 6@9 per cent. discount, and single-named paper 6@9 per cent. discount, and single-named paper 6@9 per cent. discount, and single-named paper 6@9 per cent. discount and single-named paper 6@9 per cent.

Reserve, decrease. 149,675

The banks are now \$28,144,700 in excess of legal requirement, against \$28,294,375 in excess last week, and \$1,907,350 in excess the corresponding week last year, and \$2,271,825 below in 1882.

The trading in these securities continues limited, prices during the week remaining very steady. Closing bids today as compared with those of yesterday show a gain of 1/8 for the 41/2s, with no with the closing bids of last Saturday, the 41/68 show a decline of 1/8 and the 4s 3/8 per cent., with the rest of the list unchanged.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.



Covernment Bonds.

The following quotations of United States bonds give the opening prices of today as compared with the opening prices of saturday:

Bid Bid Sept. 20. Sept. 22.
US\$1-45, 91,r. 112 112 US Cur6s, 95. 127 127 US 4-45, 91,r. 119-45 119-45 US Cur6s, 97. 131 131 US\$3.......100-42 100-42 US Cur6s, 99. 135 135

COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING. September 20, 1884.

The situation is more promising than last week, and buyers are more disposed to stock up for fall trade, as there has been increased activity in several leading the company of the stock of the leading departments. The sales are larger, and with cool weather during the rest of the month there will

cool weather during the rest of the month there will doubtless be a further improvement.

APPLES.—The market continues to be well supplied with apples and large quantities of common varieties range under \$1 \circ bb\$. We quote:
Choice apples at \$1 \circ 250 \circ 25

cream, 104/2011c \$ B; do common and show to \$B\$.

COAL.—In anthracite trade is very dull. Cumberland and Clearfield without any change, and no sales of importance. Gas coal is quiet, and season nearly at an end. We quote:

Cannel, \$16 \$\overline{E}\$ ton; American do, \$10@12 \$\overline{E}\$ ton; Acadia, retail, \$10 \$\overline{E}\$ ton; Cumberland, \$3 \$\overline{E}\$ 50 \$\overline{E}\$ ton of 2000 bs; cargo lots, \$4 \$\overline{E}\$ 50 \$\overline{E}\$ ton of 2000 bs; cargo lots, \$5 \$\overline{E}\$ ton of 2000 bs.

ton. COFFEE.—There is a better feeling for Rio and sales have been on the basis of 1014@101½c for fair cargoes. Java and other mild grades have been firm but quiet. We quote:

Mocha at 1814@191½c % b; Java, 12@21c % b; Maracibo, 914@11c % b; Laguira, 914@11½c % b; Rio, ordinary to prime, 914@13c % b; Jamaica, 96 11c: St. Domingo, 814.@91½c % b.

CHEMICALS AND DYESTUFFS.—The following are the market prices: Alum, 2 th, 244.@14c; argols.

caibo, 9½@11c \$ B. Laguira, 9½@11½c \$ B. S. Rio, ordinary to prime, 9¼@15c \$ B. Jamaica, 9@11c; St. Domingo, 8½@01.cc \$ B. Jamaica, 9@11c; St. Domingo, 8½@01.cc \$ B. Jamaica, 9@11c; St. Domingo, 8½&01.cc \$ B. Jamaica, 9@11c; St. Domingo, 8½&01.cc \$ B. J. Jamaica, 9@11c; St. Domingo, 8½&01.cc \$ Jamaica, 9@11c, 24@25; argols, retined, 27@28; brimstone, \$ lon, seconds, \$23.50@24.00; do, thirds, \$22.50@23; do, roll, \$1.60.2c \$ Jamaica, \$2.72@8; brimstone, \$1.00.cc \$ Jamaica, \$2.874@8; sal soda, \$1.15@1.25; soda ash, \$1.50@1.60; bi carb soda, \$3.474@8; cream tartar, powdered, \$2.42@33c; do do, crystals, \$13.12c; cutch, 5½.68%c; cochineal, 24@30c; elitric acid, 45@46c; extract logwood, 7½@734c; Gambler, 5½@66c; calis aleppo, 15@19c; garancine, 6@68; lac dye, 7@30c; madder, Dutch, 9¼40.0½c; do, French, 5@6c; oil vitriol, 1¼@1½c; oxalic acid, 10%@11c; do, socoteh, 10½@11c; do, rod, 10½@11c; do, rod, 10½@11c; do, rod, 10½@11c; do, rod, \$ Jamaica, \$ Jam

2,023 2,484

for flour and prices are not much changed, traders purchasing only for present wants. We quote:

Spring Wheats—Western superfine, \$2,50@2,75; common extras, \$3,00@3,50; spring wheat bakers, \$3,75@4.50; spring wheat bakers, \$3,25@5.50; do common to good, \$5,00@5.25; do choice Southern, \$5,50@5.75; funcy Minnesota, \$6,75@6.00. Winter Wheats—Choice patents, Western, \$5,50@5.50; do common to good, \$5,00@5.25; do choice Southern, \$5,50@5.65; do choice fourth, \$5,50@5.65; do common to good, \$6,00@5.25; do choice Southern, \$5,50@5.65; do choice fourth, \$4,50@5.50; do common to good, \$6,00@5.25; do choice Southern, \$5,50@5.65; do choice fourth, \$4,00@5.50; do choice fourth, \$5,00@5.50; do choice fourth, \$6,00@5.50; do choice fourth, \$6,00@5.5

do common to good, \$15\$\$\text{glift}\$ 00 \text{\$\text{g}}\$ ton; ear straw, \$9\$\$\text{\$\text{60}\$}\$ of ton.

HIDES AND SKINS.—There has been considerable activity both here and in New York, with an advance of \$\frac{1}{2}\text{\$\text{g}\$}\$\$ is no mearly all foreign hides. We quote Calcutta cow.—Staughter, \$12\text{\$\text{\$\text{g}\$}\$}\$\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{g}\$}\$}\$\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{g}\$}\$}\$\$\text{\$\

(a) 37½ per shet; Liverpool, coarse, in bond; \$10 paid.

11½ \$2 had; Liverpool fine, bag, \$1 15@2 50, duty paid.

SALTPETRE.—The market has been quiet, wity, crude at 514@5½ \$2 h; nitrate of soda, \$2 25@2 2 h.

SUGAR.—The demand for raw sugar has been light and prices are easier. We quote:

Cut loaf and cubes, 7c; powdered, 65%c; granulated, 65%c; Fanuelli A, 6c; Pembroke A, 5%c; Cherokee A, 5%c; Huron A, 55%; Mohawk, ex C, 5½; ex C, 5%c; ex C3, 5%c; ex C3, 5%c; ex C3, 5%c; ex C3, 5%c; C4, 4%c.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Gunpowder, 20%45c # b; Imperial, 20%45c; Hyson, 14% 55c; Young Hyson, 18%35c; Twankay, 10%25c; Hyson Skin, 10%25c; Congou 18%5; Souchong, 18%55c; Oolong, 15%55c; Japans, 16%33.

TIN.—There has been no movement of importance in pig, but prices are easier. We quote straits at 18½4%18¾c # b in large lots, and at 10%19½c # b for small sales.

TIN PLATES.—We quote jobbing prices as follows: Charcoal, 1c, 10x14, at \$6 25@6 00; coke, 1C, 14x20, at \$4 37@5 25; charcoal terne, 1C, at \$5.55 5c; coke coke terne at \$4 75@6 # box.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, September 20.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Were firm and fairly active; sales, 18,000 barrels flour.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were at one flore slightly higher, but a selling movement later on caused a decline of ½c to ¾c; sales, 4,104,000 bush No 2 red; October, 87½6881½c; November, 88½6888¾c; December, 90½6291½c; on the spot and to arrive, sales, 260,000 bush. Of rye, 38,000 bush sold at 65@661½c for Western regular, and 63½c C. I. F. Oats opened steady; sales, 240,000 bush; No 2 mixed for September, 51½632c; Ottober, 31½632c; November, 32½6254c. Indian corn fatures were less active at an early advance of a fraction, which was followed by some depression; there was some disposition to realize; sales, 848.000 bush No 2 mixed; September, 6134662½c; October, 812½662½c; Novemoer, 59@60½c; Docember, 5134652½c; on the spot, sales, 72.000 bush. After chauge—Wheat weak; No 2 red, 80½ca allow: September, 63½c; October, 63½c; October, 81½c; November, 87½c; December, 51¾652. October, 81½c; November, 87½c; October, 31½c; November, 87½c; October, 31½c; November, 81½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; November, 31½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; November, 31½c; October, 31½c; November, 31½c; November SATURDAY, September 20.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET. GLOUCESTER. September 20-[For the week past.]-

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown or the week ending Friday, September 19 1884: Western cattle, 1455; Eastern cattle, 280; Northern, 170. Total, 2905. 12.442.
Swine, 17.950. Veals, 724. Horses, 275.
Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed
weight, ranged from \$4.50 to \$9.50.
PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

PRICES OF RIDES AND TALLOW.

PERSON HIDES AND TALLOW.

PERSON TWENTY TO THE TO THE TENT OF THE TENT OF

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

Scenes and Incidents of the Collapse of the Confederacy.

Disgraceful Flight of Rebel Officials-Indignation Against Jeff Davis.

The Capture of the Capital-Last Acts of a Fearful Drama;

[Murray in Washington Republican.] It was a sombre day, that April 1, 1865, for the Confederates, who had so long held the lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond, when the news was spread abroad that Sheridan had almost annihilated Pickett's division at Five Forks and had dispersed to the four winds of heaven Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. Although every man of average intelligence in Lee's army knew that it would be impossible much longer to hold the position then occupied, yet the news of the day before had been so encouraging that all hoped the evil day of evacuation and retreat had been postponed for a season, that an indefinite respite had been gained, for on the first day of Sheridan's attack, and before he had been reinforced by Warren's Fifth Corps, his cavalry had been utterly routed and driven back far beyond the lines, which up to that time they had occupied. But, when it was known that the victorious column of Sheridan was on the right flank and rear of the army, and moving swiftly to cut off the only line of commi (the south side road) with the other States of the Confederacy, we all thought that the time had come for us to undergo the campaign which General Lee had before that prefigured in a private onversation. "Why," said he, "if they should force us from here I would retreat to the mountains, and could there maintain a warfare for an Indefinite period." It was a gloomy day, Indeed, for the gallant band who had for four years upborne the blue-spangied saltire through a sea of fire and blood; and the next day, April 2, the final stroke fell, which put an end, for all time, to the theory of the disintegration of the Union and the independent government of the States south of the Potomac. On that day General Grant made his assault on the right wing of Lee's army, forced the earthworks, and, after severe fighting, put his troops in such a position as to compel Lee's retreat. The works immediately in front of Petersburg, between the Appomattox and the James river, and north of the James river, in front of and, were still held by the Confederates at the close of the day's fighting, but the right wing The Doom of the Confederate Capital

was already pronounced. The mystical hand-writing was already on the wall, so to speak. On this April 2, about 4 p. m., the battalion to which I belonged (First Virginia Battalion of Infantry), which was stationed about two miles north of Petersburg, on the Telegraph road, was ordered to go into that city and bring out the prisoners, etc., then confined in a large tobacco factory which had been used as a guard house during the siege. We entered the city by the Pocahontas bridge. The shells fairly rained rocanontas bridge. The snear fairly ramed upon the devoted city, and yet the inhabitants were at the doors and windows watching us pass—old men, women and children, even mothers with crowing babies in their arms—and when the men of the battahon ducked their heads as a shell passed over them closely, the women and children showed their amusement as if indeed they had seen something really funny. if indeed they had seen something really funny. This population, as far as fear of danger from shells was concerned, had become hardy veterans

from custom during the investment.

The battalion, with its charge of prisoners, Fedbefore sundown and regained its camp. Shortly after dark there was a sudden blaze of light in Petersburg, and it could be seen that the depots retersburg, and it could be seen that the depots, the factories and the government storehouses had been set on are simultaneously, and that combustibles had been added to make the destruction quick and sure. The Federal batteries, which for a time had been almost inactive, now burst forth in dreadful uproar, and the Confederates replied as fercely. It was a scene of grandeur such as few of a generation are privilezed to gaze upon. The billowing flames that rose high into the air, waving and spreading, seemingly as if the whole city was on fire, the network of dazzling light that crossed and recrossed the heavens, as the mortars and heavy guns beliched forth their deadly missiles, each one leaving a trail of fire in its path, and the explosion of powder and shells in the magazines, formed a panorama that was as aweinspiring as it was magnificently beautiful, and in consonance with the grandeur of the view was the deep and thundering diapason of the artillery. When gazing upon such a sight one's mind could hardly take in the thought that this spiendid exhibition of man's power was

Bringing Woe and Ruin to Thousands of happy homes.

Now on April 2 a lieutenant and twenty men of the company I commanded as lieutenant had been ordered to Richmond in charge of political prisoners. They were to have returned at 6 p. m., but did not. I sought permission to get m., but did not. I sought permission to get an engine and run up to Richmond and see after the boys—as I could go and return in this manner within three hours. Through the favor of the railroad officials, stimulated by a peremptory order of the provost marshal of the army, I got on an engine with steam up about 8 o'clock p. m., and requested the engineer "to let her go for all she was worth," and he did so. In less than an hour we were in Manchester, and here the scene baffles description.

and requested the engineer "to let her go for all she was worth," and he did so. In less than an hour we were in Manchester, and here the scene baffles description.

The people of this suburb of Richmond on the south side of the James river had been exceptionally prosperous during the war, because of the position of the town at the south end of Mayo's bridge. The heavy hand of war had scarcely touched them except to take away their young men nitherto, and they had only once during the four years of war had a scare, when General Boum Butler made his fantastic promenade toward them, and was promptly bottled up at Bermuda Hundreds by Beauregard before he had gotten within ten miles of the town. But now the devil was let loose in their very midst. Such a frantic population is seldom witnessed except in countries where earthquakes are prevalent. The streets were crowded with people-old men, women and children—on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles, dragging their most cherished household goods along witn them, flying from they knew not what, and going they knew not where. The panic was fearful to witness, and the engineer was compelled to slow his locomotive to a walk, as it were. Arriving at the south end of Mayo's bridge we found it blocked by a steady stream of fugitives, so that it was seen it would be impossible to run the engine into Richmond. Looking accross the river, except for the network of cannon fire, the scene above attempted to be described at Petersburg was duplicated. The whole of Richmond seemed to be in flames, and the hoarse roar that assailed our ears from our ill-tated city sounded as if it were the accumulated.

Beath Groans of the Miserable Inhabitants. There was but one way for me to cross the river, and that was by boat. Directing the engineer to wait three hours with steam up, I "sloshed" around, and was fortunate enough to get a man to row me across. Through a furious mob of all ages, sexes and colors, who were engaged in rifling the commissariat buildings and the private to the provost marshal's office. Here I found that It was useless to seek my men, as they were under General Custis Lee's orders, by command of the president, who had directed that every officer and man then in Rich-mond should be detailed for the special duty of guarding the streets of the city. I made my way back to the river as soon as possible, and it was pitiful to see the anxious and haggared faces of e non-combatant population as they appeared at windows, fully expecting that their city would be razed to the ground (for so it had been threatened by the "last ditch" and "war-to-the-knife" partisans) as thoroughly as was Jerusalem by Titus, when literally one stone was not left upon another. After, with much difficulty, forcing my way through a ravenous mob, who were plundering the commissary stores on the dock in the midst of blazing buildings and firebrands hurled about by the strong wind then prevailing, and which injured many of these starving creatures, I reached my boat, recrossed the river, regained the engine, and about midnight was very glad to reach my bunk in the camp on the Telegraph road. But the news that I brought stimulated to instant action the captain of the battalion, O. C. Henderson, and he at once gave orders for the men to take three days' rations and sleep upon their arms.

Now, to conclude this article, I am compelled to rely on hearsay, and the following is the result: About 11 o'clock of Sunday morning, the 2d of April, a messenger was sent by General Lee to President Jeff Davis declaring that he could hold his position no longer, but that he must retreat. This message was given to Mr. Davis while he was sitting beside his wife in his church pew. He immediately went in the middle of the sermon from the building, and speculations were rife among the crowded congregation as to what this despatch was important and

All Prayers and Hopes

were then dependent upon the conflict which the whole congregation knew was raging. They hastily dispersed for their homes when the presi-

mond at least was lost to the South, and that the conflict, if maintained hereafter, must be maintained in the wildly mountainous parts of North

conflict, if maintained hereafter, must be maintained in the wildly mountainous parts of North Carolina.

It is a settled fact, well known to all readers of history, that Jeff Davis and the gang he had about him seized upon the engines and cars which General Lee destined to meet him with provisions at Amelia Court House on the retreat, and thereby broke down his regiments. Instead of acting as dignified officials, men and women, official and otherwise, crowded the trains and passed Sheridan before he had an opportunity to block the railroad, but while they blocked the railroads they effectually starved to death the men who were waiting for something to eat and ready to fight at Amelia Court House. I recollect that here we blew up twenty caissons of artillery because we had not forage for the horses, and I remember well, moreover, that the men generally swore an oath "as deep as hell" that if ever they could catch Jeff Davis he would feed the ravens of the air at the end of a noose.

About 10 o'ciock on the morning of April 3, a horseman, bearing a flag and followed by a large squad of cavalry galloped rapidly up Main street from the direction of the Williamsburg road, and halting only in the suburbs of the city sufficient time to ask the route to the State Capitol building, he with his followers rushed to that building, and in a few minutes the stars and stripes were floating from the flagstaff on the south of the Capitol. In a short time other Federal regiments followed, and their commanders (conspicuous among them General Godfrey Weitzel) set to work to stay the flames that were raging and to quell the furious mob, which had seized upon the best portions of the city for plunder. Within twenty-four hours the flames were subdued and the mob dispersed, and the captors of the city were distributing government rations to the starving inhabitants.

In the meantime the remnant of the Confederate

In the meantime the remnant of the Confederate army was striking feeble blows right and left, to be utterly overpowered at Appomattox Court House.

WINTER IN MANITOBA.

Homely Details Which Best Illustrate the Extreme Rigor and Severity of Wintry Weather in the Northwest.

[Harper's Bazar.]
The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep from November to April. I tried to wear boots last November, and one of my feet froze. Moccasins, made by Indians, of moose-skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. For travelling on foot, snowshoes are best. Mittens supersede gloves during the winter, as, if

the fingers are separated, they generally freeze. We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense that when melted snow-water was poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink. it froze so hard whilst being carried a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short visit to the stock-yard with his nose frozen; indeed, it is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is not best to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or, better still, with parafine oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost its ears in the same way.

I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove-pipe and two leet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze it left for half an hour in a room without a fire. I once left a pitcher full of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning, on trying to move it, the pitcher fell to pieces and left the milk standing solid in its place. We could buy frozen milk by the pound, frozen so intensely that when I put a lump of the in a tin into the oven, or on the top of the stove, the first part that melted would burn to the tin before the rest of it had thawed. I managed to melt it by first chopping the ice-milk into very small pleces. Clothes which had been washed froze before I could haug them on the line to dry. I used to leave them out two or three nights for the snow and frost to bleach, and they always needed thawing and drying again when they were brought indoors. Even after being damped and folded they would freeze together, and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket-handkerchief the lower part would freeze together, and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket-handkerchief I was surprised when I first found the mustard

been froning the top of a pocket-handkerchief the lower part would freeze to the table, which was close by a roaring wood fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work. Such stories must sound almost incredible, ex-cept to those who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most se-vere weather. A bearded Englishman who stayed were weather. A bearded Englishman who stayed with us last winter was often forced when he came indoors to thaw the icicles from his moustache, which froze to his beard and hindered him from talking to us. A pall of water left in the kitchen all night would freeze solid to the bottom before morning. This happened every time one was left for two months.

In such a climate every one who can afford it is

In such a climate every one who can afford it is dressed in fur. The Winnipeg policemen all dress in buffalo coats down to their beels in winter. The keenest wind cannot pierce them.

Winter is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Fart of my description applies only to its colder haif. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity—for you live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes were frozen for the same period. This sounds almost unbearably tedious to English ears; and one's eyes grow very weary of the bare, blank whiteness, and long for something green to look at; yet the bright, clean, still frosts, with brilliant sunshine, glorious skies and moonlit, aurora-colored nights have great compensations of their own.

A MQDERN BURNING BUSH. Wonderful Luminous Properties Possessed by a Southern Shrub.

[Tuscarora (Fla.) Times-Star. There is a remarkable tree or shrub in a small gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree. But its remarkable characteristic is its foliage, which at a certain season of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to

It emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print.

Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat in size, shape and color those of the aromatic bay tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, and consists of a gummy substance which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears.

The Indians regard it with superstition and will not approach it even in the davlight if they can possibly avoid it. They have a name for it, which iterally interpreted signifies "witch tree." An old Shoshone informed the writer that there were only two others in the entire country, but the closest questioning failed to chicit the slightest information in regard to their localities. He would only shake his head gravely and ejaculate: "Bad medicine."

["Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway."]
A lady and gentleman were traveling alone in an English railway carriage. Presently the man asked the lady if she would oblige him by rising and turning her face to the window, as he wished to make some clanges in his wearing apparel. She complied. After a moment he said, She complied. After a moment he said, "Now, madam, you may resume your seat." But what was his astom-hment at finding that the supposed lady had also made some little changes in her attire, and was, in short, transformed into a man, as he himself was changed into a lady. A laugh ensued, and the man who had first spoken said to his companion: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank." "And I," said the whitom lady, as he dexterously fastened a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of his interlocutor, "I am Detective J. of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days. Now," drawing a revolver, "keep stili."

Both of Them.

[Temple Bar.] Diners-out! are jealous of one another. Mr. Hayward was in the same way scandalously attacked, and figures as Venom Tuft in Mr. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Now. Mr. Warren was himself not exempt from the charge of liking great people. There is a bar story told of him, that once when sitting in court by the side of a brother barrister, he said to him: "I must go now, Davison, as I am going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst." "So am I," said Davison. Warren looked disconcerted, but went out of court, and quickly came in again, and said to Davison: "When I said I was going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, I was joking." "Well," said Davison "so was I!"

Just a Bit of Human Nature.

[Harper's Bazar.]
A young lady was complaining to her pastor that she had no influence with her Sunday school class; all her labor had been in vain.
"Why, what would you do," said he, "if you had

been preaching Sunday after Sunday for a dozen years at a row of hardened old sinners, and laborthole congregation knew was raging. They astily dispersed for their homes when the president and his wife went and for they felt that Rich they would be lost."

They are the counter which the ing and praying for their salvation all that time in vain?"

"Why," was the reply, "I should begin to hope they would be lost."

SEA-MYTHS.

Sirens, Tritons, Dolphins and "Fathers of the Fair."

Knights, Monks and Bishops of the Ocean -Marine Lious, Panthers and Rams.

Krakens and Devil-Fish-A Whale Three Days Long.

Sea-myths are in such profusion and variety, says a writer in Golden Days, as even to make Old Father Barbel, sometime fisherman and afterward fish, of "Grimm's Goblins" notoriety, stare with as great wonder as when he saw his mortal enemy, the King of the Pikes, in company with the Witch of the Waters; for even in our prosaic age we have only just got over the belief in "mermaids," and have still to undergo sea-serpent stories, periodically recurring, some apparently as fabulous as the sea-gods of classic lore.

The wondrous Grecian mythology owes net a little of its wealth and beauty, to the great deep over which Neptune - the Greek Poseidon, gatherer of the clouds, guardian of the winds and lord and tamer of the horse-presides.

In his train the Tritous-men from the waist upward, below half horse, half fish-came from their golden palaces in the lowest depths of the sea, and rode on the billows, blowing their sheils to calm the raging of the angry ocean. The famed Venus—the Greek Aphrodite, born of the sea-foam; the god-like shepherds Proteus,

Nereus and Glaucus, who attended Neptune's aquatic flocks; and the Nereldes, young and beautiful nymphs, who resided "rull fatnom five" in caves and grottoes of the ocean all adorned with shells and branches of the vine, and all undergoing

"A Sea-Change Into Something Rich and Strange."

These are some of the most notable mythical inhabitants of the world of waters.

The Nereides, rising to the surface of the waves, ode on dolphins' backs, trident in hand or garlanded with flowers; and the Sirens, fatal three, who "spread o'er the silver waves their golden hair." basked near sunlit rocks and lured all men to their ruin, save only the crafty Ulysses, by

Christopher Columbus, sailing by the coast of St. Domingo, met three sirens, but these must have been another set, for the "only original" sisters incontinently drowned themselves upon their failure to entrap the Greeian hero,

The Dolphins, whose eyes were in their blade bones, who fed their young at the breast, dug graves and followed their dead in mournful proession, were "the arrows of the sea," and the great carriers of ancient times.

Not only did they bear the fifty daughters of Nereus safely on their backs, but Arion, the sweet singer, when forced to leap into the sea to escape the sailors who would have murdered him, had previously so charmed the dolphins by his playing that they congregated around the ship, and one of them bore Arion in safety to Tænarus, while the musician.

With harmonious strains,
Requites his bearer for his friendly pains.
When the guilty sailors subsequently reach the land, their perfidy having been explained to King Periander, that monarch orders their execution. Pliny's Story of the Dolphin That Carried a

of Baie every morning across to Puteoli to school and back again at night. seems equally apocryphal with the preceding. The youth is said to have rewarded the fish with a liberal supply of bread; and here the dolphin's real character seems to be hit, for he has not any carrying powers in our day, nor any taste for music, whilst his affection for man is unmistakably "cubboard love."

The poets and the story-tellers, however, have

laid hold of the pretty idea, and the fraudulent cetacean has been credited with kindly feeling from Arion to Said—the nero of the "magic whis--who dines pleasantly en route upon a dolphin's back.

All ages have contributed some legendary denizens to the sea—the mythical Chilon, with a man's head; the Balena and Phoca, cruel to their mates, and the Dies, an ephemeral fish, whose two legs and wings only sufficed to carry his little life for a day's snan.

for a day's span.
All countries, too, have invented some fairy-like tory of the waters. The Finnish Nakki play heir silver harps o' nights; the Water Imp, or Nixey, of Germany, sings and dances on land with mortals, and the "Davy" (deva), whose locker" is at the bottom of the deep blue sea, are all poetical conceptions.

The same may be said of the Merminne of the Netherlands, the White Lady of Scotland and the Silver Swan of the German legend, that drew the Ship in which the knight

Lohengrin Departed, Never to Return. Then there are the Swan Maidens, the Upsaras of the Vedas. Sridatta, falling in the Ganges, be-

came enamored of one of these beautiful beings, and accompanied her to a wonderful land beneath The amphibious "Fathers of the Fair," believed in by the Egyptians, should also be named, who at times walk the earth in joy; but eventually im-

pelled by some strange force, return to their dim-

lit ocean homes.

A Northern sea-legend is that of Rosmer, an aquatic giant, who carries off a Danish maiden. Her brother follows into the sea, and is taken prisoner and detained; but, getting into favor, the giant orders his release. The brother bids adieu giant orders his release. The brother bids adieu to his sister and to the giant before his return to land, and is presented by the latter with a large box filled with pearls and other sea-gems.

The leviathan even carries the box on shore for the young man, but being dull-witted, as giants mostly are, he is tricked by the lady of his love, who has previously substituted herself for the former less precious freight of the box, and so escapes.

escapes.

Ælian gives to the waters of Ceylon fish having the heads of ilons, panthers and rams, and ecta-ceans in the form of satyrs; and Holland has sea-kinghts and bishops, one of the former, caught, in 1305, near Dockum, being fair and in suit of armor. This marvel died three weeks afterward. A little more than a hundred years later (1433)

Another Sea-Bishop Was Captured in the Baltic, and sent as a present to the King of Holland; but it so moved the monarch's compassion by its inconsolable grief that he returned it to its native element.

great leap for joy, and then took a "header" into it. We are not told so, but no doubt the "bishop" went on swimmingly after this! Perhaps, after all, the whole story is only "meant sarkastic," as Artemus Ward used to say, showing how a prelate's heart might very prop-

It is said that at the sight of the water it gave a

erly quicken its action at the sight of a see in the distance! Whether this be so or not, Rondelet, in a work published in 155%, gives a singular picture of a sea-man clothed by nature in the garb of a bishop, and the accompanying portrait of this very queer fish, taken from Francisci Boussueti, will give an idea of a strange mediæval supersti-

Again, the sea-monk is no stranger to either Again, the sea-monk is no stranger to either ancient or modern literature.

Rondelet's book has an engraving of one with an ugly face and baid head, a cowl on his shoulders, fins instead of arms, and his "continuations" a double-fluked tail.

Boussueti's picture of the sea-monk is a little more flattering so far as the face goes. The fins remain, and the tail, though discreetly hidden by a garment, is evidently of the same character as that mentioned above.

To prevent misconception, we have presented the real against this

Too Highly-Idealized Fish.

The real obtains the name of monk-fish from its rounded head, seemingly enveloped in a cowl, but is also known as an angel-fish, from the resemblance of its expanded pectorals to wings, or fiddle-fish, from its general shape. Sometimes, being an intermediate between the sharks and rays, it is called shark-ray. The "lordly lion" of the deep, too, as pictured

by Boussueti, is a much more intelligent being, if e may judge by his looks, than his modern prote type, the walrus; while the beaver, according to the same authority, has little in keeping with the

the same authority, has little in keeping with the latter specimens of that amphibious animal, though it has apparently great force of character, and, if needs be, could "come up to the scratch" with aomirable effect.

Sea-horses, krake or hafgufa of the Norway fishermen, bore little kinship to the beautiful hippocampus brevirostris of our modern aquaria—those esseous fishes, with prehensile tails and prominent eyes, that move independently of each other. The gigantic kraken, or krabben—the mountain-fish!" of the ancient Norsemen—is, we are constrained to believe, mythicai. Pliny says one existed in the great ocean Arbus, with feet so large that the Straits of Gibraltar being too shallow for the monster they prevented its entrance into the Mediterranean.

Pontoppidian, the Scandinavian bishop of Bergen, gives an account of the kraken, which he says the seafcaring class call soe-draulen, soetrolden, or "sea-mischiel"; as they have been named soe-horven, and Anker-troid, by the super-

stitious Norwegian fishermen. "One of these creatures," the bishop writes, "Bragged Down a Ship Beneath the

Waters With Its Huge Arms!" Let us hope some other of the contributions to natural history of this worthy man, who died, chancellor of Denmark, in 1764, are more reliable than this one, and that in other cases he de pended less upon hearsay for his facts.

Old stories of the kraken represent that its back covers a mile and a half of sea, which, if by any possibility it could be true, must have been awkward for ships when it "got its back up," and no less unpleasant when it went down into the waters; a maeistrom, or a Welsh river in a flood, being nothing to the commotion it might be ex

being nothing to the commotion it might be expected to create.

The stories say, also, that the tangled seaweed on the mouster's back has led sailors to imagine it an island, and that they have even landed and fished in the hollows of the creature's back, where pools of water lay, and where the smaller "iry" had been imprisoned, and, as it were, land-locked, as he came to the surface. After the seamen have angled to their hearts' content, they light a fire to cook their take, and suddenly find themselves struggling in the ocean, when, coming out of his succept, the kraken dives to avoid the heat.

Augustus of Bergen collected the Scandinavian accounts of the kraken, and came nearer to the truth, doubtless, by stating the existence of a gigantic polypus inhabiting Neptune's realms.

Pennat mentions that he had heard on good authority that the sepla, or cuttle-fish of the Indian seas, sometimes measures two fathoms across the body, and that

The Arms Are Each Nine Fathoms Long.

The Arms Are Each Nine Fathoms Long The natives are always provided with hatchets, to cut off the arms when flung over a boat; and they call the octopi the "man-suckers." name is incorrect, however, as they do not suck their victims; but their cold and entangling em brace must be very terrible, and they have been known to attack divers and persons bathing.

The body is an oval sack, round which are ranged eight or ten long and strong arms or feelers, each covered with a double row of small, cup-shaped suckers, from which the air can be exhausted when it fixes upon any object. This it does with the tenacity of a bull-dog. It has a round head, with large eyes and a parrot-like

round head, with large eyes and a parrot-like beak.

In tropical America a very large octopus, or poulpe—the mythological "devil-fish" of the French, introduced by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea"—is found.

One thrown asnore dead at Nassau, Bahamas, weighed 250 pounds; it was ten feet long, and the arms each five feet. On the coast of Brazil they are also said to be large and dangerous. May not such monsters have given rise to the imaginary kraken, and have grown—as travellers' stories are said to do—to undue proportions?

Professor Steenstrup considers that the probable original of the kraken is the squid, and he has collected many accounts of gigantic specimens of this fish taken near the coasts of Northern Europe from 1549 to the present time. One was found floating dead on the Newfoundland banks in 1872; it was fifteen feet long, and its arms nine feet.

Whales Have Been Admitted Into the Realm of the Marvellous.

The Jewish work, "Bara Bathra," tells of a shir that sailed three days over a whale before it got from the head to its opposite extremity; and an ancient Chinese book, the Tsi-hiai, mentions the whale Pheg, which beats 500 miles of sea into foam when it moves. As Polonius says, this is "very like a whale," indeed!

The old notion, foundly cherished for a long time, f creatures of the sea, half human, half fish, may

Some shepherd of the Hebride Isles Placed far amid the melancholy main but it is no longer tenable by ordinary beings of The merman with tails—not after the Darwinian heory pattern—and those "sweet water-wagtails," he mermaids, have been usually credited with having only one caudal appendage; but in the Basle edition of "Ptolemy's Geography" (1540) there is a picture of a double-tailed one "flopping" about in the sea. This may have been the exuberant fancy of the artist, or possibly he may have "seen double" on the occasion.

WITCH FINDING IN INDIA. The Ordeal by Water Universally Practised Among the Barbarous Tribes of Central

India. [Lyell's Asiatic Studies.] The ordeal by water is universal among the barbarous non-Aryan tribes of Central India, from the Bheels of the west country to the wild men in the almost unexplored jungles of Buster and the far east, toward the Bay of Bengal. Here is a description of one water test, taken a few years ago from the mouth of an expert witch-finder among the Bheels, who got into a scrape for applying it to an old woman: "A bamboo is stuck up in the middle of any piece of water. The accused is taken to it, lays hold of it, and by it descends to the bottom. In the meantime one of the villagers shoots an arrow from his bow, and another runs to able to remain under water until this is done she is declared innocent, but if she comes up to breathe before the arrow is returned into the bowbreathe before the arrow is returned into the bowmau's hand she is a true witch and must be swung
as such." In the case from which this account is
taken the woman failed in the test, and was
consequently swung to and fro, roped up to a
tree, with a bandage of red pepper on her eyes;
but it is obvious that this kind of ordeal, like
almost all primitive ordeals, is contrived so as to
depend for its effect much upon the manner in
which it is conducted, whereby the operator's
fayor becomes worth gaining. A skillful archer
will shoot just as far as he chooses. Ordeal by
water is the question ordinary, which may probably be construed as an inquiry whether the
water fetish or water spirit will accept or
reject the witch, whether he is on her side
or against her; and this seems the best general
explanation of a world-wide custom. Another
ordeal is by beat, as, for instance, the picking of a
coin out of burning oil. But the question extraordinary is by swinging on a sacred tree, or by ordeal is by beat, as, for instance, the picking of a coin out of burning oil. But the question extraordinary is by swinging on a sacred tree, or by florging with switches of a particular wood, Swinging before an idol, with a hook through the muscles of the back, is the well-known rite by which a Hindoo devotes hinself to the god, and flogging with rods from a sacred tree manifestly adds superhuman virtue to the ordinary effect of a vigorous laying on. In 1865 a woman suspected of bringing cholera into the village was deliberately beaten to death with rods of the castor-oil tree, which is excellent for purging witcheraft. It is usual also to knock out the front teeth of a notorious witch; the practice appears to be connected with the belief, well known in all countries, that witches assume animal shapes, for in India they are supposed occasionally to transform themselves into wild beasts, a superstition analogous to our European lycanibropy. A good many years ago there was an old man practising as a physician near Sringer, in the Himalayas, who was notorious as a sorcerer, insomuch that his reputation of having devoured many persons under the form of a tiger cost him most of his teeth, which were extracted by the rajah who then held that country, so as to render him less formidable during his constant metamorphoses. Shaving the heads of female witches is very common among the tribes much infested by sorcerers; it is employed as an antidote, not merely as a degrading punishment, so that one is tempted to trace its origin to some recondite notion of power residing in the hair; and thus even back toward Samson, to Circe, with the beautiful locks, and to the familiar devils of early Christian times, who are said to have a peculiar attachment for women with fine tresses.

Odd Habits and Customs Which Are Exactly the Opposite of Our Own.

[Tangiers Letter in Pittsburg Chronicle.]
Absolutely barbaric in their habits, the 5,000, 000 or 6,000,000 of inhabittants-a census was never taken-cannot be said, however, to be entirely deprived of a certain kind of civilization. But this civilization is diametrically opposed to But this civilization is diametrically opposed to our own. I will quote but a few instances in daily life. To honor a person the European arises and removes his hat; the Mussulman remains seated with his head covered. When entering a piace of worship or a house, instead of removing his hat, the Mussulman takes off his shoes and leaves them outside the door. We consider the right side as the place of honor, the Moor the left. When inviting a triend to enter his house, the Moor steps in first and lets his guest follow him. Kissing the hand is a sign of respect with us; the Moor when saluting kisses his own hand. It would not be very dignified for a European king to carry an open umbrella when in kingly attire; in Morocco the umbrella is the emblem of imperial majesty, and no one else is permitted to carry one. We take our meals by daylight and sleep at night; in the month of the Rhamadam, the great religious and social festival of the Mahometans, they partake not of a drop of water or a morsel of food in daylight. They take their meals at night and spend the nighthal extravagant feasts and orgies. We undress for our night's rest; the Mahometans sleeps in his daily dress. His day of rest is Friday instead of Sunday. We write from the left to the right; he writes from right to left. We begin to read a book on the first page; his first page is our last. In short, I believe these two civilizations have actually nothing in common. our own. I will quote but a few instances in

What a Bather Can Do in Salt Lake.

[Salt Lake Herald.]

A bather can lie on the surface of the water of the Great Sait Lake without exertion; or, by pass-ing a towel under his knees and holding the two ends, he can remain in any depth of water kneeling, with the head and shoulders out of water; or by shifting it under the soles of the feet, he can st on the water. The one exertion, in fact, is to keep one's palance; none whatever is required to keep afloat. The only danger, therefore, arises from enoking by accidentally swallowing some of the water, for the strength of the brine is so intense that the muscles of the throat are convulsed, and strangulation ensues. CATS OF A COUNTESS.

The Solace of a Lonely Woman's Saddened Life.

Strange Affection of the Countess de la Torre for All Friendless Felines.

Her Experiences Among Her Pets-A Queer Cat Hospital.

[Pall Mall Budget.]

We are accustomed to smile at facetious remarks concerning the "Countess and Her Cats." The countess may be eccentric; she is certainly not mad, any more than Mrs. Weldon. What ap pears here is the result of a visit paid to her by one of our representatives. I pulled the bell at 38 Pembroke square, but it offered no resistance and nade no sound. I knocked with my knuckles, but there was no answer. The lower sitting-roou seemed to be empty, and the house, above and be low, gave no sign of life. The door was evidently new, and had received a first coat of red paint. It was without a knocker or a handle, or a number. I was beginning to think that I had come to the wrong house when a boy who was playing in the square cried out: "Look out! she's coming!" and I heard steps, and, after some unbarring of bolts, the door was cautiously opened. "The Countess de la Torre?" "I am the countess. Come in." The door was carefully closed behind me, and I found myself in the nar row passage, which would be called a hall by courtesy, half lighted by a long window opening on to the staircase. What little space there was was blocked with dishes, bottles and bundles of newspapers. I followed the countess into the sitting-room. She seated herself in a low chair near the window, guarded by wooden shutters drawn close together for protection from stray stones and iron, which some times came crashing through. She motioned me to a low oak chair, the only remnant of luxury in the room. The floor was carpetless. In one cor ner was a small heap of blankets; at my feet was a small open hamper hair filled with straw, the bed of one of her cats. Between us stood a deal box, which might be used as a table, but was occupied by various cats during my sitting of two hours. By her side was another box filled to overflowing with letters and papers, to which she constantly referred. The wall was papered. The mantelpiece was littered with an indescribable mass of odds and ends, a few empty shelves were fixed in one corner, and that was all. Through the open folding doors I, saw another room containing a plain iron bed with a few bedclothes, the only piece of furniture, unless one counted boxes and jugs and plates of red disinfecting powder. That, I presume, was the bedroom. In her chair by the window, in that bare room, Surrounded by Mer Cats in Council

sat the countess, her face in the shade. She is ap parently about 45 years old, with pale, intellectual face furrowed by much trouble, a broad, high forehead, from which her dark gray hair is brushed away. Her face lightens up when excited, and the wildness of her brown eye softens down when her cats jump up to her lap. A gray knitted shawl was fastened round her neck and fell to her waist, where it was joined by a well-worn cotton dress. "Perhaps," she began, "I inherited my fondness for ania well-worn cotton dress. "Perhaps," she began, "I inherited my fondness for animals from my father. He had a passion for cats. Whenever I take a poor, starved creature in I think of my father, and fancy that I am paying a tribute to his memory. I have no other tie in the world but my cats, no one to care for, no one who cares for me." The countess was born in the purple. Her father was Italian and her mother a Scotchwoman, but she herself is cosmopolitan, and speaks fluently English, German, Italian and French. The united fortunes of herself and her husband made a most handsome income, but much of it was gambled away, and the countess has lavished her own share with a free hand. Garibaldi was indebted to her for large sums of money, and that the countess, who has paid so much for the cause of Italian freedom, should be reduced to her present extremities, should serve as a warning to Intending patriots; for, alas! she has not found the gratitude which she expected. "I have spent gold enough to fill all this room—aye, and more—to benefit my fellow-beings. They have proved to be ingrates. My charity has been abused. Animals are more grateful than my fellows. I now devote my small means to the cause of suffering cats and dogs and dumb creatures." The countess, it may be added, besides devoting much of hervarge i ortune to the cause of Italian freedom, took charge of one of the hospitals durfreedom, took charge of one of the hospitals dur-ing the war, and when in charge of the ambulance was twice wounded. Her sobriquet was the Ital was twice wounded. Her sobriquet was the Italian Nightingale, in allusion, not to her powers of singing, but of nursing. In 1870 she was busy again at Versailles nursing the German wounded. "I come of a military family. I shall stick to my post. At present I am in a state of stege. I am ordered to abate the nuisance, and daily I am subject to a fine of ten suillings a day until I do so. I keep my doors locked so that my enemies shall not enter if I can help it. Will, oh! will the law allow them to come and kill my cats?" And here there was a flood of tears. The little boys and girls—wicked urchins!—who deserve to be devoured by bears, like the rogues who mocked at the prophet, cry at her: "Holl hoh!

Mother of Dogs and Cats! Thou shouldst be burned, thou wicked one! Harborer of unclean animais, thou shouldst be

Middle Ages? Will they duck me, or will the ordeal be by fire?" An animal smell pervaded the house, but without I did not detect anything unusual. However one might regard the countess as a next-door neighbor, it is ridiculous to say that her establishment is a nuisance to the whole square. Since the decision of the magistrate on Saturday, poison has made sad havoc with the cats. The countess burst into tears as she told of the death of her red cat "Ruby," of the tabby Manx "Rosie," of the decease of "Jumbo," of "Bella," and another whose name escaped me. Post-mortems have revealed the strychnine. How have they come by their death? Is it the neighbors? For, strange to say, after the appeal case, which went against the countess, poison carried off two of the collection, "Bob" and "Corby," who are now at rest. "I would not have sold thear for £100 apiece," solbed the countess, crying bitterly. "How can they inflict this agony upon use? My cats are all I have to care for in the whole world. My left-hand neighbor does not complain; it is the people on my right who are persecuting me. Ask the postman or the policemen whether my house smells strongly enough to be a nuisance. Why, my windows, are always open; my cats are never allowed to go out at night, so that there may be no noise. Every morning at daylight I put on my dressing-gown and let them out. As for the smell, why, my windows are open all day long, with a draught of fresh air constantly ventilating the house, and nishes of carbolic powder in every room. Does the Law of England say how many cats or how many dogs I shall keep? No. Why, the pigeons in the square have damaged my roof, but I have said nothing about it. Then why shouldn't I be allowed to have my cats in peace. There are seventy houses round about me; every house has its cat, I dare say, and those seventy are actually allowed to do as they list at night, whilst my poor pets are put under lock and key to preserve the peace."

The countess then led the way down the steps. neighbor, it is ridiculous to say that her establish-

pets are put under lock and key to preserve the peace."

The countess then led the way down the steps on to the kitchen floor, down a passage which took as to the area. "Here are my dead pets," she cried, as she pulled open the door of the coalceliar. On the top of an empty hamper lay two fine black-and-write cats, rigid with the coids of a violent death. These were lifted up, and beneath the hamper were three more fine cats also dead, apparently from strychnine. With careful step I then went that the strip of garden, a little wilderness with one or two trees, the grass long and uncated for and the beds choked up with weeds, low party walls separating it from the garden on each party walls separating it from the garden on each

barked a welcome, and one or two cats appeared andfollowed us with every mark of affection. "Ah! said the countess with a shrick, "there is some thing wrong with this poor cat," lifting it up, we went into the dark kitchen, in which it is easy to picture the countess, brooding over the ingratitude of the men and women whom she has be-triended and thinking of the treasure that has been thrown so recklessly and so fruitlessly away. seated in a broken-backed chair, with a few embers burning; in the grate and a half-penny candle stuck in the neck of a bottle. "Let us go up.stairs," said the countess, and mounting the narrow, bare steps, followed by half a dozen cats, we entered a room overlooking the square, one window being open, the other closed, with the shutters fastened across. This room is the nursery. An old sideboard stood in the iniddle, on which was a waste-paper basket filled with litter, where reclined a big gray cat. A small, low chair, such as passengers use at sea, covered with a bit of sheepskin, stood by the open window. Before the fireplace were the cradies ranged round. On a torn and battered sofa were half a dozen little baskets for the reception-of the mothers and their offspring. The room, like all the others in the house, had a poverty-stricken air, being altogether given up to the animals. Close against the walls were jugs and palls of water, plates full of the red disinfectant powder, dirty glasses and an old basket or two. seated in a broken-backed chair, with a few

eight or ten stray ones, three dogs and a few pupples. Do not think that I go to look for them; no, no; they come to me. There is a poor little kitten who came mewing to my door last night; I no, no; they come to me. There is a poor little kitten who came mewing to my door last night; I must give it shelter. Sometimes I have more, sometimes I have less; it is all the same to me. Letters often come asking me to take charge of a cat whose mistress is going to India, or to some far-off country. Will you take my cat, countess, and care for it?" they write. I take it, of course, and when my house gets too full I try to provide homes elsewhere for the poor creatures. Look at Bijou," stroking a pretty cat sitting beside me, purring most contentedly. "He was brought to me a few weeks ago by a poor girl, a seamstress, whose garretful of furniture had been sold for a cebt. She came to me sobbing as if her heart would break and besought me to take the poor fellow. Bijou came, and you ask about the existence of affection in a cat. Why, for many hours he never moved from one position, and refused all food: At last he settled down, but the other day his mistress came here and the cat and ea great spring to her lap, kissing her face and eviheling the greatest joy at her appearance. Some day she will take him away again, poor girl! There is a cat which a lady who has sailed for India sent to me. I had to pay three shillings for its carriage from Brighton," added the countess with an odd smile.

SUFFRAGE FOR THE FAIR.

Adequate Reasons Why the Perplexing Subject Should Not Henceforth Rack

the Female Mind, [Rill Nye in Puck.]
Fair one, in whose eyes the light of hope and youth and joy I see, you ask what I think of female suffrage, and you desire to know how it works in the far West, where it has been tried. I answer that it works all right enough, but it doesn't tear up the political greensward and purify the ballot as you might think it would. If you will come here, however, and sit near me, and look up into my deep, earnest, violet eyes, while the other people are engaged in discussing our young man and our boy-while the great world, too, has its eye on everything else, except the gentle gazelle with the tall, pointed hat, who is to be the mother of future congressmen, it will be a good

Female suffrage isn't what we need to raise the price of wheat so much as some other things. In this land of the brave and home of the free, me own native land, if you please, each name repre-sents the labors, the trials and victories of a life

America permits every infant born under the star-spangled banner—long may it wave—to begin the work of making himself or herself, as the case may be, something or nothing. Is it not true, Ethel? Blood and lineage high don't count much here, Ethel. I'd rather have good, vigorous, plebeian blood in America, Ethel, than to have royal blood with trichinæ in it. With a pure heart and a liver that will not shirk any responsibility, we may accomplish much. So it is not, after all, the pedigree or the prerogative which is to make Rome howl, fair maid.

There are men in this great land, Ethel, who swing their hats and howl and get drunk and vote who do not know so much all their lives as you forget when you are asleep. So, it's not a ques-America permits every infant born under the

forget when you are asleep. So, it's not a question of qualification, you see, but—let us step into the conservatory a moment while I murmur into your ear a thought which came to me several years ago. Which would you prefer, Ethel—to run the government?

I see by the tell tale color, that comes and goes

the government?
I see by the tell-tale color that comes and goes in your cheek, and by the manner in which you struggle to swallow your fan, that you twig.
Mind you, I do not say that the object of a joyous being like yourself should be to marry a man and run him; but I say this without fear of successful contradiction, that the overwhelming percentage of my own sex enters the marriage state during life. Continuing the argument from this premise, I am led to say, and still without fear of successful contradiction, that in each case, where successful contradiction, that in each case, where I have looked up the data, I have found that these

men have married one of your sex.

This leads me to say that while marriage may not be an object toward which we should struggle, it is a condition of things which is certainly alarm-And that is why I said that female suffrage need

And that is why I said that female suffrage need not rack your gentle mind. Let that job out. Be the natural, noble, unreasonable, irresistible, hilarious, cheerful, conforting, sunny package of strawberry-and-cream contradictions that you are now, only try to be sensible and useful, and you will be solid with the masses. Ethel; you will be solid with the masses.

So live that when thy summons comes to join the matrimonial caravan that moves toward the connubial goal, thou go not like the half-paid hired man, bugging potatoes; but, sustained and soothed by common sense, approach by doom like one who wraps the celiar-door about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

A SWIM FOR LIFE. How a Lovely South Sea Maiden Succeeded

in Eluding Her Fierce Pursuers.

[Pall Mall Gazette.] Life in the South Sea islands is sometimes made interesting by queer incidents, such as that related by an "old trader" between Queensland and some of the Polynesian groups, "In a few inrunning away from enemies. This is not common, but I remember one case. Two boats were lying off an island in the usual way, the first close by the beach with the 'cover boat' a little way behind the beach with the 'cover boat' a little way behind it, when a beautiful young woman plunged off a point of rock into the surf, and, after diving under the heavy breakers, reached the smooth water and soon had hold of the gunwale of the first boat and sprang on board. In make and shape she was one of the finest specimens of the human race I have ever seen; her features small and exceedingly regular, her eyes almost black, with long black lashes, and she had beautiful hands and feet. Her hair was all shaved, with the exception of one tuft of long hair on the crown of her head, which was rolled up tight in a small tuft. She was in a perfect state of nudity, and as she sat there unabashed, with her hands raised to

of her head, which was rolled up tight in a small tuit. She was in a perfect state of nudity, and as she sat there unabashed, with her hands raised to her head arranging her tuft, she was the most graceful creature I ever saw.

"While sitting in the stern sheets of the boat, which was fast distancing the shore, she was casting auxious looks back to the spot from which she had leaped, and of a sudden her beautiful eyes brightened up, and there was a smile that had some sort of a devilment in it playing over her face, caused by her having caught sight of her pursuers, three in number, with bow and arrow in hand. The foremost of them went down on his right knee, and the girl motioned the men to look out, and before he could take his aim the boat's sail was run half way up the mast, and was a protection for all in the boat. The sail had not been more than a few minutes up before several arrows pierced it, and stuck there. This was a signal for the men to use their Snider rifies, and the first shot caused one man to roll over, and the others instantly took to the bush, and no more was seen of them. We landed our fugitive safely on the ship's deek, and she was supplied with clothing and soon at home with other female recruits on board.

DRINKING CUSTOMS. Curious Origin of Peculiar Ceremonles-Drinking from "the Loving Cup."

[London Brewer's Guardian.]
The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in many countries. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevalled, and still exists even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and to eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazii retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "joving cup," as practised at our great city festivais and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward. It was then the custom among the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup, from which each guest drank. He who thus drank stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands his body was exposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink he required the company stood up to the next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defence less position. This companion stood up, also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was now practised, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time the person seated next to him rises also, and when the laiter takes the cup in his turn the individual next to him does the same. feast continues to be not the least important of

A Convenient Time. [Good Words]

A respected minister, who is also a Peeblesshire laird, told me the following story illustrative of the matter-of-fact manner of the people. There was an old invalid man on Tweedside who was tended by a faithful Abigail. Like many frail persons he was always anticipating his own speedy demise. "I'm thinkin', Naney." he said one day, "that it canna be lang noo. I feel as if this verrancht the end wud cam." "Indeed, laird," said the attendant, "if it were the Lord's will it wad be real convenient, for the coo's gaen to calve, and I dinna weel see hoo I am to tend on ye baith!"

Redeemed.

[Savannah News.] One of the wards of the nation living in Alapaha recently got happy over his religious prospects, and, jumping up from his seat, astonished the water, plates full of the red disinfectant powder, dirty glasses and an old basket or two.

"I have now only five of my own left; I nave give a d—n who knows it!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Lawn Tennis. [Arthur Hale, '80, in Harvard Advocate.]
She—And so you've found one of your sort?
He—Take care, you'll miss the ball!
She—Is she a tall girl, or a short?

He-Eight all! Polecon. Williams Athenæum. Professor-Does your coat represent debt? Student (blushing)-Yes-yes, I suppose that is

Retrospection (Yale Courant.) I never crammed a lesson fine,
And tried to catch my tutor's eye, But that he'd call all names but mine.

And calmly, coldly pass me by. Freilich. [Harvard Advocate.]

Scene: Recitation room-Freshman division in Tutor-Mr. O., what is six times six in French? Mr. O. (promptly and innocently)-Thirty-six,

Autumn Leaves. [W. I. Stringham, '77, in Harvard Advocate.] The leaves are all a-bloom with red, All dancing though they're dying;

Like happy butterflies, the wind Now sets them all a-flying. The gay is mingled with the sad-

The saddest oft are gayest;
Prone leaf, thou, on thy little page,
The book of Life portrayest. The Working of a Mind.

[Yale Record.]
Instructor in logic to Mr. H.—By what method of reasoning do you infer that a bullet is hot after it strikes a target?

Mr. H .- By picking it up, sir. Only.-A College Experience. E. S. Martin, '77, in Harvard Advocate.]

Only a small bit of paper,
With just a few dates, nothing more, Which at an unfortunate mon Glides down from my sleeve to the floor. Only an Argus-eved proctor.

Who, ever upon the qui vive,
Picks up with suppressed exultation
The paper which dropped from my sleeve.

Only four months in the country; An extra vacation, that's all; But the trade of a proctor still strikes me As something exceedingly small.

A Future Financier. [Williams Athenæum.] We prophesy financial success to the freshman who entered the cost of a package of cigarettes on his account-book as "lost on two trade-dollars-

twenty cents." Fra Angelico. [T. C. Pease, '75, in Harvard Advocate.]
I like the story of that monk who knelt In prayer devout, and, lest some thought of sin Should mar its grace, dared not his work begin Till in the silence of his heart he felt

Thought grow divine and earthly longings melt Beneath God's touch, and o'er the Babel din Heard the clear whisper of the Christ within. What wonder, when such inspiration dwelt In his calm bosom, that he dared not rise, But day by day, with meek and lowly heart, Painted upon his bended knees, and wise Deemed not the work his own, but his the part
To seize what God revealed into his eyes,
And bid the panel grow with holy art!

O Tempora! O Mores! [Yale News.]
At a Sunday school in this city a teacher asked

a new scholar—a little girl—what her name was. She replied: "Helen French." An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out: "What is it in English?" Vacation. [Harvard Advocate.]

> Passed in pleasant places Blindly walking crooked ways Led by pretty faces. Dreams of dances, smiles and sighs, Now and then a quarrel; Stories read in lowered eyes,

Happy thoughts of happy days

Each with fitting moral Odd gloves, scraps of ribbon, tell Tales of mild flirtation;
Faded flowers— There goes the bell!

I'm late for recitation Magnanimous. Instructor (examining geometrical figures on the board)-I don't understand these construc

Student-Very well, I'll see you after recitation and explain them to you. Chemistry Points. [Acta Columbiana.]
A noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information

Of how to fool with slops and things, For our great delectation.

We learn to split all matter up With the greatest of facility; But, all the same, we can't destroy
Its indestructibility. Just split the small bacteria. By dozens, hundreds, trillions, And still there'll be in half an inch

Four hundred thousand millions. You'll see the little molecules All skipping round within it. Cone, But Not Forgotten. Amherst Student.]

Fresh. -Is Greek hard?

Sen .- No, Greek isn't hard. Fresh.-Why, they say it's real hard. Sen .- Is Greek that stuff with the funny little lack letters? Ah, yes; it's infernally hard.

[R. W. Curtis, '76, in Harvard Advocate.] The rain had ceased: fierce howled the wind. And ragged clouds went hurrying by; The screaming gull wheeled in his flight, And shone against the leaden sky. I walked upon the barren cliffs,

1 heard the giant breakers' roar, And ebb and flow of angry waves. I looked upon the smooth, wet beach, Which glistened as a single ray Burst from behind the thunder-cloud, And edged with gold the gloomy gray.

And under in the hollow caves

I saw, half buried in the sand. And dark with sea weed covered o'er,
A battered wreck, a shattered hulk,
And three worn headstones on the shore. The Vassar Idea.

Positivism' and Evolutionism. Instructor-What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale Student-He says a brute is an imperfect man.

Instructor-And what is man? Student-Man is a perfect brute. F. W. Loring, '70, in Harvard Advocate. When visions of her face come o'er me, Of her sweet face so far away, I say what lovers said before me, What lovers said forever say:
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being.
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing.
That grass is greener, skies more blue.
That all things take a richer hue.
Lovers have said these things before:

Lovers will say them evermore. O sweet young love, that in all ages Bears ever one eternal form! With lasting youth your oldest pages Glow ever, ever fresh and warm. O dear old story, ever young! Poets have painted, artists sung: Sure, naught in life is half so sweet:

Death cannot make you incomplete.

Lovers have said these things before: Lovers will say them evermore. Co-education.

[Acta Columbiana.] Tutor-What have you on the board there, Miss Flyrte? Surely you don't mean that for a scalene

Miss Flyrte-Dear me, no! I don't know any-Miss Flyrte—Dear me, no! I don't know anything about horrid old scaly triangles. You know I never remember the hateful old things.

Tutor (severeiv)—Well, what have you been good enough to substitute, pray?

Miss Flyrte—Oh, taat? That's my idea of an all too simply perfect hat. I thought I might as well do something, you know. Isn't it a duck?

Tutor (blushing)—Really—ah—Miss Flyrte—I shall have to ask you to stop—after the hour.

Miss Flyrte—Why, of course. I know you won't be cross. And mayn't I wait till I o'clock, so we can have a real nice, long talk? Say yes, like a dear!

dear!
Tutor (utterly routed)—Well-ah-really-why

CLARICE;

The Fortune Teller's Prediction.

BY ELLIS LAWTON.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A FRIEND'S COUNSEL. On leaving Mr. Greenough, which he did very abruptly after the startling information had been given which seemed to leave no doubt of Clarice's guilt, Austin staggered down the street like a drunken man, not heeding or caring where he

ent.
The matter of the pecuniary loss he had sus-The matter of the pecuniary loss he had sustained, everything, vanished into insignificance beside the one overwhelming thought that Clarice had deceived him.

Viola Winslow had been right, then. The time had come which she had said would, when he must believe that the lovely, pathetic face which he had learned to love was a mask to a designing, false heart.

Oh! the agony there was in the thought! He had trusted her, honored her, loved her, and she was unworthy even pity!

There was no excuse for the base ingratitude of her act.

And then to remember the air of innocence such ad been able to assume, when in all probability the missing negative had been in her pocket.

It was so terrible to be forced to acknowledge all this, that Austin almost wished he had never lived to find her out.

If there were only some loop-hole—some ghost of a chance to doubt the evidence.

Alas! It was too direct and strong; it must be true.

Australiant Australiant Australiant Australiant Australiant Absorbed in these torturing reflections, Austlin walked on mechanically until, realizing with a start that he was near his own studio where Clarice was, he stopped and turned around beautiful.

walked on mechanically until, realizing with a start that he was near his own studio where Clarice was, he stopped and turned around hastily.

He could not go there—could not meet her yet.

What should he say? What should he do?

He felt like a nan standing amilast the wreck of all he had most cared for on earth.

A carriage drove slowly by, and from the window Viola Winslow smiled and bowed.

Her fair hair gleamed like gold in the sunshine, and a trumphant light flashed into her blue eyes, as they eagerly scanned his countenance and read upon it the marks of trouble which the last hour had imprinted there.

Austin did not perceive this expression, however, but thought bitterly what a fatal error he had made when he fancied photography brought out the real character into the face.

This woman, whom he had always slightly distrusted, was true, and the other, upon whose purity and goodness he would have staked his life, was talse.

was false.
Suddenly, in the midst of the tumult of his mind he thought of Ellery Morton.
He would go to him and teil him all. He, if any one, would be able to advise him what ought to be done. e done.

Having come to this determination, Austin trace his footsteps in the direction of the law-

Mr. Morton was in, and alone. Even in the midst of his own trouble Austin noticed that his friend had a harassed, worried look. He greeted Austin cordially, however, showing nothing unusual in his manner.

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear young friend," he said, "but if you have come to seek my photograph, you know already it's of no use."

Austin tried but failed to bring up a smile at this jest.

this jest.
"It's an ill wind that has brought me here," he "It's an ill wind that has brought me here," he replied, throwing himself wearily into a chair.

Mr. Morton eyed him keenly. "Why, so I guessed from your looks," he returned; "what has gone wrong?"

"Everything. The world is upside down. Truth and honor no longer exist. Ah! Heavens! Do you know what it is, Morton, to be deceived in one you thought perfect?" cried Austin, wretchediy.

one you know what his, Morion, to be deceived in one you thought perfect?" cried Austin, wretchedly.

"Nothing unusual, my dear young friend—nothing unusual," returned the lawyer, promptly. "In fact its the most common thing in existence. Now be a little more explicit if you expect any advice from me, as 1 suppose you do. Wellman hasn't been confiscating anything, has he?"

"Ah, no, indeed!" replied Austin, quickly.

"Glad to hear it. A disagreeable old man enough, but honest, 1 think. However, nothing surprises me in these days; compose yourself and tell me the story from the beginning."

Thus urged, Austin commenced with the loss of the negative, and went on from that in the order of events. But when he came to the end—to the name Mr. Greenough had read on the envelope—he broke down completely, and his lips refused their office.

Mr. Morton, who had listened with the closest.

eir office.

Mr. Morton, who had listened with the closest "It was the name of the young lady Mr. Well-man and Mrs. Winslow suspected, of course," he

man and Mrs. Winslow suspected, of course," he said,
"Her full name," replied Austin, brokenly.
"To be sure. A strong case of circumstantial evidence, isn't It? To be sure."
"You do not seem in the least surprised," exclaimed Austin, exasperated at the lawyer's cool way of taking it. "Perhaps," he added bitterly. "Perhaps you too, like Mrs. Winslow, mistrusted the real character of—of ner."
To save his life, Austin could not have pronounced that name now.
"I am surprised at nothing, as I before remarked," answered Mr. Morton, composedly. "A lawyer who is surprised should seek another profession. As for Mrs. Winslow's discernment, it was really quite remarkable. Indeed, 1 am almost compelled to think it is an inspiration of jealousy."

Austin prosteted up.

almost compelled to think it is an inspiration of jealousy."

Austin started up.

"What do you mean?" he asked, loudly. Ellerg Morton smiled.

"My dear young friend, you are the least conceited of men, but even to your combrehension it must have been clear that Viola Winslow loved you in the reckless fashion that a woman of her type loves, long before she became a widow."

Austin reddened.

"I hope you are mistaken," he said. "I esteem her highly, of course, but—but that is all; why do you speak of jealousy?"

Mr. Morton smiled again.

"When a man has in his employ a young girl, lovely, interesting, charming, who blusbes at his voice, at his glance, which is apt to dwell upon her, is it any wonder that a woman who is infatuated with him, should be jealous?"

At this address Austin turned all manner of colors.

"If it was any one but you who seid that." he "If it was any one but you who said that-" he

"If it was any one but you who said that—" he burst out.
"Come! Come!" interrupted Mr. Morton, "what is the use of being angry because I use my eyes? Do you want my advice, my assistance in this matter? Own all the truth then—that you are in love with the girl."

Austin paused irresolutely, then broke forth vehemently: vehemently:

Yes! I did love her! Of late she has filled all my thoughts! I have dreamed of the time when, perhaps, she would be my own—my wife. Do you wonder that 'my heart broke when I found out the horrible truth—that she whom I hoped was learning to love me, had Instead, stolen from me like a common thief? Ah! Clarice! Clarice! How could you seem so pure when you were so vile?"

He burled his face in his hands with a groan, as he concluded.

As he utttered these words Mr. Morton walked to his desk, where he stood a few moments in deep but when he turned around again, he said only, But when he turned around again, he said only, in a dry, terse tone: in a dry, terse tone:
"Well! what do you propose to do about this

But when he turned around again, he said only, in a dry, terse tone:

"Well! what do you propose to do about this matter?"

"I do not know—I cannot think," rejoined Austin, heiplessly. "I must be guided entirely by your counsel."

"Very well. Now, first about this photographer, Greenough. How did you settle his share of the transaction?"

"I—I don't think I settled it at all. I was so overcome by—by the other that I was unfitted for business. I think I told him to do nothing until I saw him again."

"Good! Leave him to me. It is safe to assume that he knew the negative to have been stolen. The actress' story had a very unreal sound. Well, I'll take care of all that."

"And—and what shall I do with her? I cannot see her—cannot bear the thought of looking at her even. Yet she is dependent on the situation for her own and mother's support. In spite of all I cannot turn her upon the world!"

Mr. Morton meditated a moment. "You do not wish her share in this business to be made public, I judge?" he asked then.

"Heaven knows I do not!" replied Austin. "I will do anything to shield her, to help her—but I cannot see her!"

"Is there any necessity for your going back there today?"

"I could not trust myself to go where she was. No, there is no need, today at least," returned Austin, wretchedly.

"Very well. Keep everything quiet. Do not let Miss Sargent, or Mr. Wellman even, know what has happened. I will see her and tell her I have arranged with you for her to come here and work for me after today for a time. Your absence I will explain by pressing business. Thus she will be provided for, and taken out of your way for the present: the rest I'll attend to in my own way."

Austin grasped his friend's hand.

"A thousand thanks," he said, fervently; then, wistfully, "Tell me, do you think—can you see a ray of hope that she be innocent? Oh! if you only could, how gladly would I filing aside every doubt!"

Mr. Morton looked at him, hesitated, and then turned away, saying only:
"Year the "Well and to the filing aside every do

Mr. Morton looked at him, hesitated, and then turned away, saying only:
"Leave the whole affair to me, my dear young friend! Leave it all to me!"

CHAPTER XIV. A SUDDEN CHANGE.

The absence of Austin, although not unusual, he was often called away, yet made the day very long to Clarice, and she missed the

"good night" which of late he had never failed to wait and give.
Consequently she went home a trifle downhearted, and gazed out of her window somewhat sadly over the water at Boston light, whose familiar beam seemed to her like a greeting from a friend.
Her mother's impatient voice calling for supper, however, put her reflections to flight, and at the same time from the friendly beacon appeared to float an assurance that she would see him in the morning, which raised her spirits wonderfully.

"I declare, Clarice, you grow more forgetful every day," said Mrs. Sargent, crossly.
"I am very sorry, dear mother," replied Clarice, in her gentile tones, and hastening to get her mother's tea.

As Mrs. Sargent sipped the beverage she became more amiable.

As Mrs. Sargent sipped the beverage she became more amiable.
"I am sure of one thing," she said. "When I first fell in love with your father I used to mope around just as you do lately. Perhate handsome Mr. Sterling mopes, too; who knows?" and Mrs. Sargent smiled complaisantly.
Clarice grew very red.
"I—I do not like jests of that kind, you know, mother," she said, reproachfully. Mr.—Mr. Sterling has been too kind for us to—to presume to use his name in such a way. Please do not."
"Well, I will not tease you, child, sensitive little goose that you are," replied Mrs. Sargent, setting down her cup. "True enough, we are greatly indebted to him. Never shall I forget how thoughtful he was to take that picture of you for me! Ah! dear! If I could only go into that beautiful studio!"

"Indeed I wish you might. You can have no idea how delightful it is there. I am sure I am the most fortunate girl in the world!"

Mrs. Sargent qualified her assent to this asser-

and your rights, you would more likely be mistress of one of those elegant houses on the Back Bay, and your name would be in the papers among the society belies."

"Never mind," returned Clarice, laughing. "As long as I am happy, what does it matter? I do not believe I would want to leave my place in the studio for even a Back Bay residence!"

As Mrs. Sargent was about to respond there came a rap on the door, and before Clarice could put the teathings out of sight—for the room had to serve both as parlor and dining-room—Maggle Thurston followed her rap.

Maggle was always sure of a welcome, however, even at inopportune moments. Clarice had long ago repaid that timely loan, but had never forgotten to be grateful to the giver.

"I thought I must come out—it's been nearly two weeks since I was here," cried Maggle in her hearty way.

"I wish you would move in town, and then I could see you oftener. What is the use of living almost in the water, if one isn't a fish!?"

"We like here very much," returned Clarice, smiling. "There seems more room to breathe than in the crowded streets that are central; besides, you know, it's cheaper."

"Yes, but you are are getting ever so rich, you know, between tending in these photograph rooms, which are just like a parlor, and copying the lawyer's papers. Ah! you're lucky, Clarice, and I'm awful glad of it, for you deserve everything that is nice."

"I'only wish I could share my good luck with you, Maggle."

"I'd oh have a share by knowing that you have it, don't 1? of course I do! and what is more, I am head over ears in love with your are." exclaimed Clarice, remonstratingly, yet as if pleased too.

"I don't care, he is just spleudid!" retorted Maggle. "How nice it must be to work for a man that it is a pleasure to look at! Now, old Fosdick gets redder and grizzilerevery day. Yet he seems to think all the girls ought to enjoy kissing him!"

"I'm afraid he can't be a very good man, though he was kind to Clarice when she worked for him," remarked Mrs. Sargent.

Clarice gave a shud

Clarice gave a shudder as her mind went backwards.
Maggie laughed a short, knowing laugh. "Well, he finds his match occasionally, I guess," she said significantly, "and we all despise him, although we don't dare to say so, because our bread and butter is concerned. I'm glad I am not his wife,"
As Maggie's voice ceased, they all heard some one stumble in the dark hall outside, then a groping hand touched the door, which Clarice immediately opened.

Ing nand touched the door, which Clarice immediately opened.

As she did so, she started back in astonishment, for there upon the threshold stood the last person she had expected to see—Mr. Ellery Morton!

"Ah! my dear young lady, I have found you at last," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way, as if, indeed, he was an habitual visitor. "They told me down stairs to come up, and here I am. I hope I do not intrude?" I do not intrude?"
Recovering herself, Clarice invited him to enter, which he did, and then she introduced her mother

which he did, and then she introduced her mother and Maggie.

Mr. Morton at once gave his attention to the former, inquiring solicitously about her state of health, and expressing great commiseration for her condition.

All the time his sharp little eyes scanned her intently, without appearing to do so. To Mrs. Sargent he seemed the most delightful old gentleman in the world, and she was so taken un with him that she speedliy forgot to be surprised at his visit. His name she had recognized as that of the lawyer for whom Clarice did copying, and it did not strike her as strange that he should call.

Clarice, however, did not cease to wonder, and remained silent, waiting to learn why he had come. Come.

Maggie speculated as to whom he might be and the probable leagth of his nose by a foot rule.

Finally, directing his words and looks towards Clarice, Mr. Morton said smilingly:

Finally, directing his words and looks towards Clarice, Mr. Morton said smilingly:

"I perceive my unexpected appearance has surprised you, my dear young lady. I had something the effect of an apparition, no doubt. But a beautiful young lady has always the bower to lead a man, especially an old man, by the nose, as the saving is. And my nose," glancing at Margie, "is a most convenient size for a handle!"

Maggie colored, wondering if he was a magician who could read everybody's thoughts.

Clarice, used to his ways, smiled and answered: "I was alarmed lest something might be wrong. There was no trouble with those copies I made, I hope?"

"Not at all. Quite the contrary. Your concern is wholly needless. I a fact, I like your work and you so well that I have come for more of the same kind, and yourself into the bargain."

Maggie pricked up her ears. It seemed as if this affable old gentleman was going to make a proposal of marriage to her friend. She hardly dared indulge the thought, however, for fear he would guess it, as he had her secret amusement about his nose.

Clarice herself was a little perplexed, but replied:

"I shall be only too pleased to do whatever you

about his nose.
Clarice herself was a little perplexed, but replied:

"I shall be only too pleased to do whatever you may desire."

"Your readiness is very flattering, my dear young lady; very. I suppose, then, you will have no objection to coming to my office tomorrow morning, instead of going to Sterling's?"

"Do you mean in order to get some more papers to copy?" asked Clarice.

"I mean to stay and work for me for the present."

"What! and leave him—Mr. Sterling?" cried Clarice, aghast. "Oh! I do not understand such a proposition—I could not do it for any consideration."

"But wait until I explain. I have seen Sterling and arranged it all with him. If I have his consent, it's all right, you know! The fact is, I want to borrow you for a few weeks. You shall make your own terms. Sterling knows it's all for your advantage, and I am to send him a young man as a substitute for yourself. Is it agreed?"

Clarice was confounded. She did not know what to say, and twisted her handkerchief nervously in her fingers.

"Of course you will go, if it is for your advantage," said Mrs. Sargent, a little sharply.

"I would if I could get more pay," added Maggie.

Still Clarice was silent. Mr. Morton did not

"I would if I could get hote pay, and Maggie.

Still Clarice was silent. Mr. Morton did not remove his eyes from her face.
"Should I go back to him again soon?" she asked, finally, in a low tone, without raising her eyes.
"As soon as possible, of course. We have fixed it all, and it will worry him if you refuse, because he knows it's the best thing for you—do you not

he knows it's the best thing for you—do you not see?"

"Then I will come," she answered, lifting her eyes resolutely. Yet her lip quivered slightly.

"You relieve my mind greatly, my dear young lady. The truth is, I have some complicated work on hand, and need a great deal of assistance, I promised Sterling to do all I can for you. Poor Sterling, by the way, is much fretted over that affair of the negative, you know."

"Has there been any new discovery," asked Clarice, eagerly.

Mr. Morton watched her closely, but covertly.

"Well, yes, we think perhaps we have found a slight clew." he answered, slowly.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Clarice, her face lighting.

slight clew," he answered, slowly.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Clarice, her face lighting.

"To be sure," said Mr. Morton. "But it is a profound secret at present; so do not betray my lack of discretion. It will all be found out eventually, never fear!" Then, releasing her from his serutiny, he turned again to Mrs. Sargent, entering into a conversation which drew from her the history upon which she was always ready to expatiate, that of her marriage; she even making Clarice bring the certificate to show to this sympathizing listener.

Afterwards he cultivated Maggie's acquaintance, discovering in ten minutes that she worked for Clarice's former employer, and her private opinion of this same gentleman. Finally he rose to go, saying to Clarice:

"Tomorrow morning I shall expect you, then, my dear young lady. Be sure and come direct to my office. I am indebted to you for a very pleasant evening!"

Mrs. Sargent and Maggie were loud in their praises of him after he was gone.

Clarice agreed to all they said, but yet felt very sad, and wondered when she would see Austin Sterling again.

CHAPTER XV.

MUTE CONFESSIONS.

"Ah! Mr. Greenough! Step this way, if you please, and I'll attend to that little matter at once."

Mr. Morton's voice was very suave as he spoke, and Mr. Greenough entered the office smiling with a great show of affability, but at the same time putling nervously at a pair of dirty shire, cuffs, which protruded from the sleeves of his coat.

"I'm a little ahead of time, but 1 always make it a point to be punctual in Keeping appointments," he said, as he took the seat Mr. Morton offered.

"An admirable trait, Mr. Greenough, most admirable," returned Ellery Morton blandly. "Now, let us settle-fine details of our business. I have prepared the papers for you to sign, by which you agree to destroy all pictures printed from the stolen nega-

tive, which you restore to me, and to indemnify Mr. Sterling for the pecuniary loss he has sustained." Mr. Stering for the pecuniary loss he has sustained."

Mr. Greenough bowed, and his eyes roving restlessly about added:

"Don't lorget that I am a victim, also, Mr. Morton, and that I am out of pocket for what I paid for the negative."

"Precisely: I have allowed that consideration its full weight, as you will see. Yet it is fortunate for you that Mr. Stering is so willing to compromise, because he might have caused you great annoyance, you know."

Mr. Greenough moved uneasily under the keen glance with which the lawyer accompanied his words.

words.

"I—I suppose so," he stammered.

"Such being the case, as I told you yesterday, it is for your interest, as well as ours, to discover the real thief."

"Of course I will do all I can, as I promised you," returned Mr. Greenough, but looking ill at ease. "Exactly. Now let me see-ah! my clerk has As he spoke Mr. Morton arose, and, opening a door which led into an inner office, said to some one there:
"Will you please bring me that document you "Will you please bring me that document you miled in yesterday?"
Having made the request he returned and resumed his seat.
He had hardly done so when Clarice entered, bearing the required papers.
As she came into view, the lawyer darted a swift, keen glance first at her, then at Mr. Greenough.
Over her countenance came no perceptible change as she saw the photographer, and he exhibited only the natural surprise the appearance of a beautiful young girl in such a place would cause.

of a beautiful young pro-cause.

Not the slightest trace of recognition was in either face.

"Ah" ejaculated Mr. Morton, rubbing his hands together, "I am afraid that isn't the right paper after all. I believe I have it here. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

As Clarice retired Mr. Greenough's eyes fol-lowed her. wed her.
"You have a mighty pretty clerk," he com-"You have a mighty pretty cierk," he commented, facetiously.

"A sort of ward of mine," replied Mr. Morton, carelessly. "Now, sir, will you please sign?"

Mr. Greenough did as asked, first reading cautiously all the contents of the document.

"Now we are all right, as far as the pecuniary point is concerned," remarked the lawyer. "The next thing is to find the thief."

"Perhaps a harder matter."

"Perhaps a harder matter."
"Oh, I am by no means so sure of that. We have our ideas. Mr. Greenough. Let me see. I believe you said she was handsome, young, blonde—"

have our heas, Mr. Greenough. Let me see. I believe you said she was handsome, young, blonde——"

"No, no!" interrupted Mr. Greenough, his face growing livid. "A brunette! Dark eyes and hair!"

"To be sure! I remember now! You are positive on this point, of course? You saw her distinctly enough, so there was no mistake! Do you think a man who has had an eye for pretty girls all his life could blunder in a description?" asked Mr. Greenough, with a swagger.

"Then you are quite a lady's man, Mr. Greenough? Ah, well! The best of us bow to the fascinations of the sex! Of course you could identify her at sight, should it be necessary?"

Mr. Greenough hesitated, appeared embarassed, then answered, doubtfully:
"I suppose so, though she had a vell on, which is confusing, you know."

"A lttle, but not materially, especially to such a keen observer as you when pretty ladies are concerned! It is quite possible! I may find an excuse to bring the person whom we suspect and you together soon. You will understand what it means."

At this, Mr. Greenough seemed to gain confi-

neans."
At this, Mr. Greenough seemed to gain confi-At this, Mr. Greenough seemed to gain connedence, and winking slyly, returned:
"I tumble to the game; just let me know, and I'll tell you if it is the right one!"
"I count upon you, then. Now I need detain you no longer, Mr. Greenough."
Thus dismissed, the photographer bowed and went out, with more of an assured air than he had brought in with him.
"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Morton, as the door closed.

closed.

It was an exclamation of profound satisfaction. He remained at his desk in deep thought for upwards of half an hour, then rousing himself, went into the adjacent room, where Ciarice was hard at work copying.

She glanced up and smiled as he entered, but there was a wistful look in her eyes which did not leave them, and her cheeks were paler than usual.

"My dear young lady, you are a veritable busy bee," said Mr. Morton." In the three days that you have been with me I have not bad the satisfaction of catching you in a single idle moment."
"I hope not," was her response, "I should be quite ashamed of myself if I wasted your time."
"But there is no occasion for you to fatigue yourself. I fancled you had a homesick look this morning. I am afraid you are not as contented here as at the studio."
Clarice betrayed confusion and did not know what to say.

yourself. I fancied you had a homesick look this morning. I am afraid you are not as contented here as at the studio."

Clarice betrayed confusion and did not know what to say.

It was indeed true that she was longing to return to her regular occupation at Mr. Sterling's, and that these three days which had passed without having seen him had appeared interminable.

"Everything being strange here of course makes a difference," she returned at length. "Besides, I—I had become attached to the studio."

Mr. Morton laughed.

"My dear young lady, that is the most natural feeling in the world. But at least you like better here than you did at Mr. Fosdick's?"

"Indeed, yes. I was very unhappy there the last part of the time," replied Clarice quickly.

"You left on that account, I suppose?"

"Not—not exactly," she answered, agitated, as she always was by the remembrance of the unpleasantness through which she had passed at that time. "I—he was not satisfied with my—my work, he said, and discharged me. I had never read proof before."

Mr. Morton scanned her countenance. It was easy to see there was something left untold.

"He was considerate to his employes, I hope?" was the next query after a moment.

"To—to some of them, I think," she answered.

"But not to you?"

"Not—not at the last. He was at first, but he—he was very unkind."

Clarice looked up appealingly as she made the last response, and Mr. Morton did not pursue the subject farther.

"Well, weil," he said, "you must excuse an old man's curiosity. I am much interested in your welfare, and you know we lawyers get so in the habit of asking questions—especially we lawyers with long noses—that we do not know when to stop. But my friend Sterling will not forgive me if I bore you."

Clarice flushed and inquired timidly if he had seen Mr. Sterling recently.

"To be sure! I passed last evening with him. We are working up that case of the lost negative, you know," was Mr. Morton's response.

"Do you think it was stolen, sir?" she asked with interest.

"I am sure it was."

"Do you think it was stolen, sir?" she asked with interest.

"I am sure it was."

She gave a little start, and her great eyes opened very wide.

"And have you any idea who was mean enough to rob him?"

The naive way in which she allowed her stray emphasis upon "him" to give the inference that it was meaner to rob Austin Sterlingthan anybody else caused Mr. Morton to smile with great amusement.

"Now you are cross-questioning me, young lady," he retorted, his eyes twinkling. "What? Expect a lawyer to commit himselt? No! Indeed! I shall lay my hand on the thief soon enough, never fear!"

I shall lay my hand on the thief soon enough, never fear!"

"It's fortunate for Mr. Sterling that he has you for a friend," said Clarice, with accents of simple faith. Then, stealing a glance at him and plaiting her fingers together she asked, diffidently:

"Will he—do you think Mr. Sterling will be in to see you soon?"

"It's not likely. He's very much occupied now," answered Mr. Morton, in a matter-of-fact manner. Clarice sighed and her face fell as she took up the pen she had laid down.

Mr. Morton watched her an instant, then went out again.

Mr. Morton watched her an instant, then went out again.

"Yes," ne muttered to himself, closing and locking his desk. "I see my way clear. Now I must go down to Fosdick's and contrive to have a talk with that Maggie Thurston."

After he had gone out, Clarice continued her work until it was time to go home, which she was allowed to do at an earlier hour than when at the studio.

The shadow which had come over her face at Mr. Morton's last words, still remained. She felt restless and lonely, and longed inexpressibly to hear the sound of Austin Sterling's voice bidding her the "good-night" which had grown so cear and which she so missed.

In rather a pensive mood, therefore, she took her way up on to Tremont street, where she stood, watting for a car.

Suddenly she gave a glad exclamation. A few paces beyond she saw coming towards her the man who filled so much of her thoughts.

At the same moment he perceived her. But, instead of responding to her eager greeting, he stopped as if struck by a blow, while his face grew white as death. Then, slightly bowing, he passed on with averted head, leaving her transfixed and dismayed, staring wildly after him. Some impulse however forced him to glance back and their eyes met, and in that moment through all the reproach in his and anguished questioning in hers was revealed to each the knowledge of the other's love.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW.

An exciting interview.

That same evening Ellery Morton took his way slowly and thoughtfully towards the residence of Viola Winslow.

His eyes were downcast and for once unobservant of what was passing around him. Occasionally he struck the cane he carried against the sidewalk, as if knocking away some knotty point. Reaching the steps which led to her door, he paused before ringing, as if giving himself a last chance to retreat. Then, with a decisive movement, he pulled the knob, muttering as he did so:

"Yes: it is the best course."

did so:

"Yes; it is the best course."

Mrs. Winslow did not keep him waiting, but came at once into the parlor. She was looking very handsome, dressed in black slik and velvet, with lavender trimmings.

"A visit from you is indeed an event, Mr. Morton." she said, graciously, extending her hand to him.

"A most pleasurable one to me, at least," he returned gallantly. "But we elderly men have to A most peasurate one to me, at least, he re-turned gallantly. "But we elderly men have to learn, although much #gainst our will, that the younger generation has all the chances where the fair sex are concerned, consequently if we are wise, we do not intrude our gary hairs too often." Viola laughed.

"One would never class you as old if you did not insist upon it so strenuously," she said.
"My dear madame, I am two years older than your late husband." "Ah, well! he was one of the kind who are old even when young," she returned, with a shrug of her shouldars her shoulders.
"True, yet he had his wild days too," said Mr.

her shoulders.

"True, yet he had his wild days too," said Mr. Morton, as he scated himself opposite Viola. "I was very ionimate with him when we were both young men, you are aware, Mrs. Winslow."

"You were always friends, I believe," she responded with languad interest; "and that reminds me to ask if you have seen your friend Mr. Sterling lately. He seems ill and dejected."

"I dined with him last night. I observed he was not quite well, but you know he has been subjected to a great deal of annoyance within the past few weeks."

The lawyer's watchful eyes were fixed intently upon her now.

"About the negative you mean?" Viola queried, one hand trifling with her fan as she spoke. "On, yes! I suppose it has vexed him very much. But I see he has rid himself of the girl."

There was a subdued inflection of triumph in the last sentence, which caught Mr. Morton's alert ear. He put on a very uncomprehending expression, however, and asked:

"To what do you refer?" I hey your pardon. I

"To what do you refer? I beg your pardon, I must indeed be growing very old and obtuse, but I do not catch your meaning."

"Why, the girl who stole the article—negative do you call it? He has discharged her, hasn't beo?"

"I fear you are laboring under a delusion," said Mr. Morton, gravely; "he has not yet discovered the author of the trouble, so he informed me. Did he tell you to the contrary?"

"Not exactly," Viola replied, looking somewhat disturbed. "But I knew he had some reason to suspect that—that Miss—Miss Barkent, and as she was no longer at the studio, I naturally unferred the suspicions were well founded."

"I am positive you must have made an error," Mr. Morton exclaimed. "I can at least assure you

"I am positive you must have made an error,"
Mr. Morton exclaimed. "I can at least assure you
that Miss Sargent was not discharged, but transferred to my employ for a time."
Viola was unable to control a start.
"She is with you!" she cried, excitedly.
"That seems to surprise you. It was for her advantage, and my good friend Sterling made no objection—he is much interested in her, you know, and
she really is a most charming girl."
"Ah! that is like a man!" ejaculated Vtola vehemently and with great bitterness, "Led captive against reason and judgment by a woman's
pretty face. I didn't think you would be taken in
so easily, Mr. Morton!"
"Were I a handsome man, Mrs. Winslow, I
should think you had done me the honor to be
jealous!" said Mr. Morton, in a tone of ironical
amusement.

At this Viola regained her self-control instantly.

amusement.
At this Viola regained her self-control instantly, and forcing a laugh, answered:

"The idea was ridiculous, of course. I know your clear head is not to be beguiled by any such nonsense. Yet let me advise you to keep your valuables locked up until the girl's innocence is established—if it ever is."

"Thanks for the advice. I will be careful of everything, including this old heart of mine. And now may I ask your attention upon the very limportant matter which has been brought up here—an affair connected with your late husband."

"There has been no trouble with regard to the estate?" Viola asked, with a startled expression.

"There has been no rouble with regard to the estate?" Viola asked, with a startled expression.

"There has been no pecuniary loss, set your mind at rest in that respect," returned Mr. Morton. "What I have reference to is of a more delicate nature. It is something which has been worrying me for many weeks and I have concluded that the best thing under the circumstances that could be done was to have a consultation with you."

Viola's countenance wore a very apprehensive look.

"It is something about Mr. Winslow?" she

"It is something about Mr. Winslow?" she

"It is something about Mr. Winslow?" she questioned.

"It relates to certain facts in his history of which you are in ignorance, but which recent events make it imperative you should know, in justice to others."

"I do not know why I should be annoyed about other people's affairs," said Viola, frigidly.

"I am obliged to subject you to that annoyance, nevertheless," retorted Mr. Morton, dryly.

"Of course, if you insist, I shall have to listen. But as Mr. Winslow is dead, I do not see why any of his secrets need concern me."

"Unfortunately the one in question affects you materially, and in taking the course of coming to you I have endeavored to save you from what might prove very disagreeable. As I have said, I wish to consult you and to offer my advice."

"Please go on." said Viola, inclining her head. The fingers which held her Ian trembled slightly.

"As you know Mr. Winslow and myself were on the most confidential terms, but it was not until he married you that he acquainted me with the painful occurrence which I am obliged to relate.

The lawyer paused a moment. Viola did not move or speak, but waited with a strained tranquillity.

"When he was quite a young man," Mr. Morton

quility.
"When he was quite a young man," Mr. Morton "When he was quite a young man," Mr. Morton resumed, "he lived abroad for several years. The secret, which he told me long afterwards, when it had become too heavy for his conscience to bear, was connected with that period."

"Can it be that this secret was something of a dishonorable nature that will affect me in any way?" cried Viola, as if suddenly struck by some new and alarming thought.

"You have guessed it. That is why my task is so difficult a one, and why I have kept silent, even after my duty to others urged me to speak."
"Do not keep me in suspense," said Viola, growing pale.

"Do not keep me in suspense," said viola, growing pale.
"Try and bear the revelation bravely, and believe that I will act as justly as possible in the trying circumstances in which I am placed," returned the lawyer.

Then leaning slightly forward, and speaking in a lower tone, he continued:

a lower tone, he continued:

"When Winslow was abroad he made the acquaintance of a young and beautiful girl in a low station of life. Finally yielding wholly to this infatuation, he married her."

"What!" interrupted Viola, aghast. "He married her!"

"I had it from his own lips. When they had been married a short time—less than a year—he "What?" interrupted Viola, aghast. "He married her?"

"I had it from his own lips. When they had been married a short time—less than a year—he was sent for to come home on account of his father's death, and he returned at once to this country, leaving his wife behind. He had already begun to tire of her, and after reaching home and relatives he became disgusted at his own folly, and basely resolved to desert her entirely. As he had married under a false name, this was easy enough."

Viola sat staring at the lawyer with distended, horrified eyes, unable to speak or move. Mr. Morton's voice softened as he proceeded.

"For three years he put her out of his mind and made no attempt to communicate with her. Then a tardy conscience awakened within him and he wrote. Receiving no answer, he crossed the ocean again and sought her lit the place where he had left her. There had been many changes in the neighborhood, and no trace of the woman who was his wife remained. The only person he found who had the slightest recollection of such a person had an impression that she was dead."

At this Viola drew a breath of relief and seemed to recover herself somewhat.

"To this opinion Winslow himself came eventually, and when years had rolled by and nothing happened to disturb such a belief he ventured to marry you, feeling positive that he was free to do so."

Here Mr. Morton seemed to hesitate before continuing,

"As I have said, after his marriage to you, he confided this secret to me. I believed with him that his first wife had died years before. But a few weeks ago I had occasion to suspect that this was a mistake."

Standing up, Viola grasped the lawyer viciently by the arm.

"Do you mean to say that old wretch to whom I sold myself for his money had a wife-living when I married him?"

Her unguarded words were not calculated to enlist Mr. Morton's sympathies, and without further circumiocution he responded:

"I have every reason to believe she is still living."

"Good heavens!" cried Viola, releasing him and falling back in

chief the circumiocution he responded:

"I have every reason to believe she is still living."

"Good heavens!" cried Viola, releasing him and falling back in her chair. Then, starting up again, she cried vehemently:

"What is to be done? Can the woman prove her claim? We must insist that she is an impostor, Mr. Morton. Do not spare any money to save me from such a scandal."

Mr. Morton coutemplated her a moment. The utter selfishness of her speech made her seem, in spite of her beauty, a monster.

"Mr. Winslow's abandoned wife knows nothing as yet, not even her husband's real name," he replied at length, dryly.

"I deemed it best to talk the affair over with you and see what course you were inclined to take. You remember by the terms of Mr. Winslow's will, made soon after his supposed marriage with you, he left the greater portion of his property to his wife, falling an heir. But if there was any child the majority was to be his or hers. Now, the wife he deserted and who came to this country in search of him has a daughter—his daughter—of whose existence he never dreamed."

Like a flash of lightning there came to Viola's mind Luvenya's prediction.

"Oh!" she cried, like an erraged tigress, and jumping to her leet, "I see it all! I have been warned of this! The daughter of Mr. Winslow's deserted wife is Clarice Sargent!"

Mr. Morton stared at her, for once taken aback. What could she mean by saying she had been warned? But he said only:

"It is true."

Making a wild gesture, she tore across the floor, and, not caring what she betrayed in the fenzy of excitement which had taken possession of her, she cried, incoherently:

"Lover, wealth all! Yes, the warning well had reason to be heeded. Lover first—for in spite of his belief in her guils ne loves her and is suffering on account of it—and now this dearly won wealth—Al! she is indeed my evil genius! I was right to believe that strange prediction."

Here, becoming aware of Mr. Morton's eyes, which were fixed on her with tha, sharpest scrutiny, she paused in her tir

possession,
"Pray, calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Winslow."
Then said the lawyer, soothingly: "Understand that, first of all, I want to shied the honor of my friend Winslow. This disgraceful story must not be made public, for your sake as well as his. Yet this widow and her daughter must not be left in their present destitute circumstances. There is property enough for all, and a compromise I am sure can be made if you will do your part."

Her blue eyes burned with an angry fire, but her voice was more composed, although strained and unnatural as she returned:
"The shock has been so great that I hardly know what to say. Give me a chance to think this over, Mr. Morton, and promise to take no step meanwhile."

"Very well," answered Mr. Morton, rising.
"You will appreciate, I know, the painfulness of the position in which my discovery placed me. But remember, my desire is to have justice done

to all—to all," he repeated with emphasis, as he took his departure.

No longer attempting to restrain her emotion, Viola, as the door closed upon him, threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of rage.

"His daugnter! Arthur Winslow's daughter!" she ejaculated, "and Austin loves her. But I will fight her to the last. Useless to bribe Mr. Morton—he is on her side, it is plain enough to see. I must think this out!"

She raised herself, and putting her hand to her head stared at the carpet, as if expecting some help to come from it to her. Suddenly she started. "Arthur Winslow's daughter? Does she inherit that organic peculiarity of his? Ah! the old temptation rises again, and this time I yeld."

She rose to her leet, an evil light gleaning in her eyes, a hard cruel look upon her mouth.

"I will make the trial," came like the hiss of a snake from her lips. "If indeed you are Arthur Winslow's daughter in that one sense, then Clarice Sargent, you are lost and I triumph over Fate!" to all-to all," he repeated with emphasis, as he

LOVE'S SORROWS.

After her eventful meeting with Austin Sterling, Clarice, like a person walking in her sleep, found her way home, more by the force of habit than of She was dazed, stunned by what had happened, She was dazed, stunned by what had happened, and was hardly able to realize anything except that her heart seemed breaking.

"Why Clarice!" her mother exclaimed when she entered, "How pale you are, and how strange you look; what is the matter?"

Clarice gazed at her blankly, as if not comprehending the words. But upon Mrs. Sargent's repeating "What is the matter?" she answered wearily: repeating "What is the matter," she all the wearily:
"I am quite well, I believe, only I feel a little tired, I think,"
"I shall be glad when you go back to Mr. Sterling's. I don't believe you are as well contented at the new place, although for my part, I am sure Mr. Morton is the most sympathetic gentleman I ever saw."

ever saw."
"I have nothing to complain of where I am,"
Clarice returned, in the same listless way,
Mrs. Sargent looked at her a trifle anxiously,
but said no more, and Clarice silently went about her usual duties.

But all the time that dull, heavy ache at her

heart continued, and over and over again in her mind the question repeated itself, "What have I done that he should look at me like that?"

"What have I done that he should look at me like that?"

She passed a sleepless night, tortured one moment by the grief of his reproachful eyes, the next thrilled by the consciousness of the unrevealed love which was between them.

In the morning she took a resolution. It was to go to the studio and beg to know what her offence had been.

The determination brought with it a little relief from the terrible depression of her spirits, and in pursuance of it, instead of going down in the direction of Mr. Morton's office when she left the horse-car, she turned her steps the opposite way. But when she had come in sight of the studio she faltered and stopped, her heart falling in its purpose. No. She could not go to the man whom she No. She could not go to the man whom she loved and ask an explanation he had not cared to give. The very fact of her love embarrassed and held her back.

Instead of going on, therefore, she gave a wistful glance toward the building and turned to retreat. As she did so she almost ran into the arms of a gentleman just coming round the corner, and looking up saw Austin himself.

At the same moment he recognized her, and stopped as if confounded. His face was as sad as her own.

her own.

Clarice stood trembling and could not speak. He was the first to recover sufficiently to do so.

"Were you—were you looking for me?" he asked, his eyes dwelling on the sweet, downcast countenance, and his pulses throbbing painfully, as he remembered the evidence of her guilt.

At the question she summoned all her courage, and replied tremulously, but not venturing to look up at him.

and reptied tremulously, but not venturing to look up at him,

"I-I came over with the intention of trying to see you, but I-I concluded I had been hasty and was about returning."

A lump came into Austin's throat. Had she sought him to make a confession? Perhaps, wild as the idea seemed, there were, after all, some extenuating circumstances. Oh! How easy it would be to forgive her, if there were! There was a hopeful ring in his tone, as he responded:

"If you have anything to say, let me near it, I implore you, and do not be afraid, whatever it may be."

The words and the way in which he spoke gave her confidence, and after an instant of hesitation she said:

she said:
"It was only that I have—that I have felt very "It was only that I have—that I have felt very badly since meeting you last night, because from your manner I saw I must have offended you, and I did not know how. I thought perhaps there was some mistake in connection with my going to Mr. Morton's. I did not want to go, but he said it was your wish. Believe me, if I have done wrong it has been ignorantly."

Austin's hopes sank to zero at this speech. His long-suppressed feelings obtained the mastery, and Mr. Morton's advice was forgotten, as he broke out:
"It ought to be easy for you to guess my reason!

as he broke out:

"It ought to be easy for you to guess my reason! stand? Everything has been found out. Do we stand? Trought to be easy for you to guess my reason:
Everything has been found out. Do you understand? Everything! The whole appalling truth!"
Clarice made a movement of wonder and lifted her eyes, which did not quail before his, uncom-

her eyes, which did not quanter the prehendingly.

"I haven't the least idea what you mean," she gasped. "For mercy's sake, explain!"

At this apparently bare-faced assumption of innocence, Austin shrank backwards a few steps, as if from something appalling. Then, as he met her

At his apparently bare-faced assumption of innocence, Austin shrank backwards a few steps, as if from something appalling. Then, as he met her look and read the expression her features wore, he again drew near, exclatining, in a voice full of sadness:

"Ah, Clarice! When I look upon you as now, I am ready to throw away reason, the evidence of my senses, and, asking your forgiveness for my doubts, believe in and love you still. Yes, for I have loved you as I never loved before. But what you have done stands a hard fact, not to be explained away. I pardon you if you wish pardon, but let us not meet again. I cannot bear it."

And, like one distracted, Austin hurried on and left her as wretched as himself and utterly confounded.

Checking a wild impulse to run after him and seize him by the arm there in the street, imploring him to tell her in piain words what this dreadful thing was that she had done, Clarice turned and tottered on toward Mr. Morton's. Blinding tears filled her eyes, and as she passed down through Washington street the passers-by stared, and some laughed, until she remembered to pull down the veil she fortunately wore.

Mr. Morton was alone in the outer room when she arrived; and responding to his greeting with a broken and confused apology for being late, she hurried into the private office.

Mr. Morton gazed after her, his expression becoming gravely speculative, and after a short interval followed.

When he entered she was sitting with her head bowed on the desk before her, and her whole form shaken with sobs.

She heard neither the sound of the door opening, afflough it creaked loudly on its hinges, nor his hand was laid upon her shoulder did she start and look up.

Then, seeing whom it was, she made no attempt at disguise, but cried piteously:

"Oh! Mr. Morton! Do you know—can you tell me what it is that I have done? Undeed!

his hand was laid upon her shoulder did she start and look up.

Then, seeing whom it was, she made no attempt at disgnise, but cried piteously:

"Oh! Mr. Morton! Do you know—can you tell me what it is that I have done? Indeed I cannot imagine, and it will kill me to know that he blames me so! You have been very good to me, surely you will clear up this terrible mystery."

She clasped her hands entreatingly, Mr. Morton gazed at her with compassion. "Ah! youth! Irrepressible youth!" he exclaimed. "Never able to leave these things to older, wiser heads, but exploding at every opportunity! Pray calm yourself, my dear young lady. Be assured everything will come out all right. You have seen Mr. Sterling, I berceive. When and how did it happen and what did he say?"

As explicitly as her agitation would allow, Clarice answere these inquiries, of course suppressing the part of a tender nature.

Mr. Morton listened attentively, occasionally helping her by a judicious question or two.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, when he was in possession of the facts. "It was very unfortunate that you met him—very. My young friend Sterling needs a few lessons in self control! But perhaps I should have done the same at his age!"

"Then you know what he meant?" asked Clarlee with plaintive eagerness.

"Perhaps—perhaps! we shall see," was the guarded reply. "Now let me ask you something in regard to another matter. Did you have ever the least reason to think you had an enemy who might be endeavoring to work you ill?"

Ciarlee responded with a wondering negative, then suddenly added:

"But I do remember one thing which has always seemed strange. When Mr. Fosdick discarged me he said some one had been to him with a story detrimental to my character. I could hardly credit it, however, and for certain reasons supposed it was an invention of his own."

"Pardon me if I press you too closely, but will you be explicit about these reasons? Remember I am your friend, a better friend, I assure you, than you know. I have my suspicions about this Fosdick af

or twice recently."
"But I never told Maggle about it," exclaimed Clarice.
The lawyer smiled.
"Then there is something untold?" he queried,

meaningly.
Clarice colored, hesitated, then confessed all Clarice colored, hesitated, then confessed all the truth.

"Ah." ejaculated Mr. Morton, as she concluded, "just what I thought. A coarse, disreputable fellow. You were rignt, however, to mention the affair to no one but me. Nevertheless, he did not invent that calumny he repeated."

Mr. Morton checked himself, as though he had said more than he intended. Clarice gazed at him anxiously.

"Then who did? Can it be Mr. Sterling has heard that, and believes it, and so condemns me? No, no! he is too noble for that. Tell me. Mr. Morton. I can bear any truth better than this suspense."

suspense."
Mr. Morton communed with himself.
"Perhaps as things have turned it will be best,"
he said at length. "Do you think you can be very he said at length. "Do you think you can be very brave?"

"Oh, yes! Indeed I will try," responded Clarice. "Then you shall hear."
With this Mr. Morton revealed the story which Austin Sterling had heard from Mr. Greenough. Clarice, in spite of her strong effort to meet the truth with fortitude, was overcome by such an unexpected and startling disclosure.

"Oh! It is horrible! horrible!" she cried, wringing her hands in despair. "I cannot biame him for believing it—appearances are all against.

me! And yet I am wholly innocent. But this he may never know. Oh, Mr. Morton, do you believe this of me, too?"
"No!" broke out Mr. Morton, impetuously. "I

"No!" broke out Mr. Morton, impetuously. - know—I have seen from the first that you were innocent. I am going to prove it, too, so leave it all to me, and hope for the best. Why! Do you know what you have done, though? You have made me commit myself—me, an old lawyer."

VIOLA'S SCHEMES.

While Clarice, bowed down by the darkness of the shadow which bung over her, was trying to take comfort from Mr. Morton's assurance, Viola Winslow sat in her own sumptuous apartment, buried deep in thought. So absorbed was she that for a whole hour she scarcely stirred. Then suddenly she started up, an expression of hard determination coming into her face, while she exclaimed aloud:

"Yes! That plan will do!"

Walking to the glass, she studied herself carefully, as if to see whether her countenance betrayed anything of her secret intentions. Apparently satisfied that it did not, she put on her bonnet and, sending for her carriage, gave orders

parently satisfied that it did not, she put on her bonnet and, sending for her carriage, gave orders to be driven to the office of Mr. Morton.

The lawyer received her with his usual suavity, and nothing showed in his behavior that any extraordinary knowledge lay between them. Yet all his perceptive senses were alert and watchful. Viola wore a subdued and submissive air, which might easily have passed for genune.

"You did not expect to see me so soon, Mr. Morton," she said, as she seated herself in the chair he placed for her.

"I am always prepared for visitors, you know," he replied.

he replied.

"But at least give me credit for being prompt to act," returned Viola, in an humble way. "I am afraid you have been thinking very badly of me for all I said in the excitement of our last interview. But you admit it was a blow that your intelligence gave me, sufficient to drive any woman frantic at the noment."

view. But you admit it was a blow that your intelligence gave me, sufficient to drive any woman frantic at the moment."

"That I do not deny, and for a long time I was at a loss what to do in the matter."

"I appreciate your delicate position and your desire to see justice done, I assure you. I am more reasonable today, you perceive, than yesterday," smiling a sad, sweet smile, as she looked up at him in her well-teigned humility. "I have had time to think it over."

"And to what conclusion have you arrived?" the listener inquired, without comment.

"I hardly know myself, Mr. Morton. I am a woman, and have intile knowledge of business, but I am willing to take the advice of vour superior intellect. Only may I not ask a little boon?"

"I will do my best to oblige you, Mrs. Winslow, as far as it is consistent with my dutty."

"Oh! what I ask will not conflict with that, I am positive. You spoke, you remember, of a compromise. Now, if I felt assured that the girl was deserving, I should be willing to accede to some reasonable arrangement, so that she would be lifted above want. But I have been prejudiced against her, perhaps unjustly. What I wish is an opportunity to judge her for myself, to become more and better acquanted, and then if I find I have been misled it will be easier for me to yield to her rights."

Mr. Morton, his elbows leanng on the desk in

and then it indid in have been missed it will be easier for me to yield to her rights."

Mr. Morton, his elbows learning on the desk in front, listened attentively, not a muscle of his countenance moving.

His thoughts, however, were very busy. What His thoughts, however, were very busy. What scieme did this woman have in her mind that caused her to make such a request? Certainly it meant something more than a desire for delay. But he answered readily:

"I comprehend your meaning. Yet I am afraid your opportunities for association with the young lady would be few. There is no way that occurs to me by which you could be brought much together."

said Viola. "You know the catalogue of Mr. Winslow's library needs to be revised and copied. I will ask her to attempt the task. Never mindif

you disregard any opinion circumstances have caused you to form of the young lady, make a certain excuse that will give you a chance to become intimately acquainted with her, and then, if you find her worthy your esteem, if she does nothing to forfert confidence, you will come to an amicable agreement with her and myself about the fortune you now hold."

Viola bowed.

"Very well. Unless you oblige me to do otherwise I will remain quiescent for the present."

A triumphant look flashed into her face, but was quickly subdued as she said, in an injured tone:

"The first of your sentence is enigmatical, Mr. Morton. Do you suspect me of a wish to injure her in any manner? You will see, and so will the girl herself, that I am willing to be a friend. Is it not for my own interest that she should like me?"

"It is, undeniably. Will you go and see her now? She is in the adjoining room." Viola rose.

"I will see her," she said, determinedly, and

"I will see her," she said, determinedly, and walked to the door.
But, as she reached it, she paused before turning the knob, as if gathering all her forces for a repugnant act.
When she entered, however, her expression was

ing the knob, as if gathering all her forces for a repugnant act.

When she entered, however, her expression was bland and smiling.

Clarice, who was laboring to accomplish her work, in spite of her sorrows, glanced up at her in considerable astonishment.

"You did not expect to see me, my dear Miss Sargent," said Viola, with the utmost cordiality. "But I have been sent on a most agreeable mission by Mr. Morton."

Then, in a few words, she stated her object, allowing Clarice to infer that she had applied first to Morton, who had suggested the proposed arrangement. Clarice hardly knew what to think, and, indeed, her trouble was too great to allow her to feel much interest in anything. But she thanked Mrs. Winslow very sineerely, nevertheless hinting, however, doubts of her own ability to accomplish the proposed undertaking.

"But you can try," urged Viola, "Mr. Morton is willing to let you have the latter part of the afternoon for the purpose, and you can take your own time, you know. Come to my house today, at all events, and we will talk it over together."

To this Clarice agreed, and at 5 o'clock, in fulfilment of her promise, presented herself at Mrs. Winslow's, where she was very graciously received.

At any other time Clarice would have been im pressed by the splendor of the surroundings in which she found herself. But now she noticed them only vaguely, and, as a whole, without any one thing leaving a mark upon her memory.

Viola took her into the library and exerted herself to awaken her interest.

"I really hope you will venture to undertake the work, Miss Sargent," she said, after showing her what would be required, although in a desultory fashion, which gave no clear idea to Clarice. "It would be so very pleasant for me to have you have that I have taken a fancy to you, and want to do something to assist you in your hard struggle. It is a duty we fortunate ones owe to humanity, I think."

Clarice felt touched by this unexpected sympathy, and remorseful that she had ever thought Mrs. Winslow superclinus

It is a duty we fortunate ones owe to humanity, I think."

Clarice felt touched by this upexpected sympathy, and remorseful that she had ever thought Mrs. Winslow superclinous and cold.

"You make me more than anxious to try," she sald, warmly; "but if I should fail——"

"Then I will blame only myself," interrupted Viola. "But I am sure you will succeed. Now, as it is almost my dinner hour, I should be most happy if you would dine with me. It will give us an opportunity to become acquanted," she added with a winning smile.

The invitation was a flattering one, and Clarice could not help being pleased by it. Yet she was in no mood to accept, and fortunately had an excuse in the fact that her mother was an invalid and waited for her.

She was surprised to see how disappointed Mrs. Winslow appeared to be. But she said, kindly:

"Of course, you must not cause your mother the least concern. Some other day, then, you will dine with me. I am truly sorry for your mother's affliction. Would she think it an impertinence if I were to call on her and carry her a few little dainties, such as I find my invalid friends relish exceedingly?"

Clarice tried to express the pleasure such an act would give her mother, and in her simplicity left she had found an unexpected friend in this beautiful lady, whose former strange direful looks surely must have proceeded from an unknown cause entirely disconnected with herself.

It was arranged she was to come again in a few days, and as she bade her seeming benefactress a grateful addeu Viola, who had been watching in vain for a look of Arthur Winslow in his supposed daughter, was struck by a peculiar turn of the head, which instantly recalled on yery familiar to anybody who had known him.

"She is indeed his child," thought Viola, looking after Clarice as she went down the steps. Her face no longer wore its smilling mask, but was dark and wrathful. "So much the better! The first step is accomplished. The rest is easy. You or I must fail, Clarice Sargent!"

Mr. Morton him all that had occu

Clarice said, lifting her sad eyes to those of the "Well, well, that is coming all right, you know. Don't worry, my dear young lady. I regret this delay, but it—it seems necessary. Leave it all to me. Have confidence," replied Mr. Morton, as he

Don't worry, my dear young lady. I regret this delay, but it—it seems necessary. Leave it all to me. Have confidence," replied Mr. Morton, as he walked away.

He confessed himself puzzled beyond precedent by Viola Winslow's manœuvres.

The two following days passed without incident, except perhaps the receipt of a letter from Austin, in which he poured out all his misery to the lawyer; and then there occurred a catastrophe so terrible and unexpected that Mr. Morton was overwhelmed by it.

Clarice not making her appearance in the morning, he became uneasy, and, finally, went over to South Boston to find out what was the matter. He was met at the door by Maggie Thurston, whose eyes were red and swollen, and who burst into fresh tears at sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Morton!" she sobbed. "We were all having such a nice time last evening—Mrs. Sargent had received a hamper of wine and cakes and nice things, and Clarice and I were enjoying them with her—but in the night our dear Clarice was taken ill with convuisions, and now lays like one dead—is dead at this moment, perhaps."

LOVE TURNED TO HATE.

Lover's Hand-A Romance Which Con-

nects Fall River with the Golden Gate. SAN FRANCISCO, September 20 .- The closing love and a woman's fickleness, of which the busy manufacturing city of Fall River, Mass., saw the opening scene thirteen years ago, has been enacted here. Owen McMahon, a young Irishman, at the time the story opens was a worker in a card-room of one of Fall River's many cotton spinning factories. He was an industrious, hard-working young fellow, and made many friends in

spinning factories. He was an industrious, hardworking young fellow, and made many friends in the place, among them a family from his native land who bore the same name as himself, although connected by no tie of relationship. This family of McMahon at the time the young carder made their acquaintance consisted of the father and mother and a daughter aged about 25 years. A younger daughter named Ella, 14 years of age, was in Lowell engaged as a spinner in the milis at Lowell gave out, and Ella came to her parents in Fall River and soon obtained employment in the same mill in which McMahon was working. She was a beautiful type of the Irish beauty, well developed for her years, possessing the handsome gray eye, regular features and dark hair for which her countrywomen are famous.

The beauty of the girl at once struck the fancy of young McMahon, and only a glance of her handsome eye was needed to place him a willing slave at her fect. The foolish girl, happy in her first triumph, put all her girlish arts to work, and the natural result was that McMahon became madly in love with her. When he asked her to become his wife, she, little knowing the Intensity of the man's affection, laughingly gave her consent. In the latter part of the year 1873 the strike, which paralyzed the wheels of commerce for many a month and threw thousands out of work, was haugurated in the mills throughout New England, and McMahon was among the number cast out of employment. He could not take the girl of his choice to his heart until he was able to provide for her. He decided to wait. Long weary months followed and no sign of resumption of work at the mills. His reason advised him to leave the scene of the strike, but his heart rebelled. Things at last reached such a pitch that either he must depart or starve. During this period the love of Ella, if love it might be called, had considerably cooled, but her ardent admirer had no idea that her affection for him was not as strong as ever. When, after a tender parting, he left her to go to New Y

I will ask her to attempt the task. Never mindif she is not competent. It will serve as an excuse to make us acquainted. Is It not a good idea?"

Mr. Morton's response was not immediate. He was pondering over the suggestion and trying to get at the underlying motive, which he was sure could not be good.

Viola waited expectantly and betrayed nervousness by a restless movement of her hands. Finally he said:

"It seems a waste of time, after all, for whatever the girl may be—and i will not try to change any opinion you have formed, for I know it would be useless—she is still Arthur Winslow's daughter and lawful heiress."

Viola flushed and bit her lip. She could have stamped her foot with vexation, but by an effort she restrained herself.

"My sympathies cannot be awakened by an unworthy person," she said, dropping her tone of humility and speaking haughtily, "I am willing to put aside all the suspletons and circumstances of her nost, and use my own observation; even give her a chance to redeem herself, if she justifies such a course. Your good sense has already told you that it will be better to make an amicable adjustment than to force a long litigation. The property is in my possession now, and possession, you know, is nine points of the law."

Her words were true enough as far as they went, but Mr. Morton, conscious of having lu reserve a power that as yot was known only to himself, was undecided what to do. He was puzzled at her move, and curious to learn her real intentions. Should he give her a chance to show her hand and obtain an additional advantage? He had no doubt of his ability to baffle all evil designs, and if by any chance she was really sincere in her expressed desire, then well and good. He conclinded, therefore, to iet her go on.

Afterwards he had occasion to regret his determined to ask her to come was not being spen as it should be. He determined to ask her to come her only the was.

"As I understand your proposition, it is thy on the rest of the proposition, it is that you disregard any opi The faithless girl did not remain long in the home her lover had secured for her, and when he was again able to visit her in July he found she had disappeared. Almost broken-hearted he returned to his cheerless island home. A few days later he learned from a friend where she was, and after a long search located her at the Hubbard House on Market street. Here a stormy interview between the two took place. Upbraiding her with faithlessness he was crushed by her taunt that she had never loved him. Leaving the house in despair, he wandered almiessly through the streets for many hours. Then he secured a room at the St. David's House, where later Ella McMahon also secured room 63, not knowing that her lover was in the house. The two did not meet, however, and Owen returned to his quarters at Alcatraz. Here he had time to think over his wrongs, and he determined to make one final attempt to bring the girl to a proper appreciation of her position, and to make her become his wife or kill her. This resolve once made he proceeded deliberately to put it into execution. He purchased a .33-calibre, five-shot revolver from a comrade on the island, and carefully loaded every chamber. A leave of absence was then secured, and immediately upon his arrival here he proceeded to a gun store upon Market street, where he purchased a second revolver of the style known as buil-dog, carrying a .44-calibre bullet. With this he also bought a box of cartridges. Thus armed he proceeded to the Hubbard House, but

Ella Had Disappeared.

He hunted for her some time without success. Suddenly he remembered that he was indebted to the proprietor of the St. David's House for the room which he had occupied, and he entered the house to settle the bill. As he was going up the stairs he came face to face with the object of his search. Ella McMähon. She attempted to avoid him, but he spoke to her quietly and requested an interview, and they proceeded up stairs together to room 63. McMahon at once began pleading with the woman to reform her ways and to return with him to the island immediately as his wife. She refused to listen to him, and he threatened to poison himself if she did not comply. The woman advised him not to be silly and talk such nonsense. Suddenly he placed himself between herself and the door to intercept her passage, drew his bull-dog revolver from his hip pocket and fired five shots at the woman he loved so passionately. One entered the left arm just below the elbow, passed under the bone and out. The sceond entered the right leg above the knee, grazed the bone and passed out. The third, and most likely the fatal builet, entered the left hip, passing through the bone and lodging in the pelvic cavity. The fourth entered at the back, struck the left shoulder blade, glanced downward and was taken out of the back later by City Surgeon Dennis.

As soon as he had fired all the barrels of his revolver McMahon coolly proceeded to reload it, during which operation the woman opened the door and escaped across the hall into the parlor, where she fell upon a sofa. In ten minutes McMahon was in the police station and the girl in the City Hospital. Before being conveyed to the station, owen was permitted to see the woman, and advancing close up to her as she lay on the lounge, said: "Ella, good-by; I hope I have killed you." He said it was his intention to have shot the woman in the abdomen, so that she had done him. Although the wound in the hip is of a most dangerous character, at last accounts the woman has resting easily. It was the intention of Miss McMahon to have left the following afte Suddenly he remembered that he was indebted to the proprietor of the St. David's House for the

OTTAWA, Ont., September 19.—Advices from Lake Temascamnigus gives a depiorable ac-count of the condition of the Algonquin In-dians in that region. Money granted by the dians in that region. Money granted by the Dommion government to relieve these Indians has been appropriated by agents of the Hudson Bay Company and the middlemen, while the Indians are left to starve. Thirteen of these unhappy creatures were last year allowed to die of hunger and cold at the very threshold of Long Point fort, situated on Quinkey lake, and many got through the winter by eating refuse from the lumber earlies and picking up flour or other provisions dropped from supply sleighs. This state of affairs is attributed to the action of the government in appointing the Hudson Bay officials to distribute among the Indians annual supplies entrusted to their care, and it is believed that the position of the Indian agent is used merely to give the agents a chance to pilfer.

AGAIN IN THE PULPIT.

Mr. Beecher's Return from the Summer Vacation.

The Religion of Selfishness, of Form, of Duty, of Intellect and of Love.

A Sermon on the Different Stages of Religious Development.

NEW YORK, September 21 .- Mr. Beecher returned to his pulpit this morning, after his usual two months' vacation. He looked in very much petter health than when he preached the last sermon in July. The audience was unusually into the church. Mr. Beecher spoke from the text, John, xv., 14 and 15: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. But I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

Modern criticism, he says, has been directed with more concentrated power upon the gospel of John than upon any other part of the New Testameat. It is, however, returning, after a relative period of doubt and scepticism, not as to the canonicity, but as to the real historic verity of the gospet of John as a writing. And every year more and more it is received as part and parcel of the inspired New Testament. Indeed, I hardly see how one who has any sympathy in slightest degree with the superior nature of Christ could consent to omit that gospel. To my mind the New Testament without John would be very much like a golden candlestick and a candle with the flame blown out. It is the very point of illumingtion. What a man is without any recognition of his mind and soul, that, I should say, the New Testament would be without the gospel of

Quite aside from mere criticism I think the words of John give just as much a view of the inward life of Christ as befits His historic outward nic, and His claims as the saviour of the world and the representative of His Father, God. Other gospels give us what He said and did, though not without many luminous points beside; but John more than them all gives what Christ was, the movement of His thought and affections and the relation of His life with the great invisible world and with the moral sphere in which God dwells. It is life, and His claims as the saviour of the world

as reflected from the consciousness of a sympathetic disciple. If it be the invention of a later day, I had almost said the man who invented it was himself worthy to be called divine, so full is it vealed, profound moral depths to the sounding of which our experience has not yet enabled us.

In the passage we have selected, we have the marrow of the New Testament, namely, the conscious unity of man with God. There is, perhaps, necessary to the stages of growth and development in the human poind and consciousness, as machine like idea of religious, that hy nature men senous unity of man will cool. There is, perhaps, necessary to the stages of growth and development in the human mind and consciousness, a machine-like idea of religion; that by nature men are sinful; that under certain influences they wake up to that consciousness that they have a stroke of joy which tells them they are salvable now, and that then they go on living about as well as they know how, and expect to get to heaven. This is a kind of outside and mechanical view of the entrance of man into the kingdom of Christ. But we have in John the fact that the Christian life is an unfolding one. The kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard seed, the smallest of seeds when planted, but it grows by gradual evolution to be the tree. It is a hidden evolution, preparing to blossom in the other life. And Christ says to his disciples: "Henceforth I call you not slaves or servants. You have risen so high that I take you into partnership and admit you into the interior knowledge of my thoughts, feelings and purposes." This recognizes the religious process that they are rising or have risen to that state of sympathetic union with Christ that will give them divine unity. It is to say, then, that he whose actions are inspired by love rises to that atmospheric sympathy of the soul in which, as it were, the vibratory thought and feeling of God is answered by a return vibration in the soul of man.

The long scale along which the religious life may develop is worthy of a moment's consideration. The earliest religious impulse is of fear, not of doing wrong, but of doing wrong and getting punished. It is a religiou of selfshness. Then comes the religion of form. That some forms of worship and procedure by rules is beneficial, I admit. But it is dangerous, for all these ritualistic adaptations to weakness and the faults of men are to be regarded simply as stairs.

rom a Lower Story to a Higher.

And when men sit down on them nothing can be less convenient or desirable. The process by which in the Mosaic economy men learned what was sinful and what was pure in the earlier stage might have been beneficial. In a later stage it was only an outward mark-of bondage.

might have been beneficial. In a later stage it was only an outward mark-of bondage.

Above this is the religion of duty; nobler, yet very imperfect; good, but not beautiful. The right relign of conscience never will develop a full-orbed man. Conscientiousness may make a man admirable, but it very seldom makes a man lovely or beautiful; and any course that comes snort of making man a beautiful object of contemplation is by so much deficient of the royal rider of God. This thing has been expressed by the saying, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die." Duty is a stable and noble thing, as bones are in the body, but bones alone never made beauty in the human frame. Conscience, as an undertone, as a kind of central strength, is admirable, but it should be clothed with flesh and blood and color.

Then comes the religion of intellect, of systematic thought, a religion which consists in being sound in regard to the great truths. To be sound is certainly admirable, but where the emphasis is put upon orthodox correctness of helief, it has left out almost the very sound or lergion. The man that stands simply in his intellectual and othodox (beliefs does not represent the true Christian man any more than the armor represents the kinglit that is within it.

Then comes the highest form, the religion of love. No man can be said to have yet touched the characteristic and dominant element of a Christman, until he feels himself governed centrally by the undying element of love.

There is a stage still higher. It is love carried

There is a stage still higher. It is love carried to such a degree as to produce luminousness, moral intuitions, until men come into some sort of grand sympathy with things that are exterior to In almost every department of education we see

the difference between the mechanical condition, the imperfectly developed faculty, and the faculty developed to such an extent that it influences the whole interior man. Where a man has a sense of music that throos in him independently of outward excitement, that sets him developing combinations of tone,

They Say He Is a Genius

It is so whenever the faculty becomes the centre of movement in the man's mind. We see it in every department of life. Many have things schooled into them; some enter by the impulse of their own mind into commerce with all the ideas that belong to their department. It is so also in the moral kingdom. There are some men who by nature are prayerful, while some, even by grace, can hardly pray at all. It is dry and arid to them. Some men there are leading wicked lives, who, notwithstanding, have the impulse of prayer. They long to pour out their thought and feeling to some higher being. I have known one who was accustomed to indulge the fiesh, but who never began an important pieture without bowing down before it and praying that God would help him and inspire him. He poured out before the empty canvas a whole volume of prayer. It was not on account of any intelligent and educational relation in his minu between painting a good picture and making a prayer before it. It was not baptizing his work, as it were, with a prayer. It was simply that that genius or nature was in him and it expressed itself. Some there are, who, in the religious life, have an impulse toward faith, some toward cheer, courage and hope.

Now there is such a thing as being possessed by the sovereign spirit of love to such a degree as that love becomes their interpreter and the whole nature moves in the color and the light of that that belong to their department. It is so also in

that love becomes their interpreter and the whole nature moves in the color and the light of that feeling of love. Love is the interpreter of the neoral universe. No man can know God, it is said, unless he is a loving man. He has not the inspiration which interprets God. God is love.

Now, there may all the way up this chain of development be an element of religion. There are multitudes who call themselves Christians, but are multitudes who call themselves Christians, but are only men who fear God. Then there are thousands whose religion consists largely in clinging to what the church pronounces their duty. All these are good, but they are the lower forms of development in the calbus afte. Who that ever saw the sanguinaria, the abood-root of the field, breaking that root and seeing it ooze june like blood, would dream what it would come to when, as we see in early spring, from under the covering of the leaves or by the side of some moss-carpeted log, it sends up its rows of white flowers that

Yet that is what that root comes to through nature is wrought out. Muititudes of men may be yet in the state of root in the lowest forms of reyet in the state of root in the lowest forms of religious experience. Some may have sprouted and
got up a certain way, but no man has gone to the
end of his organization that has not developed into
a white, fragrant flower of Christian love.
Christ says: "Your father sends rain upon the
good and the had and the sun upon the just and
the injust." If you indertake to be a follower of
God you must come into benevolence toward good

and bad alike. The more you adapt yourself to them the more you will be a surgeon to their wounds. To be like God is to take this power to lift men out of these lower forms of sin, ignorance and evil by the power of the love of Christ that is

in you. Christian experience should not be, then, a hope of salvation alone, but a process of perpetual development of our moral consciousness. In those that have advanced to the higher forms of Christian that have advanced to the higher forms of Christian consciousness the ripening process is still going on; for ripening is evolution—beginning at the animal, ascending to the rational being, developing to the moral intuitional state, larger than the church conception. The whole earth is God's church. Human life, pagan, savage, civilized, is all in the grand march of creation, and in the church itself we have only begun in the higher stages another step in evolution. The next, the last, will be that by which we find ourselves the sons of God of heaven.

by which we find ourselves the sons of God of heaven.

Men say, "Ha! Ha! You pretend to be the descendants of monkeys," I don't care. Whatever may be found out of the past, forgetting the things that lie behind, I press forward. I am not either a monkey or an ape, whatever my ancestors far back may have been. I do not care if they swing their tails in the woods or hung by the branches. I am far on the march beyond that, and have symptoms of God in me and the hope of eternal lite. Whatever may have been the origin of the race, that is the destiny, and those who by faith and patience go on infolding shall bear the precious fruit in heaven. Those that will not and who drop by the way are the waste of creation.

Those that will not and who drop by the way are the waste of creation.

At what stage of religious development are you, my brethren? How much anger, envy, jan obey, has been destroved by the overpowering influence of love? Do not be content with low measures of grace. Aim at that interpretative power of love that reveals God to you, that gives you the grace of love and the power of salvation.

NEWMAN HALL IN BOSTON.

The Noted English Divine at Mount Vernon Church-"All Things Work Together for Good to Them That Love God."

Rev. Newman Hall, the eminent English clergy-man, preached in Mount Vernon Church yesterday morning, and a large congregation gathered to hear him and show him that not only was he known but also admired in Boston. The seating capacity of the church was taxed to the utmost long before the sermon began.

The reverend gentleman has a commanding figure and a prepossessing countenance, while all his movements are most dignified and manly. His face is such as to impress the beholder with confidence in his power of thought, and his utterances all have such a tone of sincerity and decision that confidence in him continues. His style of oratory seemed strange, however, to one accustomed to American orators, for Mr. Hall is unmistakably English in his accent, while occasionally though, indeed, rarely he clips his aspirates or adds them superfluously in some of his most eloquent passages. In his more or-dinary remarks he is correct and very distinct. His whole delivery is natural in the greatest degree, there being nothing whatever approaching either stilted elocution or lack of dignity to be found at all in his manner.

The sermon was upon Romans, viii., 28: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

The Sermon. There are three reasons given by the apostle, said the reverend gentleman, for saying this. The first reason he gives is that the trials we hear are for this life only. In the twenty-fourth verse we read, "For we are saved by hope," or, more literally, in hope. Not that hope saves us—it helps us, certainly; but it is Christ that saves us. We are saved in a condition of hope. Not actually now saved, but many of our good things are to come. Not saved in a condition of things in which we get Not saved in a condition of things in which we get all the good things now, but to enjoy them by and by. And so the apostle speaks of the redemption of the body, and says: "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come." That is what brings consolation. If we hope for what we have not yet received, yet we patiently wait for it. We are saved in a condition of things in which we are for the present to have trials.

received, yet we patiently wait for it. We are saved in a condition of things in which we are for the present to have trials.

The second ground of comfort is that in our present trials we have the Holy Spirit to help us bear our burdens, as a friend seeing us pressed down. We get help from heaven by prayer, but we are all aware how weak our own prayers are, and so the Holy Spirit helpeth us in our infirmities in prayer, for we know not what to pray for, nor how to pray properly, but the Holy Spirit teaches us, not necessarily with eloquent words, but with groanings that cannot be uttered.

The third ground of consolation is that we are very much helped in the bearing of our troubles when we expect that there is a time when the troubles shall cease. For it is an additional cause for joylulness if we believe that the sorrows conduct to the future happiness; that sorrows are the pathway by which we reach home; that they are the seed

Developing Into the Flower, so that without that path we could not reach the home, and without the seed (though it may appear unloyely), we should not pluck that flower; and so we are led to cherish the seed and to choose the path, not to walk along rejoicing in the path, but because it is the path which leads us to our home; as the medicine, though bitter, which restores us to health, as the gales, though fierce, which waft us to port; as the discipline, though severe, which qualifies us for the conflict but secures us the

crown.

There is nothing isolated in this world. Everything works for good and everything works together. There is mind about everything, and though we may not understand the reasons actuating it at the time, yet there is reason for all. Sometimes we may see in this world how a single sorrow has produced good, but we cannot always see this.

serrow has produced good, but we cannot always see this.

We must get behind the veil to see the good which is to come, but if we could do this we would find a harmonious whole, a definite plan. Secret things belong to the Lord our God. We may not understand His motives, but we must accept His call, and the proper love for this will follow the acceptance. Let not mysteries we cannot solve lotter upon the path of duty. Let us resolve to accept His invitations and fall in and accept the gospel of the Son, and then we will be sure that we are called according to His purpose.

Yesterday afternoon and evening Mr. Hall spoke in Tremont Temple under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. The hall was well filled on both occasions.

Newman Hall's Career.

Newman Hall's Career. Newman Hall was born May 22, 1816, at Maidstone, Kent, Eng., the son of John Vine Hall, a thriving bookseller of that town. After receiving a good preparatory education Newman Hall became a student for the ministry at Highbury Congrega-tional College, where he was graduated a bachelor tional Coilege, where he was graduated a bachelor of arts of the University of London. He won a scholarship in law in 1855, and received the diploma of bachelor of laws at that time. His first ministerial engagement was as pastor of the large Congregational church worshipping at Albion Chapel, Huil. He accepted the call to this important charge in 1842. Four years afterwards he married a daughter of Dr. Gordon of Huil.

In 1854 Mr. Hail removed from Huil to London, and began his successful pastorate at Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars road, London, the building in which the eminent Rev. Rowland Hill, and later, the scarcely less eminent Rev. James Sherman, Chapel, Biackfriars road, London, the building in which the eminent Rev. Rowland Hill, and later, the scarcely less eminent Rev. James Sherman, had preached. In July 4, 1876, he and his congregation took possession of their new building, Christ Church, a Gothic structure inclosing within its spacious walls a church accommodating 3000 persons, and a hall for "overflow meetings," in which Mr. Hail's assistant has occasion to officiate every Sunday might when the pastor is at home. The cost of this immense structure was about \$310,000, and the yearly expenditure by the church in maintaining its Sunday school and various charities exceeds \$15,000.

America had a part in the erection of Christ Church, Lincoln tower, its most conspicuous feature, having been built by subscriptions on both sides of the Atlantic. The people of the United States gave \$17,500 of the total amount, \$35,000, spent in the erection of the tower. While Christ Church was being built Mr. Hall spent a considerable time in this country, and then, as on the occasion of his previous visit, was received with marked distinction. Notable among the honors he has received in the langer in the person.

then, as on the occasion of his previous visit, was received with marked distinction. Notable among the honors he has received in the United States, are his opening the business of Congress with prayer, his preaching before the House of Representatives, and the delivery by him in Washington of an oration on the subject of "international relations." President Grant, many members of both houses of Congress and other distinguished persons were present on this interesting occasion. Newman Hall was unfortunate in his first marriage. After having lived with him twenty years his wife left him. This led to a great scandal, and a decree of divorce in favor of the injured husband, of whom the judge, Sir J. Hannen, said that he had treated his wife with the utmost tenderness, indulgence and patience. The marriage was dissolved August 8, 1879. Mr. Hall entered into second nuptials. His second wife is living.

As an author he is best known by his little work, "Come to Jesus," of which millions of copies have been distributed. It has been translated into twenty foreign languages. His "Hints on Preaching," "From Liverpool to St. Louis," "Prayer—Its Reasonableness and Efficacy," a volume of poems and other works were well received.

[Albany Argus.]

John Wheeler of Schonarie county went to the war nearly twenty years ago, leaving a wife and two children. At the end of ten years the wife, two children. At the end of ten years the wife, not having heard of her husband, supposed him to be dead, and so married again. In a few years she and her husband parted, and the latter married again. The woman moved to another State, where she remained until last spring, when she returned to Schoharie county and filed an application for a pension. But the husband had meanwhile also applied for a pension, and finding that he was alleged to be dead he returned to his old home to get evidence that he was not dead. How this peculiar family situation will shape itself is a conundrum.

POLITICS HERE AND THERE.

Cleveland's Growing Strength in New York State.

Where the German Newspapers and the Germans of the West Stand.

One Thing and Another About the Situation.

J. M. Klein of Bridgeport, Conn., who is thoroughly conversant with the politics of the city in which he resides, said: "There are over 1200 members in the clubs of the six wards of Bridgeport. There are 1000 German voters in the city, and I don't believe twenty-five of them will vote for Blaine. Bridgeport will go for Cleveland by over 800. It gave Tilden 742 majority and about 500 for Hancock. The Progressive Union of the State, an independent organization which has in-dorsed our ticket, will hold a large meeting at Bridgeport on Saturday. All doubtful elements are converging to our support."

Major J. H. Colgan of Dunkirk, N. Y., says: "I have spoken at Corning, Olean, Hornelisvi lle Salamanca, Jamestown, Buffalo and other places in the State. In Dunkirk, where it was claimed there were eighty-two Blaine Irishmen and 500 niforms for 'Plumed Knights,' there was not one Irishman in the Republican procession. The Enights of Labor and other labor organizations are falling into line for Cleveland. Erie county will be carried by Cleveland by 3000 majority, though it is ordinarily Republican by 4000."

The Cleveland boom is rapidly assuming very large proportions among the financial and com-mercial men of New York. Before the indepen dent voters of the Produce and Maritime exchanges have fairly completed their organization changes have fairly completed their organization of a Cleveland and Hendricks campaign club movements in the same direction are started simultaneously in three other influential business exchanges. A Cleveland club will also be organized on the stock exchange. A canvass of the members on the subject was begun Friday afternoon. In the cotton exchange, also, a Cleveland club will be formed very soon. The hide and leather merchants in the "swamp" have stretched a Cleveland and Hendricks banner across Gold street.

The work of organizing a Cleveland and Hen-The work of organizing a Cleveland and Hendricks independent campaign club in the New York Mining Stock and National Petroleum Exchange has been started. Republicans have the matter in charge, and they say that they have assurances that more than one-half of the 1300 members of the exchange will join the club. A gentleman who voted for every Republican presidential candidate from Fremont to Garfield, has agreed to accept the presidency of the new organization. Captain Steele, who is taking an active part in gettifig up the club, said yesterday that about 40 per cent. of the members would be Republicans.

about 40 per cent. of the members would be Republicans.

Admiral Porter is quoted on the authority of Colonel J.Ross Thomson of Erle, Penn., as objecting strenuously to Blaine on the ground that he might embroil us in a foreign war, for which we are wholly unprepared. He says England could easily place the Atlantic seaboard under levy in case of trouble. Thomson says: "I said to the admiral that in the campaign I would quote him as expressing such decided convictions, and he gave his full assent, adding that, having been about Washington for some time and an involuntary witness to the methods that obtained in the departments, he thought it would be to the advantage of the public service to have a change, anyhow. 'I have been a Republican,' said Admiral Porter, 'since the formation of the party, but do not want to live to see Jim Blaine president of the United States.'"

Judge J. N. Scott of Indianapolis, brother-inlaw of Senator Harrison, says: "After much hesitation and long and mature consideration, my course is now clear tone. I shall east my vote so as to contribute its weight against those who shamelessly practice corruption in office, and

against the deceit, misrepresentation, and intol-erance, born of acknowledged unworthness in the pursuit of it, and will, therefore, support Cleve-land and Hendricks. You may, therefore, place my name on the roll of membership of the Inde-pendent Republican Club."

WHERE THE GERMANS STAND.

Not Believing in Dodgers and Demagogues, They Are for Cleveland. "Blaine is a dodger and a demagogue, and I

challenge you to point out a man with those mean characteristics in either German or American history who has ever led the people of my race,' said a German citizen yesterday who always takes an active part in politics, and who made many these qualities of the Republican candidate is added social bigotry. I will not put it in vulgar phrase and say if he would if he had the power take away my beer. It is a larger question than that; he would affect a superiority and tell me whether I should do this or that. I am in communication with well-informed Germans throughout the State and all talk of their remaining in the Republican ranks this fall is silly. Are the Germans unthinkthing gumps? Is it generally believed that they wear a political collar? Of course not; it is notoriously otherwise. None of the general societies in Massachusetts are likely to take political action as a body; it would be without precedent if any should. The Massachusetts Liberty League, a strictly political organization, which four years ago took sides for General Garfield, will probably declare for Cleveland before long. The League has subcommittees, to which work in their respective localities is committed, and if it comes out it will do Cleveland a great service. There are nearly 8000 German voters in this State, and I am sure that seven-eighths of them are for the Democratic national ticket. Right here in Boston the Germans cast 2500 votes, and I know precious few that will bear Mr. Blaine's name." The gentleman will make speeches in all the German strongholds in Massachusetts, beginning the campaign probably at Lawrence, where, after Boston, there are more of his fellow-countrymen than in any other city in the State. speeches for Governor Robinson last fall. "To

AN EVE TO THEIR INTERESTS. New York Business Men Unite for Cleve-

land and Hendricks. NEW YORK, September 18 .- The World today says: "One of the most significant features of this campaign—and it is one which cannot fail to have great effect on election day-is the revolt against Blaine in all business circles. No one can spend ten minutes among the bankers and merchants down-town without feeling the strong current that has set in against the Plumed Knight, and this was made manifest yesterday by the organization on the Produce and Maritime Exchanges of a Cleveland and Hendricks club composed of the most prominent and active members of those organizations, including a large number of old-time Republicans. The name of the club is the "New York Produce and Maritime Independent Merchants' Cleveland and Hendricks Clut."

The following is the brief but effective official The following is the brief but effective official declaration of principles of the organization:

Only members of the New York Produce Exchange and of the Maritime Association are eligible to membership in this club.

The sole purpose of this club shall be to secure, by all fair and honorable means, the election of Cleveland and Hendricks as president and vice-president of the United States; and whereas, the membership of this club is composed of Republicans and Democrats, it shall in no way become identified with local or State politics.

it shall in no way become identified with local or State politics.

The Republican members of this club, while claiming to be Republicans of the Abraham Lincoln school—"with charity for all and malice towards none" of James G. Blaine is an eminently unfit one, and against the best interest of the country and the American people. And they recommend their fellow-merchants throughout the country to earnestly did and support the election of Cleveland and Hendricks, whose records for honesty and integrity pre-eminently fit of the United States.

Already 433 merchants have signed the above

of the United States.

Already 433 merchants have signed the above declaration, and in a day or two this number will certainly be increased to 600.

A very large proportion of the membership is made up of bona fide Republicans who will not wear for Balance. Yesterday the club was organized by the elec-tion of officers on the basis of giving the Repub-lican members equal voice in the management with the Democrats. Mr. J. P. Townsend, a Republican, was elected president.

STEALING DEMOCRATIC PAPERS. Clever Ruse Employed by a Detective to

Trap a Suspected Postmaster. CHICAGO, Ill., September 19 .- An Indianapolis special to the Times says: "It has been suspected for a long time that many postmasters of Indiana were doing all in their power to interfere with the circulation of Democratic newspapers. The Telegraph, a German Democratic paper of this city, has been especially annoyed in this respect, and to such an extent that the proprietors resolved to put a detective at work to ferret out the rascals. One of the suspected officials was Alexander H. Phillips, postmaster at Garrett, DeKalb county. With the issue of August 30 the Telegraph people sent their detective to Garrett post office, and he swears the papers went into the office, but were never delivered to the subscribers. After a few days, as the evil did not cease, he disguised himself as a rag pedler and went to the postmaster relling him he was buying old newspapers. Postmaster Phillips fell into the tran, and turned him out a batch of newspapers that had never been taken from their original wrappers, and among them thirteen copies of the Telegraph of August 30. The afficirculation of Democratic newspapers. The

davits were prepared and presented to the federal officers here, and Phillips' arrest was ordered yesterday. A United States marshal left for Garrett last night to execute the order. The complaint charges him with the embezziement of each of the thirteen papers, which carries with it a fine of \$50 and one year's Imprisonment for each offence. More postmasters will be arrested on this same charge.

A MOST COWARDLY THING What Ex-Governor St. John Has to Say of

Blaine's Little Dodge. CHICAGO, September 19.-The Prohibitionist candidate for the presidency, ex-Governor St. John, has been interviewed here on Mr. Blaine's action in refraining from voting on the prohibitory amendment in Maine. The reporter asked: "What do you think of Blaine's action in not vot-

"What do you think of Blaine's action in not voting on the issue in Maine?"

"It was a most cowardly thing. Of course it was a bid for the German vote, but they are not fools; they are clear-headed and sensible, and are not to be deceived by a dodge so transparent as that. On the other hand, he has earned the merited contempt of every Prohibitionist in the land. They despise him for his want of moral courage, and his action shows him in his true colors—a trimmer. Then his declaration that this was not a partisan but a local issue was as absurd as that of Hanceck's on the tariff. A local issue, indeed. Is there a groggery, liquor shop or brewery doing business in Chicago that is not licensed by the United States government? Is it not directly protected in the District of Columbia? Mr. Blaine will find to his sorrow that it is a national issue before he is done with it."

COMING HOME TO RAISE MONEY. Minister Morton's Services Needed to

Handle New York Capitalists. NEW YORK, September 18 .- Levi P. Morton is coming home, it is said, for the special purpose of helping the Republican national mittee to raise funds for the campaign. Mr. Morton's great success in this direction four years ago may be remembered. For some time there has been a call for a financier to labor with the down-town capitalists, who have not, up to the present, subscribed much money. It is said that Mr. Morton is to be made secretary of the treasury, with the understanding that he shall be permitted to retain the place under Blaine if the latter should be elected.

Illinois Expected by the Democrats. Washington, September 19.—Lawrence M. Ennis, a leading young Democrat of Chicago, is in the city. He says there is every probability of the city. He says there is every probability of lilinois going Democratic. He says Congressman Finerty will be beaten because of his "flop" over to Blaine. He says Finerty has lost hundreds of subscribers to his payer on account of his coming out for Blaine. The Germans in Illinois are solid for Cleveland, and the fact that the Irish are denouncing Finerty for having solid out to Blaine does not indicate that they are going to vote the Republican ticket. There never has been such a campaign made by the Democrats in Illinois.

For Cleveland.

The Sunday Gazette, the recognized organ of the laboring people of Cohoes, N. Y., a manufacturing city of 22,000 people, has declared for Cleveland and Hendricks. It says: "We give our preference to Grover Cleveland, in the first place preference to Grover Cleveland, in the first place, because he is admitted by even the most rabid Republicans to be a better man in a moral sense than James G. Blaine. We give our preference to him because he is the most true and honest friend of the workingman. We give our preference to Grover Cleveland because we believe he would be the firmer friend of freland and the Irish people. We have made a close study of the lives and characters of the two men who are the only real candidates for president, and find that, whereas Cleveland is all truth and honesty, Blaine is the reverse. Cleveland, if he has committed faults, has made reparation and frankly confessed to them. Blaine, on the other hand, denies all wrong, and is as subtile and deceiful now as ever in his life. His career has not been that of an honest man. of an honest man.

The German Press and Blaine.

[Iowa State Leader.] Of the numerous German papers in Illinoissome give their number at seventy-but three (one. in La Saile, one in Peorla and one in Belleville) remain with the Republicans. The paper in Bellville was established but a few weeks ago, after the leading paper of Ohio, the Anzeiger, heretofore Republican, had declared for Cleveland. In Minnesota but one small German Republican sheet remains; in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska none. Of Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, etc. can be said the same; in fact, as the lillnois Staats Zeitung, published in Chicago, declares, but two German papers of any prominence in the United States defend today the candidacy of Mr. Blaine—the Westliche Post in St. Louis and the Volksblattin Clineinnati. But neither of the two is particularly enthusiastic. The Westliche Post was bitterly opposed to Blaine's nomination, and Mr. F. Hassaurek, the able chief editor of the Volksblatt, and formerly charge d'affaires in South America, finds it preferable to travel in Europe Instead of coming to the rescue of the "Plumed Knight." The vote of the Western States will astonish the people. in La Salle, one in Peorla and one in Belleville)

Covernor Waller on the Candidates. "The character of the candidates the two parties

present to us is really the issue. Grover Clevepresent to us is really the issue. Grover Cleveland's unquestioned record of his administration shows that he has withstood the opposition of his political foes. As the governor of New York he defended the interests of the people in the Capitol at Albany against assaults from inside as well as from outside of his party. He has always shown, as a political leader when occasion required it, a boldness and a defence of his friends or his foes that would have done honor to old Andrew Jackson. His great competitor—if he were innocent of the charges that the record makes against him—lacks that without which he cannot gain the respect of Americans. Proof of this weakness does not depend upon others. He has within a week confessed it himself. In the late election in the State of Maine, the prohibitory amendment was submitted to the vote of its people. The country was watchful of the action of Citizen Blaine on the question. He was at the polis with a yes and no ballot in his right and left hand. In pity behold him as he stands confronting that dilemma. If he votes "No," he will lose, he thinks, the support of political saints. If he votes "Yes," the support of political sinners. (Laughter.) He looks on one side and then on the other, and votes upon neither. The orator, the statesman and historian has ignominicusly dodged. (Applause.) That act of weakness in the presence of the nation shows the character of the man, Were the stories told about him as true as the Bible, and as bad as they look, no man can be an American leader in the field of war or politics without American pluck. land's unquestioned record of his administration

ın Pennsylvanıa. WASHINGTON, September 20 .- In a recent interview ex-Speaker Randall made the surprising statement that he expected Pennsylvania to go against Blaine. This declaration startled Mr. against Blaine. This declaration startled Mr. Rundall's friends. He is credited with sound political judgment and is not given to buncombe, and it was regarded as singular that he should lay any claim to the electoral vote of Republican Pennsylvania. Today Colonel Fletcher of Philadelphia, an intimate friend of Mr. Randall, was asked what he thought of the matter. He said: "Randall knows what he is talking about. After the October elections there will be a fusion of all the elements opposed to Blaine in Pennsylvania. The Democrats, Greenbackers and laboring men will unite, and as the combination will have a majority, we are certain to carry the State." Regarding the fusion in Pennsylvania, the State tonight says: "It is learned that certain electors on the Democratic ticket are to retire, and the vacancies thus made will be supplied by the Greenbackers and labor elements. The electors who are to step down have been selected, and have expressed a willingness to yield their electors of Freienter 2.

One Thing and Another. Congressman Murphy of Iowa declares that prohibition has driven 98 per cent. of the Ger-mans in the State to the Democracy, and that a majority for Cleveland there is not improbable. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser is fretting itself gray because Mr. Cleveland "assured the temperance people he would enforce the excise law," if made Buffalo's mayor, and he is there fore the originator of "the present agitation against the saloon keepers." Our postmasters everywhere should aid in the circulation of Republican documents. There should be no squeamishness on this point. Blaine is going to be elected, and this thing will not only be forgiven by the administration, but postmasters who shall have borne the heat and burden of the day will secure their places for another four years. (Granville Gleaner)

years.—[Granville Gleaner.

Some postmasters in Indiana are quietly suppressing Democratic newspapers, instead of delivering them. The Indianapolis Telegraph, a German paper, got thred of it, and sent around a detective wno bought some of the papers with the wrappers all on from the postmaster at Garrett, Ind., for paper rags. A United States marshal has gone to Garrett to arrest the postmaster.

Daniel Manning, chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, says: "This is the first time I have spoken with regard to the campaign. People may say what they please, but Grover Cleveland is going to be our next president. Perhaps I ought not to say so much, but I have the most reliable information from all over the country which assures me of what I say. We are going to win." years .- [Granville Gleaner.

are going to win."

Governor Cleveland in response to an invitation to visit Chicago: writes: "I have now on my hands an office the duties of which are exceedingly exacting and they will not be postponed. Of course they must not be neglected. Added to this condition of affairs, I must suggest the fact that my recent nomination to a higher office renders it absolutely necessary that I should be accessible to those who are constantly calling to see me, many from a distance. I am obliged, in view of these circumstances, to say that I dare not promise myself the pleasure of soon seeing your beautiful city."

BLAINE AND THE MINERS.

A Stockholder in the Hocking Valley Property.

His Syndicate Evicting Union Men and Putting in Foreign Paupers.

Scaling the Stock Down to Five Million Dollars.

[New York World.]

COLUMBUS. September 18.-Information from the Hocking valley mining regions that the locked-out union miners are being evicted by the coal operators' syndicate is a significant reminder that the loud professions that James G. Blaine represents protection and fair play to working men is not borne out by his practices. Some time ago it was charged that Mr. Blaine was not a consistent exponent of the Republican platform, inas much as he was an employer of im-ported pauper contract laborers, and that such labor was used in coal mines Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio, of which he was and is now a part owner. further charged that Blaine & Co. replaced American workingmen with imported cheap pauper laborers because the former would not work for sixty cents per day in order to swell Mr. Blaine's pockets with additional profits and prostitute themselves to the base level of ignorant paupers American can or will. About the time the above charge was made the great lockout of union miners by the coal mining syndicate of the Hock-ing coal region was incubating, and the result asily foreseen.

A solicitous Ohio Republican, anxious to conceal Mr. Blaine's complicity and interest in a movement having for its object the reduction of the price of miners' wages to a starvation point,

Wrote to Mr. Blaine in relation to the statement circulated against him and presumably informing him that it was of the utmost importance that he deny the charge for the sake of consistency and the party. Mr. Biaine made what has been termed an "explicit denial." Meantime the lockout came to a focus, and capital, in the form of a great monopoly, said to labor: "Abandon the union and renounce all claim to a right to organize to protect yourself and maintain your rights or else step out. We can hire men who are willing to work at starvatiou wages."

The miners of the Hocking region knew that it was a contest for existence, and refused the ultimatum of the coal syndrate. Thereupon their places were filled by Slavs, Polish and Italian pauper emigrants, imported under contract, and escerted into the mining regions by squads of Pinkerton's detectives and guarded by them while at their work. The maintenance of this armed force proved too costly, and the monopoly tried to induce Governor Hoadly to turnish state troops to escort and guard their serfs. This the Governor refused, and the mine operators are going to suspend mining and render houseless and homeless 15,000 people.

A careful investigation discloses the sequel of Mr. Blaine's "explicit" denial. He has been, and is now, interested in Ohio coal mines, located in the Hocking valley. He is at this time directly or indirectly interested in mines whose managers have locked out union miners and

Put in Their Places Pauper "Scabs" Meantime the lockout came to a focus, and capital,

Put in Their Places Pauper "Scabs" at starvation wages. He is a stockholder in one of the largest coal companies in this State. This company controls thousands of acres of the best coal lands in Ohio, and by virtue of the terms of the option contracts through which it has acquired control of the said lands, it controls the mining right after coal has been developed for ninetynine years, unless it fails to take out the coal. The company has still a big margin of time to develop all the coal land that has not been opened by mines. Mr. Blaine was one of the original movers in the enterprise, was one of the original movers in the enterprise, was one of three men who furnished the money required to perfect an organization of the company and secure its mining properties. His name is on the stock books of the corporation at the present time and will also be found recorded as a stockholder, past and present, on the records in charge of a loan and trust company in the city of New York. He has been in Ohio several times to attend meetings of the board of directors and to look after other business interests connected with the company. His "explicit" denial was a deliberate misstatement, made by him to cover his 'eal character as a sordid, grasping and soulless enemy of workingmen.

The facts in regard to Mr. Blaine's connection control of the said lands, it controls the mining

enemy of workingmen.

The facts in regard to Mr. Blaine's connection with mining interests in Ohio are well known to certain Republicans, and they have tried to hedge on the "explicit" denial business by claiming that the company has (ailed. They have whispered this dodging excuse in the ears of Republican correspondents in order that it might be circulated where it would do the most good. It is too gauzy, however, to stand the strain of investigation. The company has not failed, and by virtue of the conditions upon which its organization is based it cannot fail. What the company did do was to scale down its capital stock to \$5,000,000. This was done last spring. Mr. Blaine is still a stockholder, and will profit by the use of pauper cheap labor. Irishmen who are tamiliar with the eviction process as practiced in the land of their birth will think of the men and their wives and children who are being driven from their homes to make way for Blaine's serfs before they cast ther votes for him. this dodging excuse in the ears of Republican co

The Biggest Election Bet on Record. OIL CITY, September 21 .- V. C. Place of Sandy Lake, near this city, at present manager of the Pinas Atlas Gold and Silver Mining Company, at Las Vegas, N. M., and Charles M. Shannon of the Hughes & Shannon copper works at Clifton, have made the largest bet on the result of the presidential election thus far on record. Place bet a new mill, recently erected at a cost of \$40,000, and all the company's mines and property, including the mercantile establishment, all valued at \$500,000, against Hughes & Shannon's copper property, valued at \$600,000. The necessary papers have been made out and placed in the hands of a stakeholder pending the result of the election. Place bets on Blaine and Shannon on Cleveland. Las Vegas, N. M., and Charles M. Shannon of the

"ROUGH ON RATS." Cleans out rats, mice, flies,



"Right Speedy" Corn Sheller, Cheap, Durable and Effec-tive; shells 12 to 14 bushels per hour.

It is the best Hand Sheller made and I war-rant it for 5 years. Price \$5, or handsomely nickel-plated, \$6. AGENTS WANTED.

To increase the circulation of "Home Cheer." the publishers of that popular journal offer an Elegant Solid Gold Watch (choice of lady's or gent's) free to the person naming the chapter in the Bible containing the least number of letters. A beautiful SILK-fringed Christmas Card if ye to the first 100 answering: With answer you must send 25c. (stamps taken) for 3 mos. subscription. If more than one send the corect answer the first mailed will be awarded the will be the state of the corect answer the first mailed will be awarded the Willer. Contest closes Dec. 1. Address HOME CHEER, New Haven, Conn. Cut this out; it will not appear again.

2 LONG LOANS.

Principal need never be repaid so long as interest is kentun.

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Manhood Restored. Victims of youthful imprudence causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess, will learn of a simple remedy, free, by addressing J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham st., N. Y

A REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA - By one who cured himself. Mailed free. J. H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. 14 years tax collector. Send for it. wyst s9

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER.....EDITOR BOSTON, September 22, 1884. All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and Checker Players' Headquarters, 15 Pemberton Square, Boston.

"Barker's American Checker-Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the

best analyzed play, together with thirty-five critical positions, twenty-two of which have been conributed to this work by the celebrated composers,
Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all
179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the
"World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely
bound in cloth. Price, \$1 (in bills, silver, currency
or American postage stamps, post-pud, Allerders or American postage-stamps, post-pald. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Any person sending three orders will receive one "American Checker-Player" free.

Position No. 1108. Position No. 1109. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.
End game. By Isaiah Barker, Cam-bridgeport, Mass. End game.

1/// 0 1/// 1// 0 1//

Position No. 1110. Position No. 1111. By G. W. Brown, Warren, Me.

0 /// 0 // 1/10 ///(10) 11/10/1/10/1/1

Black (Brown) to move White to move and win.

Came No. 1831-Fife Played at Buffalo, N. Y., between Messrs. James Reed, Jr., and Andrew Webster. 11..15 23..19 9..14 22..17 17..13

Came No. 1832-Defrance. Played between Mr. G. Jewitt, Hull, and Mr. W. Reid, Kilmarnock, champion of Ayrshire, during

a visit of the Hull champion to Kilmarnock. Jewitt's move. 6.. 9 22..18 4.. 8 18..15 A1.. 5 15.. 6 14..17 21..14 9..27 31..24 3... 7 26...22 9...14 24...19 5.. 9 15..10 7..11 10.. 7 A-This is given as a loss by Drummond, who plays 1 .. 6, 26 .. 22-B. wins. 8..11 31..24 19...3 10..19 23...7 14..32 7...2 32..27 3...7 20..24 7..11 24..28 11..15 28..32 2.. 7 9..13

2...7 22..18 7..11 30..26 12..16 Came No. 1833-Alma. The following three games were played in the International Team match, England vs. Scotland, between Mr. J. Young of Carluke and R. D. Pet-

Drawn.

15..18 10..26 22..15 6.. 2

Came No. 1834-Whilter Young's move.

Toung's move.

11..15 8..11

23..19 31..26

9..14 16.20

22..17 19..16

7..11 12..19

25..22 23..16

11..16 14..18

26..23 26..23

5...9 18..22

17..13 25..18

3...7 15..22

29..25 23..18

1...5 9..14

22..17 18...9

Came No. 1835-Whilter.

Young's move.
 Young's move.

 11..15
 29..25
 18..22
 12..3

 23..19
 1..5
 25..18
 15..31

 9.14
 31..26
 15..22
 32..27

 22..17
 8..11
 23..18
 31..24

 7..11
 22..17
 9..14
 28..19

 25..22
 16..20
 18...9
 7..11

 11..16
 19..16
 5..14
 3...7

 26..23
 12..19
 24..19
 11..16

 5...9
 23..16
 4...8
 19..12

 17..13
 14..18
 16..12
 2..11

 3...7
 26..23
 11..15
 12...8

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

16..19 6..9 3..7 10..14 14..30

24..15 13..6 21..17 13..9 B. wins.

14..18 1..19 7..10 18..23

22..13-1 32..27 17..13 27..18

(Var. 1.)

21..14 25..30 22..17 1..5 27..24

18..25 26..22 26..22 32..27 18...9

15..11 30..26 17..13 22..18 B. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1105. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. 27..32 24..20 (Var. 1.) 14.. 9 9.. 6 6.. 2 24..20 18..23 23..27 27..32 32..27

Solution of Position No. 1106. By L. M. Stearns, Derry Depot, N. H. 22..17 19..26 22..18 30..26 18.. 9 15..19 27..23 6.. 9 13.. 6 Drawn. 26..22A 26..30 17..13 26..19 A—Only move to draw.—[L. M. S.

Solution of Position No. 1107. By W. C. Brownson, M. D., Ashville, N. C. For beginners. 16..19 19..28 31..15 16..11 15..18 $7..16 \left\{ \frac{1}{2} 23..19 \right\}$ B. wins. 24..15 31..24 (Var. 1.) 23..16 12..28 (Var. 2.) 7..16 12..26 B. wins. 7..16 31..24 B. wins. Solution to Brown's Campaign Problem.

10.. 6 32..27 23..19 8..11 1.. 6 7..11 22..29 29..25 22..26 27..20 24..20 18..15 4.. 8 27..24 28..24 14..17 11..18 22..26 26..31 20..18 22..18 20.. 4 30..23 6..1 11.. 7 17..22 18..22 25..22 31..27 Cleveland Checker News Mr. N. K. Walter of Portland, Me., has challenged Mr. H. Z. Wright of this city to play him match of fifty games of checkers for \$100 a

The next issue of the Cleveland Sun will contain a portrait of Charles F. Barker.
From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette we learn that the last three sittings between Messrs.
Denvir and Simon resulted as follows:

Meryous Debility duck permanent cure. Book rea. Six games recently, with the source. Mekelvie Bear Drawn

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Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease and, the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for every thing but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

dients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

—Cocain [from Erythroxylon coca] 1 drachm. Hypophosphite quinta. ½ drachm.

Hypophosphite quinta. ½ drachm.

Ext. ignatia armaras (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. ieptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s.

Mix

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and an other on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of a state of the content of vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting S3 in post office money order or registered letter, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laborators.

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